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THE LAST OF THE ERIES,

A TALE OF CANADA.

BY "H. H. B."

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

"Yonder sun shall never shine more upon our noble race;
Ne'er shall see our children join the warriors' dance or forest chase.

All have gone—my native land hears no more our battle cry,
Last of all that glorious band, I am left alone to die."

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PREFACE.

The writer of the following pages, in presenting his labors to the perusal, and sentence of a discerning Public, does so with some degree of hesitation, not so much from a fear of the subject being devoid of interest to every Canadian, as from a doubt of his having sufficient experience, to clothe it in the most agreeable language.

The events of this tale are commenced, and continued through the years 1756 and '7, when the war between France and England was carried on with vigor, especially along their respective frontiers and which ultimately ended in the conquest of Canada by the British.

Though the tale has not much to do with those stirring occurrences, yet the period is an interesting one to every Canadian reader; and anything that could throw light upon the circumstances of the time, (without interfering with the subject matter of the tale,) has not been over-looked.

In delineating the Indian character, the writer has endeavored to give the reader some information regarding the principle tribes of western Canada, and those people generally known as the Five or Six Nations; and, although, it was not his intention to attempt anything like a biographical history of the Eries, yet he has availed himself of a knowledge of their early history to make them the prominent characters of this tale—and he has always kept in view that great desideratum in the compilation of books, namely, the obligation under which an Author rests to his readers, that in furnishing them with amusement for an idle hour, he should not only avoid presenting to them language, which it might be beneficial to forget, and ideas or characters which it would be pernicious to emulate, but, that on the contrary, he should endeavor to entwine the fictitious and real portions of his subject in such a manner, that many, who have only commenced its perusal for the purpose of acquiring some useful information, or banishing a tedious hour, may have a pleasing recollection of its most striking passages.

With these views strongly impressed on his mind, he commenced his labors; and with the anxious hope that the intelligence, and good sense of the Canadian Public, will, at the same time, overlook any triteness which, historically, it may contain, and appreciate ought of novelty which it may possess.

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THE LAST OF THE ERIES.

A TALE OF CANADA.

INTRODUCTORY SCENE.

"Squintum, draw up your chair, my boy, and let me see what valuable papers you are there so eagerly filing and arranging."

"Ah! it will never do, Dick,—I'll have to give it up."

"What will never do? give what up?"

"That great design I so fondly entertained of bringing to perfection. I intended to astonish the world; the name of Squintum would have been immortalized forever. But it won't do, I see; facts are few, and too many lies go against my conscience."

"Hark to the fellow; his wits are gone a wool-gathering! What tremendous design do you so fondly entertain of bringing to perfection?"

"Don't you know what has engaged me, body and soul, for the last twelve months? No!—well I'll tell you. Know then, Dick, know then, I intend to write—yes, I say, I intend to write, and give to the world a full and accurate History of the Canadas, from the time of the Deluge up to the present year. I have read more of the Bible for that purpose, than I would have read for twenty years to come—"

"Hear the sinner!"

"It's a shame to confess it, I admit. But to continue: I have hunted up all the old Acts of the Canadian Parliament; I have studied Law, Physic, and the devil only knows what else, until my head has felt as heavy, as a twenty-four-pound shot. I have sat up night after night, arranging and conning old newspapers; I have nearly ruined myself in purchasing antiquities; I have accumulated all sorts of trash; and now, after all my labor, trouble, heart-ache, and head-ache,—after all my endeavors to acquire the names of the different Indian tribes inhabiting the Canadas, and from the North pole to the gulph of the St. Lawrence,—after tracing some from their origin to their extermination, I am brought to a stand-still by the mysterious disappearance of the tribe of *Erie*.—I have kept my eye on them for hours through old papers, travels, &c., when they suddenly disappear—vanish like smoke. Even Cooper's novels give no information of them—it's vexatious, that's a fact!—my History will be incomplete without the closing scene, and dying struggles of the last chief of the Eries."

"Take some of this stuff, Squintum, you're exhausted, my boy; you'll go off in an appoplexy some of these days, and deprive the world of your valuable self—Tintum Squintum, Esquire. And what may be the peculiar merits of this Nation, the loss of whose tragical fate you seem so much to deplore?"

" Why, they are a race who gave their name to Lake Erie. It is absolutely necessary to mention them; they would be a diamond in my work, could I get authentic information. "

" Tiffum Squintum, excuse me, you're a fool. What! cannot your inventive genius procure you the fact, that, in a fit of jealousy, they cut all their squaws throats, and then tomahawked each other to appease the Great Spirit? Tut, man, you make a mountain out of a mole-hill. "

" Ah, Dick, I have a conscience. You do not know what we historians suffer in that way; besides—whisper—I had to lie considerably in the first part of my work, and the fact is, you know, I must keep a little fiction on hand for future emergencies. Ah, if I had not a tender conscience; but it's the fault of my mother. "

" What's Squintum sighing for, eh? "

" His conscience pricks him. "

" Conscience be hanged! Look here, Dick, a complete tale of the Mohawk war. "

" Charlie, no more of that; your characters sicken me—you ascribe to them glory which they never had; you deck them with virtues they never possessed; you exalt your indians into gods, and your squaws into godesses. Away with your painted heroes. "

" Hark to the heathen, the infidel!—hear him. But, Dick, you have an excuse; it could hardly be expected thou couldst appreciate my ideal characters, being totally unacquainted with the originals. "

" Indeed! then listen. One lovely morning, a little before sunrise— "

" Squintum, for God's sake, hand me that decanter—and snuff the candles, my dear fellow; I feel rather faint in the stomach. I knew it would be ' a lovely morning '—just as the beams of the rising sun, ' &c.. Well, I feel rather better now—go on, Dick. "

" Do not interrupt me again, if you please. It was on a lovely morning, when ' the leaves of autumn strewed the ground, ' that I embarked on board the steamer Thunderbolt, and shortly after, we were slowly moving over the turbid deep. The crested waves sparkled like silver in the rays of the sun, and the fishes glanced, like diamonds, in the water. The vault of heaven appeared to enlarge, while its depths grew to a deeper blue, as the orb of day slowly advanced to the meridian; the city of Toronto, with its spires and domes, flashed at a distance. I went on the promenade-deck, and walked aft, musing on the uncertainty of human life. It requires but the starting of a plank, thought I, or some neglect on the part of the engineer, to send hundreds of God's creatures to destruction. I raised my head—one solitary spire of the city, alone was visible; it shone like a star for a few moments, when it totally disappeared. Ontario's shores were like a haze on the horizon; and at last, they, too, vanished, and we were alone upon the wide deep. I fell into a complete reverie—totally unconscious of those around me—and was soon engaged in composing a poetical description of a storm "——

" Charlie, what free-mason antic do you call that—placing the fore-finger to the nose, and winking the left eye? "

"Nothing, my dear Dick, but making a signal to Squintum to put a drop more in my tumbler—I had a touch again of that old complaint of mine."

"You should get rid of it as soon as possible. Charlie; it's a sure sign of consumption, and for that disease, I know a perfect cure—I introduced it in my poem of the 'Orphan Girl.' She is in the last stage of the disease, when her sailor lover suddenly appears, on his return from a long voyage, and produces a receipt—'cure for consumption.' He got it from a negro, in the West Indies, for a plug of tobacco; and he reads it out to the mother. If you will look over the poem, Charlie"——

"The Lord forbid."

"Nonsense, my boy, I'll lend it to you; it'll put me to no trouble at all.—Greealand, put me in mind to give Charlie that poem to-morrow."

"What poem?—the 'Distressed Maid,' or the 'Pirate's Daughter'—the 'Deformed Boy,' or the 'Farewell,' or"——

"No, no, confound you!—though Charlie, perhaps, might wish to have them all; if that's the case, you had better"——

"Ugh! ah!—this complaint. No, Dick, thank you very much; I'll take the 'Orphan Girl,' I will, indeed—better take a small dose."

"Yes the receipt recommends that, in particular. But I must finish my story. Where was I? oh!—I was rapidly conjuring up a storm; the lines rhymed beautifully, when I received a tap on the shoulder, and, turning round, I beheld one of your beautiful Mohawks, Charlie. I looked very hard, expecting to see some majestic, daring, heroic, figure; I rubed my eyes, thinking, perhaps, the sun had turned them crooked—but, no, nothing could I discover else, than a brutish looking countenance gazing at me. Thinking I must still be laboring under a mistake, I said, 'you indian—Mohawk?' 'Me Mohawk, yes,' he answered; 'buy broom to day;' and he drags forward a bundle of brooms, looking any thing but a great warrior, I can assure you. 'No,' said I. 'Buy basket,' said—not a 'dark-eyed indian maid,' Charlie; but it was a squaw, I expect, for it was dressed in a petticoat, showing her bare red ancles and great spla feet, while a grin, from ear to ear, distorted her beautiful countenance. 'A straw hat,' said another. I did not stop to admire any longer, but run away in a rage, cursing your heroes, Charlie."

"You take the vantage of me, Dick; you bring up the worst specimens of a demoralized race, who have partly lost their nationality, by adopting the customs and habits of the whites—their vices, too. I write of years gone by, when the savage had little or no communication with the European Colonists; they then flourished in their native grandeur—and they still do flourish, in their primitive state, in the central and western parts of America. And, behold, Dick, I can bring you within a few hundred miles of home! Who cannot, but admire the heroic, and determined resistance of the *Seminoles* in Florida. For seven years they held at bay their powerful enemy, the Americans of the United States; they fought for their ancient hunting grounds till the last spark of hope went down; they yielded, only, when two-thirds of their nation were slain. The spirit of chivalry never shone brighter in the days of Charlemaigne, or of Richard, the lion-hearted, than it did, in 1838, among the Seminoles. If you want to speak

of the present age, here is my old friend 'Antiquity' vot has his heroes and heroines, in the knights and damsels of the Crusade. Hold up the effeminate fops and dandies of our own race, at the present, and you will have him about your ears, for judging of the merits and value of our ancestors, by our own effeminate selves."

"Like you or I, for instance, eh?"

"You may say so; for, instead of moping here now *writing* of feats of arms, we would be *acting* them then."

"You're quite a philosopher; but what's that Greenland's pulling out of your coat pocket?"

"Ah! I always suspected him of abstracting from my manuscripts to fill his own. This, my dear Dick, is an important paper, that I found concealed in a drawer of an old bureau, which I bought at auction not long since. It appears to have been written a good many years ago; I have glanced at it here and there, and it is so very entertaining, that I shall read it out for the benefit of myself and the whole of you. It is headed '*The Last of the Eries*,' a tale of——D——n! what's Squintum dancing about for like a bear on a gridiron, Greenland grining, and you speering?"

"I can give a pretty good guess at Squintum's antics, and Greenland, I dare say, is actuated by the same reason as myself."

"And that?"

"Namely,—that you were most singularly fortunate in being able to praise that manuscript with assurance."

"You speak in riddles. But if you doubt I found that piece of parchment as I have just stated, I will swear by"——

"Swear not at all, Charlie; I will require of you no oaths, especially as you could not get absolved of the sin of perjury in a hurry. See! the writing looks fresh, too; come, Charlie, confess,—the very title itself, would proclaim you author; even Greenland, though green enough, sees through you."

"Well, well, as you won't believe my word, and will not take my oath, I can do no more. This tale, Antiquity, (as you appear to have more sense than the rest, I address myself to you,) this tale, I say, is founded principally on facts—from what a young friend of mine related to me of the life of his Grandfather, who is, in fact, the principal hero of this story. I will say no more on this point. Know, then, the Erie tribe, the loss of whose history Squintum seems so much to deplore, inhabited the southern coast of Lake Erie, many years ago. At one time they were a very powerful nation, until the Iroquois, or more properly speaking, the Five Nations, who came from the West, ravaged their whole country, north and south. It was generally believed that they were totally exterminated by the Iroquois on their own hunting grounds. Such was not the case, however, which will appear by the story of this young friend of mine. I have written it down nearly as it was told to me—making such additions, as necessary, to connect the different parts of the tale, and the requisite alterations requisite to relate it in the second person singular. Boy, bring some pipes and tobacco, and give Dick a glass of negus, for he's going to sleep. Draw the candle this way, and listen."

CHAPTER I.

The Irinkas were a small, isolated, though influential tribe of Indians, inhabiting the banks and islands of the Ottawa, where the river widens to a considerable extent, forming a lake of no inconsiderable size. They had a character for honesty and valor—indeed it could easily be discerned in their countenances, which had a look of noble, daring. Whence they originated or came, was known, subsequent to the period of this tale, to none—though their mysterious disappearance was, afterward known to a few. But we must not anticipate—suffice it to say, that they were a brave and an intelligent people, compared with their neighbors. Their valor did not overcome their discretion, but they possessed both qualities in an inestimable degree; consequently, while frequent war, and strife prevailed around, they were, comparatively, free from those evils, and dwelt in peace in the quiet solitude of their own islands. Sometimes, indeed, a raid would be made amongst them, but their enemies found to their cost, their rifles were as sure as their knives were sharp; that, in fact, it would be more to their advantage to be considered as allies, than as foes. The chief of this clan possessed an unlimited influence over his people, as also, over the surrounding Indians; and many a distant chief scorned not to seek counsel and advice of the renowned Sachem of the Irinkas. From what had been seen of them, they were a fine race of men—tall and robust. The women neither fell short of the men in all those qualities which become their sex; they were, generally speaking, gracefully and symmetrically formed.

On a summer's evening, the smoke could be seen curling upward from the different islands; while, as the twi-light would set in, numberless light canoes would dart out from beneath over-hanging foliage, and, scattering about, station themselves in different parts of the river; and the indians, throwing out their lines, would rapidly pull from the placid pools, the struggling bass. In another place, the boys might be seen cleaving the water with their tiny vessels—acquiring, by practice, that skill which would be necessary to them when men. Seated on the cliffs, or scattered along the beach, might be seen old men and young women—the former sending forth curling clouds of smoke, from their long pipes into the clear, still, air—the latter, engaged, either in their native sports, or watching the successful fishers.

It was on such an evening as I have thus described, a young man might have been seen leaning against a stout elm, on the bank of an adjacent island, watching the eager fishers with great attention. He was dressed in true hunter's style, composed of rather costly materials. The frock was braided, and trimmed with the best of deer-skin; a pair of long boots, reaching to the thighs, served to protect a pair of fine buck-skin breeches; a silver-mounted powder horn peeped from an inside pocket, while a cumbrous shot-belt, and cartridge-pouch, was slung across his shoulders; an indian tomahawk and knife, found a place in his belt, and a double-barreled rifle, of French manufacture, thrown carelessly across his arm, completed his equipment. Though not tall, he was yet above the middle size, and possessed a powerful, robust, well knit frame, accompanied by a bold and handsome countenance, while the formation of the lips, told of self

confidence and a sanguine spirit. An exclamation from one of the indians, caused all eyes to be turned towards him, and a party of fishers, hastily drawing in their lines, turned the heads of their canoes, and rushed to the spot.

Pierre—the christian name of the young Frenchman, and the only name, except his indian sobriquets, by which he shall be distinguished in this tale—was sous lieutenant in a French reserve battallion quartered at Montreal, for Canada was then under the dominion of France. Having obtained, along with four or five comrades, leave of absence for several weeks, he determined to penetrate the back country, on a grand exploring expedition. And, making the necessary preparations, such as providing dress, amunitions, provisions, a chart of the country, &c., they set out from Montreal in high spirits, and took their way up the St. Lawrence. After spending a week near its primevial banks, and admiring the wild rapids of that noble river, the broad bosom of lake St. Francis, and delighting in the wild scenery that abounded on every side, they packed up their encampment, and striking off in an easterly direction, came upon the river Ottawa. By this time their relish for a forest life had considerably decreased, and the majority declared their intention of returning home. But Pierre's adventurous spirit could not brook such an idea, and he expressed his intention of proceeding further; but they, being less romantic, and Don Quixote-like than he, and having fully tasted of the fatigue and peril attending a tramp through a dense wilderness, crossing streams and rapids, &c., remained firm in their resolution of returning; and, after many entreaties that Pierre should join them, they bid him farewell, and turned on their way to Montreal—taking the river for their guide.

For several days, the young man coasted along the Ottawa with unabated spirits, frequently meeting with indian hunters, scouring the woods in search of game. Being tolerably acquainted with the indian language, he learned from some of them, that, by journeying a few days further, he would come upon the Irinkas. He had heard several favorable accounts of this tribe, and had seen, and even spoken with some of them at Montreal, who, generally, once a year, sent some of their young men there, to trade their furs for other necessaries.—Accordingly, keeping on the east side of the river, he soon came in sight of their fires. He found an old canoe upside down amongst brushwood, which some hunter had probably hidden there till his return. He pushed it off into the stream, and impelled himself here and there—delighted with the rural beauty of the place; and the evening of the same day found him where we left him—in sight of the Irinkas.

They dashed under the bank where Pierre was standing, swinging themselves easily to the summit, by the branching trees; and they seemed rather surprised to see a white man alone amid their native fastness. Being well acquainted with their mode of speaking, Pierre addressed them in the best Indian he could command:

"Brethern, I have come from the place of many wigwams, to see my red brothers. For many suns I have travelled along the shores of the Grand river. I am glad to see the Irinkas, for they are our friends, and are spoken well of from whence I came."

They seemed to comprehend what was said, though not exactly understanding the vernacular in which it was delivered. Significantly pointing to their canoes, they gave him to understand, that he must accompany them to their Chief, as it was necessary that individual, should, first, receive all strangers.—Accordingly, entering one of their conveyances, he arrived at one of the largest islands; and, soon, the news spread that a white warrior had arrived. Surrounded by women and children, admiring the rich ornaments of his dress, he was escorted to the lodge of the Sachem, who, with a friendly greeting, took him by the hand, and providing a seat, handed him the pipe from which he had been smoking. Pierre took it, much pleased with the old man, who appeared to have numbered sixty summers, or probably more. His hair, not quite gray, hung down over his shoulders; his features bore the impress of good nature and benevolence—quite devoid of that ferocity of expression, characteristic of other indian chiefs—though the mouth was firmly drawn, and it might easily be perceived, that he could assume a severe and stern aspect, when his passions were roused, and act with decision and promptness, in moments of difficulty and danger. His dress consisted, simply, of deer-skin leggins, a mantle of cloth, trimmed with fur, which was thrown over his left shoulder, and, passing under his right arm, was fastned at the waist with a silken sash, in which was placed a silver-handled hunting knife, and a keen-edged tomahawk; while his rifle might be detected hanging from the wall of his cabin. All these things Pierre had time to observe before the Chief addressed him.

"The white warrior has come to see the Irinkas; how are his brothers; have they again dug up the hatchet, or is it buried for-ever, as I have heard?" He spoke in broken French, which was intelligible enough to his guest.

"You were misinformed," replied Pierre, "the hatchet has lain unburied, and will remain so for some time to come. Will the great Chief tell me by what name he is known?"

"I am called Manhitti, as were my fathers before me."

"And I am known by the name of Pierre," said the young Frenchman.

The Chief repeated the name over once or twice, with difficulty getting his tongue round it; and replacing the pipe in his mouth, smoked in silence. Rising shortly, he spread some dried venison and the best eatibles his frugal cabin could afford, before his guest, of which Pierre made a hearty meal, and having experienced rather a lengthy fast, relished his humble fare quite as well as he would the best dinner in the gay saloons of Paris.

He found the old man rather taciturn, though after a short time, his reserve gave way, and he chatted freely on different subjects; and Pierre found him tolerably conversant with the affairs then existing between France and England. As the hour waxed late, he was shown by his host into another apartment, in which was a couch, made of the softest furs of the chase. Pierre, wearied with many a day's travel, threw himself upon it, and was soon fast locked in the arms of morpheus.

When he awoke on the next morning, the sun was high in the heavens [illegible]

ing up and hastily dressing, he walked out. The dew had departed from the turf, though it still glistened on the leaves of the trees; the birds sang away gaily; the scent of the wild rose and the honeysuckle perfumed the air; the humming-birds buzzed round and round, here and there, extracting with their tiny tongues, the essence of every bud. In the distance might be seen flocks upon flocks of wild pigeons, winging their way to the west; the crow mingled its hoarse croak with the warbling notes of the swallow, and above all, was heard the rude song of the islanders, while engaged in different occupations.—Pierre went back for his gun, and loitering along the shore with it thrown over his shoulder, discovered an unoccupied canoe, and stepping in, pushed off into the stream. A party of indians at this moment, came swiftly round a point of the island in their canoes, and perceiving Pierre, they invited him to join their party on a hunting expedition, which he readily did. Their superior skill in the use of the paddle enabled them soon to outstrip him, at which he was considerably piqued—having previously prided himself as a good oarsman. In a short time he was half a mile in the rear, on which, the indians waited patiently till he came up, and then, with a half smile on their countenances, proceeded less swiftly. They had evidently intended giving him a specimen of their skill, and at the same time, discern that of his; and Pierre, being aware, that to gain the good opinion of the natives, was, to show himself a good hunter, warrior, &c. was rather chagrined with his inferiority in the management of a canoe; but recovering his spirits with the hiliarity of his companions, he determined to signalize himself as a good marksman—being rather a practised one. So carefully looking to the priming of his piece, he kept a sharp look-out for any game that might present itself. An opportunity soon occurred, for on rounding the point of a large island, an opening in its thick foliage, came to view, running inland for a short distance. At its extremity, was a tall beech, towering above its fellows, on which a flock of pigeons had just alighted, nestling themselves among the leaves and branches, little aware of the danger to which they were exposed. Pierre's quick eye had watched the flock while winging their way from the east; he saw them alight on the island, and the opening in the trees, left them fully exposed to his view. Levelling his gun, and taking a steady aim for a moment, the bright flame leaped forth from the muzzle, and the birds dropped in numbers to the earth, while the remainder of the flock sped away in alarm, leaving their wounded companions to their fate. Mooring his canoe among the rocks, he made his way to the spot, and, in triumph, picked up more than two-score of his victims. The indians regarded this feat with amazement, and gave him the sobriquet of 'Broad Rifle.' Not being accustomed to destroy small feathered birds in that manner, and knowing little, or nothing of the use of shot—their guns all being bored for bullets—with which they were very expert, they were not a little astonished at the destruction that Pierre caused among the pigeons, with the smooth bore of his double-barreled gun.

The paddles being diped again in the water, the canoes sprang forward merrily—now gliding within two feet of the uneven bottom of the river, where the paddles almost came in contact with the rocks—now passing over a seemingly bottomless

chasm, the dark, still, water resting as in a basin—now running between two islands, the shores of which, over-hung with dark, green foliage, sheltered the placid gulph between, from the winds—now, again, the precipitous bottom of the river, rising near the surface, could be distinctly traced, deepening for many fathoms, as the canoes passed onward, when it would be lost to view, from the denseness of the water. Many fish were caught in these deep pools by the Indians, who were expert anglers.

During the course of the day, Pierre had frequent opportunities to establish his fame as a good marksman—and which he never failed to take advantage of—the consequence was, a goodly array of pigeons, partridges, ducks, hares, &c., adorned the bow of his canoe. It was after sunset before they returned to the village, and the indians gave their game to the women, who immediately began preparing them for introduction into some large pots, which stood near the fires.—Pierre sought out the old Chief, and presented him with the result of his day's sport, at which he appeared much gratified, and complimented the young French man, as a good hunter; and when Pierre pointed out the number of pigeons he had killed at one fire, the Chief taped him familiarly on the shoulder, and told him he had well earned his sobriquet of 'Broad Rifle,' or as he expressed it in his own language, Keen-waw-ishkoda—and he henceforth called him by that name. They entered the lodge, and supped, as on the evening previous. The Chief now threw off all reserve, and, with his pipe in his mouth, talked away in broken French on different topics, until twi-light began to deepen. Pierre then went out, and was walking gaily from lodge to lodge, when the sound of music, and the noise of merry voices, reached his ears. He hastened forward through a grove of low cedars, and beheld the natives engaged in dancing, to the measured beat of some rude, though not inharmonious instrument. He could not help admiring the graceful movements of some of the women, and also those of the men. They were entirely devoid of that disgusting fierceness, and unnatural contortions of the body, which generally characterize the national dances of the indians; but this of the Irinkas, bore a close resemblance to the modern gallopade, only, the steps, instead of being minced in affectation, were quick and buoyant, full and vigorous. He quietly watched them for some time, until, from an irresistible impulse of jollity, he, too, joined them, and being of a social and free disposition, soon found himself bounding along with the red beauties of the west. A fresh burst of music welcomed his arrival; and among the indian girls, was one who particularly attracted his attention. She was much fairer than her companions—nearly as much so as the proud daughters of the whites. The warm blood formed a rose on either cheek, while her eyes of liquid black, flashed from beneath the arched, and finely pencilled eyebrows. Her countenance was, indeed, a picture of free and joyous innocence; her dark, and shining ringlets flowed in wild, but graceful luxuriance over voluptous shoulders, that were only half concealed by a scarf, thrown negligently round them; her full and ruby lips were curled with a smile of bewitching sweetness, revealing a set of chisel'd teeth, which might have rivaled the fairest pearls. She was dressed in a short frock, confined round her symmetrical waist, with a girdle ornamented with beads, and

curious shells, and a necklace, of the same material, depended across her bosom. A tira, consisting of cut and polished stones, encircled her brow, which was fair and open—warmed by the quick blood of nineteen summers. The respect and attention that was paid her by all, led Pierre to think that she must be of some distinction—in fact, she was Manhitti's only daughter;—that he learned from his partner in the dance, and, that she was adored by all her father's people. She engrossed his whole attention, and as her graceful figure flitted past him, the blood tingled to the very ends of his fingers. If the truth must be told, cupid had launched his dart, and the victim was so absorbed in reverie, that so fair a flower should bud alone in the wilderness, that he was not aware of his situation, until a tingling sensation in the back part of his head, brought him to his senses, and he found himself standing, with folded arms, in the midst of the whirling dancers; and thus he would have stood, perhaps, till the arrival of to-morrow's sun, had not his partner—a dark-eyed laughing brunette—who had been for some time trying to attract his attention, pulled his hair smartly behind. With the ever ready gallantry of a Frenchman, he instantly apologised, and devoted himself, for the remainder of the evening, to the amusement of his partner; whose sly twinkle in the corner of her laughing eye, made him suspect she had guessed at the cause of his strange demeanor.

Pierre retired that night to his couch, deeply impressed with the image of the daughter of the Chief. The more he thought over it, the more he was surprised at the simple manners of the natives—so different from what he had seen, or heard before, of the Indians, previous to visiting this part of the country. He had been told, indeed, of the heroic and daring exploits of some Western chiefs, coupled with traits of magnanimity, and generosity; but the degree of ease and refinement, he witnessed among these people during his short stay—so contrary to what he was led to suspect, surprised him. Thought he, the vices of the whites have not yet reached their humble dwelings. Alas! could he have had a peep into the future, what a dark picture of the instability of human happiness, would have been presented to him!—what a few short years would intervene, before populous towns and villages would sweep away all traces of the wild hunting grounds of the indians. He contrasted the morality of this tribe with that of the enlightened whites, and what a different picture of each he drew forth. Here, thought he, are no gaols scattered over the land; no prisons, no houses of punishment; the vices of gaming and drunkeness, are unknown—neither theiving, nor incendiarism; no sharpers or black-legs are found on the watch, to lead into a snare, his unsuspecting fellow mortal; no indian envies his neighbor's hut, fishing implements, or game, for each possesses alike. If any petty discord or strife broke forth, a word from their chief was certain to subdue them. On the other hand, behold the above mentioned vices running riot through the land—not a town or village, but must have a scourge, in the shape of solid stone walls, with iron-barred windows, and cells; bright steel, the gallows, and the cannon's open mouth, are ready to awe the people into submission. By this, he did not mean to say, that these restraints are not necessary—they certainly are, to preserve the majesty of the law, and order in society; but what a disgrace it is to our nature, and ourselves, that a lash like this should hang over our heads, to preserve man

from his fellow being. Again, thought Pierre, the blood, tears, cries, and groans of many a poor negro slave, ascends to heaven, and is recorded there, against the brutal tyranny of the whites; and this, too, sanctioned by that law, which is so necessary to govern the land. "Oh!" ejaculated he, oh, *enlightened* whites.—But to return to the Irinkas. True, he thought, they were not destitute of faults, that belong invariably to every human being; but was the gentle spirit of christianity diffused amongst them, or the light of the gospel known? No—if it was and possessed with the same advantages as their more civilised bretheren, a more virtuous or happy race could not have existed. As it was, they adored the Great Spirit in their own simple way, and with far more zeal, than some, who ostentatiously make a practice of visiting the house of God, not for the purpose of hearing his word preached, but to see, and be seen. He did not mean to say the Irinkas were a specimen for the rest of the aborigines—no, but to take the whole class of red men, before the evil habits of the whites had demoralized them and place their respective vices in the balance—with the knowledge of the christian religion on one side, and the ignorance of it on the other, and which would be found wanting.

Thus reasoning with himself, the night was far advanced, ere he fell into the arms of sleep. In his dreams, visions of lovely maidens haunted his pillow; he thought he was again among the dancers, and was chasing a dozen beautiful nymphs, who all eluded him, except one, whom he caught in his arm, and found in her, the daughter of Manhitti. He imprinted a kiss upon her lips, and she smiled as if nothing loath to receive it; but suddenly, he saw her tremble—the color forsook her cheek—he felt her weight on his arms; he looked at her attentively, and tried to recall animation in that lovely form; he imprinted a kiss upon her brow, but paler, and paler, grew the face of the maid. Just then, he awoke with a start, and he found the Chief, with a hand on his shoulder, laughing over him.

"You have been disturbed in your sleep," said the old man; who assured Pierre, that when he entered the appartment, he had found him hugging and kissing a roll of skins, in apparent extacies.

Pierre blushed as he got up, and replied that he had indeed been disturbed in his rest, but it was nothing of consequence. The morning was fair, and he walked out through the village with a light and joyous step, for the fresh air of the morning was exhilerating. The natives were already busying themselves with their fishing tackle, and Pierre walked from thence, to a distant part of the island. He entered a small path, which led through a grove of tall maples on the brink of the bluff shore—observing the king-fishers darting from the branches, where they lay hid, into the water, and rising with a cry of triumph, struggle off with their prey—when he came in sight of a fair nymph, a few yards in advance of him, sitting beneath the cliff on a moss-covered rock. The out-stretching boughs of the maples drooped down, as if wishing to embrace her, while she bathed her feet in the limpid stream. Pierre, for a moment, thought he must have stumbled upon a mermaid, engaged in her morning devotions. He stood still, and held his breath, while he observed with admiration, her well turned

ancles, and the full, and true proportion of her limbs; the rounded arms, that peeped from beneath a silken scarf—displaying, as it passed across her shoulders, the voluptuous contour of her form. Her hair fell, in flowing ringlets, from her brow, resting in glittering masses on the rough stones. One hand supported her head, as she reclined in a graceful attitude against the rock, whilst she dabbled her feet playfully in the water. Pierre noiselesly changed his possition, to get a glimpse of her face, which she at that moment happened to turn a little to one side, revealing to his gaze, the sweet vision of his dream. He turned away with a throbbing heart, forbearing to obtrude his gaze on the sacred retreat of the maid.

CHAPTER II.

As the evening approached and twilight began to deepen, he was again seated in the lodge of Manhitti; they were smoking their pipes near the door when the fair nymph of the morning entered, and kissing her father's cheek, turned toward Pierre saying——

"The Pale Lily bids welcome the white man to the hunting grounds of the Irinkas."

Pierre rose and made one of his best bows, at which the the Chief burst out a laughing. "Ah you white-men," said he, "have strange customs in your country—you must be dreadfully afraid of your women."

Pierre, a little angry, replied, "But Manhitti must recollect, I am a stranger to his Nation, and have, perhaps, never seen or spoken to the Pale Lily before;" and then he tried to explain to the Chief the necessity of the strict rules of etiquette that should be used among a large population, to preserve society free from rudeness and insolence, and keep it on a moral footing.

But the chief could, or would not understand; it gave him, he said, a bad opinion of the whites—such ceremony might indeed be necessary for a demoralized state of society, but he could not think that of the French nation such.

Pierre was silent, he could not but perceive there was some truth in the old man's remarks. "But you are an artificial people," continued the chief, "and hence want artificial laws."

He then rallied Pierre on his exploits the previous evening, and said he was glad to see him make himself at home. Pierre replied that he invariably did so, and enquired if that was the way in which they generally enjoyed the fine summer evenings. Manhitti said yes, and asked him if he would not take the Pale Lily, and join the dancers, as he heard the music at intervals through yonder trees.

Pierre joyfully took the arm of the young girl, and proceeded to a plain beyond a grove of pines, which stretched along at one end of the village; the sound of laughter and merry voices echo'd among the trees.—The old man followed them, and seated himself on a fallen tree to witness the sports of his people.

A shout of welcome greeted the new comers—the young men gathered round, and solicited the hand of the Pale Lily for a turn in the dance, but she, with mo-

dent firmness, rejected all, and placed her hand in that of the stranger's. None looked jealous or disappointed—no angry frowns were seen as they turned to depart, but the next moment were engaged, with some dark-eyed damsel, beating time to the rude music. Pierre (unlike some) disdained not to mix with the Indians in their sports and ceremonies; they treated him as an equal, and he felt no desire to think himself above them, but, on the contrary, his vanity was gratified by being seen with the pretty daughter of the Sachem. He could not help admiring the graceful and well built forms of the young men—their suppleness and agility. He remarked one thing, in particular, that the limbs of these people, though not out of proportion, were of a remarkable size—thought he, how well an European dress would become them—but he was mistaken—their primitive manner of clothing, unconfining the muscles or motions of the body, was much better adapted to their make.

As on the evening previous, Pierre entered into the full spirit of the scene, and merrily was time lost. He retired at length with the Pale Lily, to a seat, where exerting his powers of pleasing, he forgot everything but the present moment, in the smiles of his companion; he was fast acquiring the proper pronunciation of the Indian tongue under her fair tutilage. The scene and the dancers were both forgotten in this pleasant occupation,—unaware that many eyes were bent upon them. The good humourd laugh of the old chief, broke in on their fancied secrecy, and they found him standing behind them, where he had remained half the evening. The Pale Lily blushed red, and grew pale by turns; as the old man led her away, and Pierre followed, lost in thought—the fact was, Cupid had drawn his bow to the full length of the arrow, and with unerring aim had struck the mark.

Day after day sped away in this manner, and the Frenchman noted not the passing time; sometimes engaged with the natives in the sports of the forest, sometimes in their successful fishing excursions at night, but more frequently with the daughter of the chief was his time passed, engaged either in rambling about the Island, or, in lake excursions in their bark canoes. Manhitti never interrupted their meetings, or said ought that led Pierre to suppose he had noticed them—the fact was, the old man, as well as the rest of the natives, had implicit confidence in the stranger, and they were not mistaken. But, if the chief had thought a moment, he would have percieved, that two young hearts in frequent converse together, could not be separated with the same ease as they had joined, and if he had acted on such a supposition, it would have materially altered the fate of both; but Manhitti found in Pierre an indispensible companion, and by the skill he evinced in the use of his weapon, the old man's esteem was too fast to be shaken. The artless and guileless manner of the Pale Lily convinced him that he had gained her affections—an exchange of hearts had been made, almost unknown and unperceived; thoughtless of the future Pierre revelled in the present, and, alas, he perceived not the coming shadows.

One night came the recollection that his term of leave was expired, and with it came another train of thought; he saw his position clearly, and his conscience smote him for his heedlessness. Duty must call him away in a few days, to leave

forever this secluded spot, and by so doing, he would not only destroy his own peace, but that of one now more dear to him than life, and the happiness of the family on whose hospitality he was remaining, bitterly he cursed his own folly, and bitterly he deplored his fate. The day came, and the shades of night again visited the earth, and Pierre, immersed in thought, still found not a ray of light to lead him out of his difficulty.

"Perhaps I am deceived—and she loves me not; I shall see, and if I'm right I will depart to-morrow;" so saying, he arose and sought out the Pale Lily, whom he found in a fairy-like bower.

"The Broad Rifle looks pale to-day—I hope he is well," she observed.

"He is well," he replied coldly; but see, yonder water murmers sadly—the breeze whispers through the trees softly—the eagle soars aloft on his way to the east, the sun has set in yonder forest and risen again many-times—these, all tell me it is time that I should return to my friends."

The color left her cheeks as he concluded, and she would have fallen had he not caught her in his arms.

"Oh stay," she said, "leave me not alone, or the Pale Lily will die. I shall seek this spot—call upon thy name, and you answer not, and know then that thou art gone forever. The Sun shall shine no more, nor shall the flowers bud or the birds sing again for the Pale Lily,—she would turn away in despair, for they would only remind her of thy absence."

Pierre clasped her to his breast and kissed her pale cheek, while his eyes moistened at her plaintive words. He bore her to a seat, sat himself by her side, and endeavoured to sooth her——

"Weep not, for it grieves me," said he; "thou art dear to me. The Sun will yet shine and the birds sing for thee."

"Not if thou leave me; I should traverse no more the sunny hills and forest paths with a glad step; they would frown and bid me go from thence; I should turn away with trembling steps, and the Pale Lily would pass from her father's eyes, she would be no longer seen in his tent: his heart would break for the loss of his child, and he would curse the pale stranger who brought grief to his hearth and made his home desolate."

Pierre was startled at the tone of deep feeling which she displayed; he fully felt the responsibility of his situation—to remain longer would only create false hopes in the mind of the fair being who so fondly depended on him,—to leave, he felt, would destroy his own peace, as well from the love he bore to the Indian maid, as from the knowledge that Manhitti might be left childless, as he was fearful for the consequences of the passionate feelings which he had called into existence. The urgency of the case admitted of no delay, and a happy idea seemed to strike him, for he threw his arm round the slight form of the lovely girl and pressed her to his bosom. The rose on her cheek again came faintly to view, and her eye brightened into a glance of hope.

"Thou wer't only trying to frighten me," she said, "there is no truth in what thou hast told me?" and she eagerly looked into his face.

"Think not that I could be so cruel as to trifle with thy feelings, or deceive you on such a subject; too much do I love thee to cause thee the least sorrow, but my people expect my return ere this,—even now they are in search of me, and I am afraid, much as I love thy island home, I must leave thy people and return to the place of many wigwams.

"Oh no," she eagerly exclaimed, "Manhitti will send one of his young men—he will travel with swift feet along the mighty river, and four or five suns will see him among thy people, and he will tell thy warriors that thou art safe among the Irinkas."

Pierre mused a while, evidently meditating a course of proceeding which the maiden's last words had called into existence. Rising with a cheerful air, and dispeling all traces of care from his countenance, as if determined that thoughts of the future should not destroy the enjoyment of the present, he said——

"Thou art right, I will ask thy father, on the morrow's dawn, and consult his advice; there may be yet many days of happiness for the Pale Lily," and he looked at her with a meaning smile.

A pearly drop was suspended from either eye of the maiden, but as Pierre ceased speaking they vanished,—the warm glance of her dark eyes, like the sun absorbing the morning mist, dispelled them from her face, and, as her upturned gaze met that of the young Frenchman, a sweet smile played over her features.

Playfully putting her arm within his, they walked forth toward the village—the Indian maid and the white man.

CHAPTER III.

The morning was stormy, and light clouds were scudding before a strong south wind, as Pierre rose from his couch of skins, on which he had thrown himself after parting with the Pale Lily the preceding night. He enquired of some of the natives near the lodge, for Manhitti, and was directed to proceed to a place which was pointed out to him, where he would find him fishing. Thither he slowly bent his steps, collecting his scattered thoughts as he went.

"It seems scarcely honourable," he said to himself, "to seek to deprive him of his daughter, but, how can I act otherwise? True I would cherish her, and, as a soldier's wife, she should be honoured and respected; yet, again, would she be willing to leave her father and her people, never to see them more? and would he be willing to trust his child with an almost entire stranger,—that stranger of a different race. And why," he continued, as if arguing the point with himself, "should I not honourably ask for the maid; a more beauteous form, a more proud, yet tender nature, with simplicity of character and a bright, intellectual, though untutored mind, never graced the supercilious daughters of fashion.

And shall I leave her to the arms of some Indian Chief, who could neither comprehend her nature or sympathize with her feelings; [illegible] fair a flower is

evidently not destined to fade in her father's tent; but better let her fade than be the"——He stopped suddenly, "getting jealous," thought he, "getting jealous at the possibility of an Indian claiming her for his bride," and he smiled contemptously, but he instantly recalled the smile; he had learned to estimate better the Indian character, and was conscious of the ungrounded prejudices conceived against them by those b'goted in their own superiority, as if tender feelings or noble sentiments, could not be found burning brightly in many a bosom of the free rovers of the forest. "And yet what would my brethern say? What would Lefevre, and others say, to hear me reason thus," and he smiled again, but from a different motive. He now stood on the bold cliff of the Island, and, immediately beneath him perceived the old chief seated on a stone, detaching a fish from his line. He descended, and, after giving the salutation of the morning, seated himself beside him, and entered into a clear statement of his case; explaining his position and his object,—that he must shortly leave him,—and concluded by saying that, if the 'Pale Lily' were permitted to occupy his lodge in a distant lane, no flower would bloom more freshly, no bird sing more merrily, than would the daughter of the chief, under his fostering care.

When he first began, the old man drew in his line and listened attentively, as Pierre proceeded, his countenance became alive with interest, and as he touched upon that part of his narrative when he first discovered the true feelings of the maiden towards him, a heavy and fierce frown shaded his features; but, when Pierre entered into a more minute detail, and concluded as above, his face resumed its natural expression; but, with an air of dignity he replied——

"Young warrior, you know not what you ask,—the robin and the sparrow mate not—the pine tree flourishes where would die the vine—thou, like the pine tree, might live, but my daughter would die; the rose is not found on high mountains, nor does the lily bloom amid rocks; would the Pale Lily bloom among the stony hearts of thy countrymen? would she not shrink beneath the frosty smiles of thy brethoren? The home of the wild deer is the forest, he would die, were he to dwell in a city,—would thy fair country-women cultivate the plant thou wouldst have grow in their soil? would they water it with the tears of sympathy, and protect it when the winds blew? No! thine own eyes tell me no; thy Indian bride would wither in thy arms, amid thy splendid wigwams, she would think of her forest home and her own people; her form would droop, and her eyes would become dim. Though she would cling to thee in misfortune, and nourish thee when in pain, yet her heart would be sad. Stranger to thy customs—stranger alike to your food and raiment—stranger alike to your language and friends—thy bride would die. The eagle will not dwell in a cage—neither would a Red Chief's daughter." He took up his fishing rods, and gathering his mantle round him, turned sorrowfully away.

"And is it even so," cried Pierre, "is that thy answer, oh Manhitti?"

The old man turned, and looked at him steadily for a moment; the frank and fearless countenance of the young Frenchman met his gaze; and, after a pause of a minute, he said,—

"The running stream if damed up, will find itself a new channel; even thou,

mayest find a new path that would lead to thy desire. "Say on," "Listen, the Irinkas love a brave man, who likes a friend, and fears not an enemy; thou can'st use a rifle—thy aim is sure—thy arm is strong, and thy nerves are good. The white man loves an indian maid; he would take her hence—she must stay; does the white man love?—let him prove what he asserts;" and, throwing back his mantle, and bareing his breast, displayed an Eagle in full flight, tattooed thereon. "When this emblem marks thy bosom, Manhitti will listen to thee."—and gathering his mantle again around him, sprang up the rock and disappeared, leaving Pierre in deep thought.

"I think I can understand the old chief," said Pierre to himself, as launching his canoe he pushed out into the stream. "For the hand of the Pale Lily, I must sacrifice and abandon forever the land of my fore-fathers—sunny France—forever forego the pleasures of companionship with my kin and race; abandon my faith—but there I am wrong; I feel as if I could worship God, with as pure, aye, purer heart, in these solitudes, surrounded with the work of his hands alone, than in the most gorgeous chapel, or before the most splendedly illuminated altar.—But, can I unite myself with the red-men, without going astray from the stern path of duty? it is a subtle question to answer, and I must beware how any selfishness interferes to balance either way my decision,—whether to go or stay.——

No kin have I in this Province, who would shed a tear, or heave a sigh to my memory, and except a few friends of my own profession, none that I should heave a sigh to part with; and those few relatives who remain to me in France, neither care or wish for my presence. Therefore, cannot I form new ties and associates among these children of nature? Cannot I be the means of bettering their condition in some things? Cannot I be the means of teaching the white nations to regard with respect and hold sacred the rights of red-men. Thus, communed Pierre with himself,—answering his own questions—starting up impediments, then removing them by the force of his own arguments; and his eye kindled with enthusiasm when he thought that, by his endeavours, the Irinkas, might be improved in knowledge and understanding. He was, however, disturbed in these reflections, by the noise of paddles striking the water some distance off. Looking up, he perceived through the scanty foliage of a point of land before him, two canoes, stretching out to clear the rocky point, and Pierre had full time to observe them before they reached it. A moments observation convinced him they were not Irinkas; and being close on the windward side of the point, he ran his canoe silently behind a large rock which stood isolated from the shore, and which they soon passed. Seated under a large maple branch, to screen him from the sun, was an Indian of a stout muscular appearance, dressed in the height of Indian fashion;—a solitary feather on the top of his head, waved to and fro by the motion of the vessel—two massive rings depended from his ears, a fur blanket made of the fine skins of the Minx, hung from one shoulder, a belt confined a short undress at the waist, from which were suspended two or three scalps, a token of his prowess in battle. His feet were encased in moccasins of Deer skin, with leggins of the same, and tied round the knee were strings of beautiful birds of varigated colors. The canoes contained six Indians in

...ch, armed only with the tomahawk and knife, except the Chief, who had his rifle laying beside him. An Indian Sachem, with eleven of his retainers thought Pierre; "what can they want with the Irinkas," he exclaimed aloud, as they bent their way towards the camp. When they were at a sufficient distance, he struck out boldly, and taking a wide circle, under cover of some rushes, he arrived at the opposite side of the Island to that which he had seen the strangers approach. Mooring his canoe, he hastily sped through the woods to the camp, and entering the lodge of Manhitti, acquainted him with the vicinity of the strangers. The alarm was quickly spread through the village, and every warrior was on the alert, ready to act on a moments warning. Scouts were sent off in different directions, and about thirty gathered before the lodge of the Chief, where they coolly waited the arrival of their visitors, who were soon seen, rounding the opposite island, which lay about a quarter of a mile distant. A number of Irinka canoes were immediately descried advancing to meet them, and when about one hundred yards apart, one of the strangers suddenly halted, and the other advancing, waved forth a green bough, on which the Irinka's boats wheeled towards the shore, joined by the other two, and were lost sight of by those at the village under the brow of the cliff. Immediately after, the chief was seen advancing, followed by his small band of warriors, and Manhitti stepping forward, presented his pipe to him, and invited him within the circle which had been formed by the Irinkas. The invitation was accepted by the strange chief, who, seating himself on the ground, smoked away in silence, his warriors following his example. Not a sign of curiosity was expressed by any of the Irinkas—not a motion made indicating surprise, nor was any notice taken of the new comers, save by a furtive glance now and then directed toward their chief. The women afar off were conversing in groups, no doubt, as to the probable object of the visit. Six or seven minutes passed in this manner,—not a word being spoken on either side.

The women and children retired to their huts, or different vocations, accompanied by the greater part of the men, except those in the immediate vicinity of the lodge, who formed a sort of guard of honour. As it seemed to be expected that the guest should speak first, he began:——

"I come from the Big Lakes, and have travelled many suns and moons. The name of the Irinkas has reached our wigwams, and the fame of [illegible] as a wise chief, has travelled beyond. I am Coswenago, Chief [illegible] and our hunting grounds are on the banks of the great lakes beyond Erie." As the chief spoke his name and Nation, he cast a furtive look around, to see what effect it had on his audience, while his eye sparkled with pride. Naught did he see, however, but a compression of the lips, and, as it seemed to Pierre, a scarcely perceptible frown on every countenance; and, as the Iroquoi continued, he was ey'd more closely. Manhitti appeared lost in thought, seemingly paying little heed to the words of his guest, while he gazed vacantly into the distance. Coswenago [illegible] saying:——

"[illegible] passed down the great River, the fox and the bear, the wolf and the panther looked forth from their dens, undisturbed by the approach of an enemy. The deer ran free in the forest—he was not frightened at the approach of the

Iroquois, but calmly drank from the great River, as we floated down with its current. The Irinkas, we have heard, are great hunters—we will remain a few days, and our own eyes shall see, and our own ears shall hear." He stopped, waiting a reply. Manhitti roused himself, and with forced composure spoke.

"The Iroquois, have come with a token of peace, and in peace they are welcome to stay, and at their option, in peace to depart. Coswenago has come a great distance to see the Irinkas hunt; he must be tired and hungry—let him follow me," and Manhitti led the way into his lodge.

Coswenago followed with stately strides; his brow was knit for a moment, at the coldness of his reception, but he knew not then the fearful cause. Orders were given for the accomodation of his followers, and all separated for the night.

Early the next morning, Pierre was aroused from a deep sleep by a noise and bustle in the camp. He arose, and dressing himself hastily went out, and found all the Iroquois prepared for a great hunt. An equal number of Irinkas, were also preparing to join them, and he was almost induced by the fineness of the morning to go too, and forget care in the excitement of the chase, but a more weighty reason induced him to stay, and following the hunters to the shore, he saw them depart without regret. About twenty canoes put off, and a race ensued between the two parties—the Irinkas, proving in a few minutes, their superior skill in the use of the paddle, for they soon darted ahead, and maintained the lead to the opposite shore. A tap on the shoulder caused Pierre to turn round, and he saw Manhitti standing beside him; his face wore an anxious and troubled expression, but he greeted Pierre in his usual friendly manner———

"My young men and the Iroquois are after the deer—why tarries the Broad Rifle? good eyes and good ears will find their match with the Iroquois."

"Because I care not whether the deer sleep or wake—and I wished to speak with Manhitti."

"Say on."

"My friends think me lost or dead—I would assure them of my safety. My chief expects me back—I would ask to stay longer with the Irinkas. How shall I do this? The great River runs straight to the camp—a swift runner would be there in a few suns. Has Manhitti a young man who would do this?"

"He has, but he speaks nought but the language of his nation—what then would he do to make your chief understand."

Pierre thought a moment and replied—"Let Manhitti leave that to me; I will arranage it all; let the young man be sent here."

The chief cast his gaze around, and calling to one of the indians, spoke a few words to him, on which he set off, and in a few minutes afterwards a young man of slight stature, though strongly built, stood before them. Pierre had, in the mean time, knelt down before a large flat stone, and was busily engaged in smoothing out a piece of crumpled paper, which he fortunately happened to find in his coat pocket, put there to be used as wadding, but happily had remained untouched, though rather soiled for his present purpose. Manufacturing with his knife, a pen from a crow quill, he then made a sort of ink by mixing gun-

powder with water in a hollow stone, and adding the juice of butternut rinds began inditing a letter. Manhitti regarded this proceeding with a curious eye and as he saw character after character appear upon the paper, his attention became fixed. Soon the sheet was filled from the top to the bottom, and Pierre folding it up in the shape of a letter, tied it carefully in a piece of leather, and directed it to one of his brother officers—a particular friend, named Lefevre.—This he carefully wraped in another cover and handed it to the young Indian, giving him the necessary directions where to leave it, having little doubt but that it would find its way to the proper person. Manhitti enquired whether the paper contained a charm, as he so confidently expected that it would speak his wishes. Pierre smiled at the simplicity of the chief; and now recollected that his proceeding must have been a complete mystery to the old man.

"It has a charm, oh Manhitti," replied he,—"a very great charm. It will tell my people what I want—it will tell them where I am, though they were as far off as the setting sun—my people will understand it, and they will send to me such another paper, which will tell to me what they want, what they wish, and what they know."

The chief eyed Pierre wistfully. "Let the 'Broad Rifle' prove what he asserts let it be conveyed to the Pale Lily, and see whether she will comprehend."

The eyes of Pierre brightened at the idea—he might indeed teach the Pale Lily the charm, which would prove a delightful source of amusement, as well as of instruction, both to himself and her. But he answered:—"Let Manhitti understand; the Pale Lily would comprehend it but as a mere piece of nonsense, possessing no quality worthy of notice, but, to my people, it will speak as plain as I am now speaking to thee." The chief still looked incredulous, and Pierre tried, as well as he was able, to impress on his mind, the facility of transmitting our thoughts to paper, by means of sylables which represent sounds. He wrote a sentence with a piece of coal on the smooth side of a log—read it, and made the chief mark the separate words; how some of these words were divided by sylables, and how these sylables were divided again by letters or characters; how, by properly placing the characters, any articulate sound might be represented. He wrote down the alphabet in large letters—made him mark each particular one, and gave him to understand, how, with such few simple instruments, the whole machinery was worked. He made him take notice of different objects, a tree, rock, or bird, and then wrote the object down directly, and let him know the characters representing it, he had pointed out—and afterward showed him the letters in the alphabet wherewith they were composed.

The chief, whose perceptive mind was of no mean order, comprehended at once the system of caliography, by which events might be recorded, and traditions and historical facts preserved for ever. It was like a bright glimmer of light suddenly illuminating a dark chaos; it seemed to dazzle his mind, for his emotion was uncontrolable, and his form dilated, his chest heaved, and his eyes flashed, while tears involuntarily rolled down his swarthy cheeks.

"Better, young man," he exclaimed with energy, "better that thou hadst not

told me of this. Contented I was, contented I might have remained. When the wolf once tastes blood, he is ravenous for more. I see many—many things afar off, and Manhitti would understand them all." He stopped—suddenly resumed his dignified demeanor, and muttering "too late—too late for the red man," took his way toward the camp. Was it possible this Indian chief divined the total extermination of his race in a few short years, by the steps of civilization?

Pierre beheld with surprise, the storm he had raised. With an ordinary mind, instruction would have been received with simple surprise, or, at least with indifference; but Manhitti possessed a comprehensive and intuitive mind—a mind, that in any enlightened country might have raised him to a conspicuous height—that would, perhaps, have brought him broken and withered to the grave; for it is not the wealth of Princes, nor the power of Kings, which conduce to happiness. It is possible the chief might have seen how the simple children of the forest would recede, step by step, before the superior intelligence of the whites—how the graves of their fathers would be defiled by the intrusive foot of a stranger.

CHAPTER IV.

Seated in a vine-covered bower, where the Pale Lily and he had been, almost daily, accustomed to meet, was Pierre. He was endeavoring to strengthen a resolution to join the Irinkas, and lead a hunter's life. This determination was momentarily gaining ground, under the influence of the place, which the frequent visits of the Pale Lily had consecrated, in the eyes of her lover. The soft murmurs of the wind in the tree tops, reminded him of her voice; he thought the air impregnated with her breath, when a rustling of the vines broke his pleasing reverie. He looked up, and there she stood before him, blooming in the freshness of youth and beauty. Her color was heightened by the morning air; her eyes sparkled like the stars at night. A small straw hat, decorated with the wild flowers of the island, rested lightly on her head, and from beneath which, her long tresses escaped in wild disorder—and she laughed gaily as she met the glance of her lover.

"Ah Pale Lily!" he exclaimed, as he sprang up; and with his arm round her waist, they strolled forth—taking their usual path to the western part of the Island. Bright and frequent were the glances of the girl's dark eyes, and as frequently did they sink beneath the ardent gaze of Pierre's. Time passed unheeded as they thus wandered, unaware that they were observed. Sometimes she would sportively break away from his arm, and spring with the lightness of a fawn after some distant flower, and, returning again with the same celerity, place the prize in the cap of her lover. Proceeding in this manner, they had arrived at the loneliest and least frequented part of the island, and the Pale Lily was about a hundred yards in advance of Pierre, plucking a rose from its stem, when she was startled by a heavy arm placed on her shoulder. Turning round, she found herself in the embrace of Cosswenago; his dark, sinister look was bent upon her

with as much admiration as could be summed up in his hard features, and his coarse, deep voice was vainly endeavoring to soften itself down into accents of tenderness. She screamed loudly, and endeavored to release herself; and witnessing his reception in this manner, different, no doubt, from what he expected, Coswenago's brow became dark with passion, and with a sneering smile he said:

"What is the matter with the timmid fawn? would she fly from the chief of the Iroquois? Has the Pale Lily naught but screams and tears for her father's guest? or would she keep all her smiles for a ——"

"Let the maiden go, Iroquoi," commanded Pierre, in a quiet, though determined tone, at the same time throwing his left arm round her waist.

The Indian looked scornfully at him, and replied:—"Is thy knife so sharp, and thy rifle so sure, that thou durst brave a red man alone in the forest, and that redman an Iroquoi chief, whose knife has drank more blood of the pale faces than any one of his nation?—go to. Canst thou bend a bow, or wield an axe, swim the broad stream, or follow a trail over hard rocks, and an unyielding bottom? canst thou traverse the forest with as much ease as the plains? The Iroquoi chief could crush thee, but the eagle stoops not to a worm."

"My rifle is sufficiently sure, and my knife is sharp enough for any of thy name," returned Pierre haughtily. "We seek not by words to lay claim as a brave—thine might frighten an infant. But how dare Coswenago insult the daughter of Manhitti; how dare he, in the land of a stranger, insult the daughter of its chief? Let him beware that he goes not away with a broken skin, or that his bones bleach not on the rocks, and his flesh be for vultures to pick at."

The Indian was well aware of the truth of Pierre's observations, or that, if, in his present visit, any treachery was suspected, his scalp was not safe for a moment on his head. He could not, however, sufficiently conquer his pride to release the maiden, though he knew he was playing a dangerous game. Mastering his passion, though by an effort, he said, while his eyes gleamed fiercely.

"Let the girl decide, but let her recollect," as she again made an effort to release herself, "that in red blood there is life, and in pale, there is death. Where hides the spirit of a chief's daughter, when thou must know that every pale-face is an enemy to a red-man?"

"Thou liest, Iroquoi," exclaimed Pierre passionately. "I am not like thee, a wolf in sheep's clothing; Coswenago's tongue is as poison, and his heart is false."

The Indian looked at him with a bitter smile on his lips, while his hand played convulsively with the handle of his knife, as the girl clung close to Pierre, and endeavored to turn him away.

"The white-man a friend of the Indians!" he contemptously replied. "He is a plague spot among us; his very presence and breath, is a curse to us.—Though he come with an open hand, a smile and a smooth tongue, he has the same withering influence. Let the Irinka girl again listen—when she so far

forgets her race as to become the slave of a white-man, let her recollect the warning of Coswenago."

Pierre had turned his back upon him, and was retracing his way to the village, for the agitation of the Pale Lily increased every moment, and besides he wished not to risk an encounter with the indian, for, though personally brave to a fault, he did not wish to be the first to create a feud between his friends and their visitors, which might lead to disadvantageous results. Coswenago had turned also, and was parting the branches of some low cedars, when he wheeled round, and gazed after the retreating pair with a scowling brow. Quick as lightening, he brought his rifle to the level, and it quivered irresolutely in his hand for a few moments, but he put it slowly up, and a muttered "not yet," escaped his lips, as he disappeared among the trees.

The Pale Lily was sorrowful—all her previous gaiety was gone, and Pierre fearful that the malignant words of Coswenago had taken deep root in her mind, and fearful lest her usual confidence in him was shaken, he said:

"The words of the Iroquoi are but, like froth on the stream, produced by the strength of the current—thy faith in me is not broken?"

"No, no," quickly replied the Pale Lily; "Keen-waw-ishkoda is a friend to Manhitu, but Coswenago I know is an enemy."

"And am I not a friend to thee, also?"

'Ah, yes!" and with a simplicity that perfectly became her, she threw her arm round his waist. "But listen—I see a calm, gentle lake, and its banks are lined with flowers; the air is scented with sweet perfume, which is wafted to and fro by the gently sighing breeze. A canoe, of a beautiful make, floats joyously on its bosom—the small fishes dance and sparkle in the rays of the warm bright sun; the birds leave their airy nests in the tree tops, and descending to the lake, circle round the canoe, which rises and falls in the small ripples of the water, as if nodding in approbation of their sport. The warbling notes of the birds come softly to the ear—the lake replies in soft murmurs, and the trees bend their branches to listen. But, behold, again! what shadow is that coming swiftly down afar off—it reaches the canoe, which can be hardly seen in the thickly gathering gloom. The birds have ceased their songs; the water murmurs no longer; the flowers droop in sorrow, and all is still in the dark shadow. A roar is heard that shakes the ground; the shadow becomes more dark, and flashes of fire pierce it through on every side. Swifter than the rush of a strong warrior, the wind comes down, and catching the unresisting water, hurls it in masses against its shores. Alas, for the poor canoe! where now is its graceful motion? where now can it be found? Ask the foaming waters—ask the raging winds."

Pierre listened to this strain of native poetry with deep attention. "Thy picture is a sad one," said he; "but you should have gone a step farther, you would have saw the winds lull, the shadows disappear, and the thunders roll back to whence they came. The deep vault of heaven," and he pointed above him, "would sparkle again in brilliant blue; the lake would grow calm once more, and

in the warm sunshine, all things would look refreshed, and the birds would sing again, and clap their wings in three-fold glee."

The Pale Lily looked up enquiringly in his face, and asked—"but the canoe, where wouldst thou look for it?"

"I am afraid you would have to look for it in vain. But what has the canoe to do with thy destiny or mine?" he enquired, as the Pale Lily sighed sadly.

"The Great Spirit has willed that we should meet—my spirit mingles with thine, my fate rests with thee. Thy step brings sunshine to my heart, and the flowers appear to bloom more freshly when thou art near. Thou art the canoe and shouldst thou be lost in the storm of battle, or in the dangers of the chase, what need of the birds to sing, or the sun shine more. We float now calmly, undisturbed in the stream of happiness, but a shadow has appeared afar off in the bright atmosphere of delight—that shadow is Coswenago."

"He is but a woman, he talks too much for a brave; think not of him, but let me see thee smile as wert thy wont. Let the trees again listen to thy laugh, and we will away to the dance, and you and I shall be the merriest there."

Half soothed by the confident voice of Pierre, she partly resumed her previous gaiety, and the silvery tones of her gentle laughter awoke the echoes of the surrounding woods. They were now near the village, and the Pale Lily ran forward to the lodge of Manhitti—returning, almost immediately, with an old fashioned indian bow, and a quiver of arrows.

"Where are you going?" enquired Pierre.

She pointed to the river, where numerous gulls were skimming and sailing over the water. He laughed, and said, "wait till I return;" and he came back in a few minutes with his rifle.

"Thou shalt compete with me, Waubishk-naung, and whoever brings down the farthest bird, shall grant a wish to the loser."

Then the Pale Lily has no chance, and Keenwaw-ishkoda may as well grant to me whatever I choose to ask."

"We must try for it, however;" and he threw on his back a birch canoe, that the Pale Lily had showed to him, hid among the bushes, and conveyed it to the river. He placed his companion in the bow, and giving it a vigorous push from the shore, paddled it slowly across the river. The weather was warm, and rather cloudy, though very little wind was stirring, and the Pale Lily took advantage of the calms to shoot her arrows. She bent her bow with seeming ease, and placed an arrow on the string, ready for action, while Pierre carefully loaded his rifle. She singled out one of the gulls, and pointing it out to her lover, watched its approach toward the canoe, round which it hovered—each time lessening its distance. Now, it would rush toward the vessel, then turning, rise gracefully into the air, and sweep suddenly, again, toward the water. While making one of these descents, on balanced wings, and when about sixty yards distant, the Pale Lily drew her bow, and waiting till the bird turned its white breast to the breeze, she let fly her arrow, that, with an unerring aim, buried

itself under the expanded wing of the gull, which fell lifeless, into the water.

"Well done, Waubishk-naung!" exclaimed Pierre; "thou art a brave girl —the red deer, and the panther ought to fear thee, for thy arrows are as fatal as thy father's rifle." He drew the bird into the boat while he spoke, and plucking out the arrow, was about handing the prize to his companion, when he perceived she had her face concealed by her hands, between which her tears were falling. He called her by name, but she replied not; he moved toward her, and took one of her hands from her face, when she hastily brushed away her tears, and said:

"Never more will I bend a bow, or direct a dart; thrice have I done so, and each time have taken a life, and thrice has my spirit felt sad. It is enough that our warriors should kill—the Great spirit permits them. They may strike the deer, or the birds, but Waubishk-naung will do so no more."

Pierre was surprised, and felt touched at this proof of her sensibility, which showed to him more than ever, how fine a string he had to deal with. He explained to her that the Great spirit, when he first created the earth, gave power to mankind to 'rule over the fish of the sea, the birds of the air, and every creeping thing upon the earth.

"See!" he continued, taking up the bow, "yonder gull, bearing off a fish which he can hardly carry. The fish of the sea, the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field, prey upon one another, and man preys upon all." He drew the bow, and took aim at the retreating bird, but being unacquainted with the weapon, the arrow flew wide of the mark, and fell among some rushes, not far distant.

Pierre heard a faint laugh, echoing over the water, from the Island, and looking that way, thought he perceived Coswenago glancing between the trees. He felt annoyed at the circumstance, and would, willingly have given him a specimen of his skill with the rifle, by sending a bullet after him; and, not choosing to be the object of his observance, he turned his canoe homeward. He recovered his good humor, however, as they landed, and he said,—

"The Pale Lily is the winner, after all, and she must grant my wish, according to agreement, and it is this ——" and he was about to snatch twenty kisses from her tempting lips, when he forbore—suddenly recollecting his peculiar position, while he reddened, in some confusion.

"I see I was about to pay dearly for my victory," said the girl—whose archness of manner convinced Pierre, that she had guessed at his intention.

"As thou dost not intend to bend the bow no more," he replied, "accept this as a token of thy unrivalled skill;" and he took a costly ring from his finger, and slipped it on to one of her's.

She laughed slightly, and eagerly admired the present. "I will accept it, not for the purpose for which you give it to me, but in remembrance of thee." So saying, she bounded away.

A heavy hand placed on his shoulder, caused Pierre to turn angrily round, and he met the sinister look of Coswenago, who beckoned him to follow, as he turned

on his heel, and marched, haughtily, through the woods. Pierre kept on his trail for a few minutes, not certain whether he would be justified in holding back, when he called out:

"Stop! I follow not the beck of either a red-man, or a white-man, until I know for what purpose."

The Iroquoi turned sharply round. "Is the pale face a coward?" he said sneeringly. "Thou didst not, this morning, fear to brave me, unarmed; now thou hast a rifle, why then art thou afraid?"

"Afraid of thee, indian?—never! If you seek an enemy, you can find one in me; but I do not see, therefore, that I should follow you."

"Thou hast crossed my path, and Coswenago never forgets, nor forgives; thy scalp can alone atone for the insult. Come with me, and if the pale face can point a rifle, he will not fail to use it on yonder shore, where the red deer, and the fox will alone see us; and if the white-man's eye fail him, or his ear deceive him, then shall his body rot in the sun."

"And if my arm prevails, thine, proud chief, shall be food for the wild beasts. Lead on, I go."

Coswenago, without replying, strode to the river, and, launching a canoe, stepped in after his companion, and turned its prow to the main shore on their left, which lay about half a mile distant. A pleasant invitation, thought Pierre, from a lady's bower, to the field of battle. This indian thinks, evidently, to kill me in a short time, but I have been in worse predicaments than this, and a sure eye, and a steady hand, never failed to carry me safely through. I will let this chief see, that I am as unconcerned, at least, as himself. The Iroquoi preserved a profound silence; he looked neither to the right, nor to the left, nor took any notice of his companion. He run the canoe on the shore where it was low and sandy, and then struck directly off through the forest. Pierre followed him with a watchful eye, rather distrustful of treachery on the part of his enemy, though the careless manner of the indian, who never deigned once to look round, showed him free from suspicions of the like nature. But under all this appearance of indifferance, his ear was alive to every sound, and he would have detected the cocking of a rifle with perfect ease; the chief was aware of the powerful nature of his senses, which had very rarely ever deceived him. Pierre, however, determined not to be taken off his guard, and kept his rifle ready to the hand, close on to his foe, who pushed forward with unabated vigor, and Pierre's patience was getting exhausted.

"We may as well fight here," said he, "I go no farther."

Coswenago turned slightly round. "Dost thou wish the reports of our rifles may be heard, that thy red friends may come and help thee?"

Pierre felt the justice of the remark, and he replied—"I neither wish, nor desire they should; lead on. But how comes it, that a red-man gives his enemy fair warning to fight. It seems to me thy brethern take their foes wherever they may find them—whether asleep, or awake. Why didst thou not discharge thy

ride at me when my back was turned, or planted thy knife in my bosom when I slept? would it not have been more like an Iroquoi?"

"What knowest *thou* of the red men or the Iroquoi?—if I was a coward, I might do what thou hast said—I am not, besides, I wished to have thee feel death, I wished to see how a white man could fight and die. But has the pale face the heart of a warrior, he can follow his enemy—can he go before him?"

Pierre hesitated a single moment, and then stepped forward.

"It may be a trick of thine, he said as he passed, but as thou hast put faith in me, so will I in thee."

"Coswenago smiled contemptuously, and fell behind him. After proceeding for about a quarter of a mile farther, they emerged from the tangled cedars and underbrush, into a smooth level piece of woodland, perfectly clear of jungle, and carpeted with leaves and moss. The trees were of middling growth, principally maples and young elms, admitting the sun beams through their branches in scattered spots on the ground, which produced a very pleasant subdued light.—Across this shady forest Pierre directed his steps, when he was shortly stopped by the voice of Coswenago, who had dropped about one hundred yards behind, and who, when he saw that Pierre observed him, presented his rifle, and he had but just time to spring behind a tree, when the ball tore past him, and buried itself in the bark of a sycamore. The wily Indian had chosen his place well, for the dense thicket they had emerged from cast its shadow around him, making it rather difficult to observe his motions, while, on the other hand, Pierre was exposed full in the light to the keen eyes of his adversary, and the trees round him were small, and more thinly scattered, than those where Coswenago had taken his stand; whose rapid fire was answered slowly by Pierre, for he found it difficult to load without exposing himself to the aim of his foe;—as it was, the balls whistled past him, peeling the bark off the tree behind which he had taken shelter, and one or two actually grazed his elbow as he unconsciously uncovered it. Whenever the skirt of the indian's mantle fluttered, or his feather waved, Pierre sent a bullet, which was purposely done on the part of Coswenago, to throw the young man off his guard, and waste his fire. Perfectly at home in the exercise of stratagem, the Iroquois felt confident of the day ending in his favour.

Pierre, on the other hand, unpractised in this mode of fighting, would have fallen a victim to the superior skill of his enemy, had his coolness and self possession for a moment deserted him. As it was, however, his blood was rapidly rising as the danger increased, and his hand began to tremble; and aware that a cool head could only save him, he stopped his fire and observed the play of his adversary, making an effort at the same time to master his passions. He observed that the balls of the Indian no longer struck the tree which covered him, but peeled the bark off two standing on either side, about ten feet in advance of it, and he was considerably startled by one passing through the skirt of his hunting coat. Perceiving at once, the design of his cunning adversary, who was endeavoring to reach him by shooting his balls obliquely against the trees in question, he commenced a retreat from his dangerous position, carefully keeping under

cover as he went, and arrived among a clump of trees situated in a small hollow, where he determined to stand at bay. Coswenago was compelled to leave his secure position, and was rapidly closing up to within a short distance. Again the rifles awoke the echoes of the forest, and again the bullets glanced merrily among the trees; yet no blood had been drawn—no advantage gained on either side, and night threatened to close the fight, when Coswenago made a proposal that they should both make for a clearing a little distance off, with empty weapons, and face to face, each commence loading at the same time, the quickest and surest hand would then decide the fate of the other, Pierre assented to this desperate proposition, for his blood was up; his passions were under less control than those of the Iroquoi, and during the fight he could hardly refrain from rushing on him, and closing the combat hand to hand, though at the risk of biting the dust before he reached his enemy. Accordingly they both discharged their rifles, and wended their way to a small natural clearing, surrounded on all sides by towering pines, which seemed to nod their green branches almost in the clouds, casting a sombre shadow on the little ampitheatre beneath. The two combatants advanced to the centre with a composed and noisless tread, and then faced about and gazed with a steady look at each other.

"Let Coswenago look—does he see the two barrels of this rifle—one of them is loaded,—you heard the report of the other, and were not aware that another remained. I might have been justified in deceiving thee—but would meet thee on the mountain or in the valley, in the forest or on the plain, on] even terms." And he turned round and shot the leaden missile into a yielding pine.

Coswenago said nothing, though his stern features lost their scornful expression and gave the signal to commence loading. His movements were hurried, but certain; Pierre's equally so, but he lost time in stooping for the leather wad which he dropped, and the Indian pulled out his ram-rod as he was forcing his down.

The muzzle of his companion's rifle flashed before his eyes, his brain reeled in confusion, and a thousand rifle barrels, in his distracted vision seemed pointing at him, but involuntarily, and by an instinct of self preservation, he struck with the butt of his weapon wildly at his foe, and was fortunate enough to dash aside the presented piece, which went off at the moment, with a report, as it seemed to Pierre, louder than the heaviest clap of thunder. Coswenago's stern composure was for a moment disordered, as he witnessed with a furious look the failing of his aim, and Pierre with a fervent "thank God" sprang back two or three paces out of reach, and called out to the chief—who had commenced hastily loading his piece again.

"Stop!—the Iroquoi chief can take his choice either to throw down his rifle, or receive the contents of this," and he raised his weapon to the present.

Coswenago discontinued his operations, and replied scornfully—"why do you not fire?—a red-man is not afraid of death."

"Because I care not for thy life, now that is in my power. I will freely grant it to thee, provided thou wilt give thy word that no further attempt shall be made

on mine."

"Young man, thou hast a good rifle, a keen eye, and a steady hand; thou will make a good warrior. Coswenago would say be friends; but that cannot be—I am still thy enemy. I ask not for my life, you offer it me—good—I will take it, though I tell thee we may meet again near the Big Lakes, and I will not spare thine. If thou art satisfied, we go back—if not—thou canst fire."

"Be it so Iroquoi. I care about as much for thy friendship as thy life. I know of no reason, as yet sufficiently strong, to make me wish for thy death, and, for thy enmity I care not:—let us then go back to the Irinkas."

The chief sullenly marched away, for he was cut to the soul that he should owe his life to the clemency of his foe.

CHAPTER V.

The following morning the camp was aroused by the loud yell of many voices not far distant; it signified the return of the Iroquoi and Irinka hunters, who were eagerly assisted by their comrades on the Island, to convey from the canoes the trophies of the chase. The scene was most exciting—the swarthy champions of the forest, in the full pride of their strength and valor, were busily employed in hauling their vessels to a place of safety; while some, again, with merry shouts and laughter, were conveying inland the slaught red carcasses of deer, panthers, wolves, foxes &c. Some, with quick and expert hands, employed themselves in dressing the most valuable furs, and the women might be seen busily, beneath some shady tree, with their pots and fires to prepare an agreeable repast, while the young Irinka maidens, gazed timidly at a distance, to see that lovers and brothers were all safe. The Iroquois divided a part of the spoil with their hosts, and rather sullenly drew apart by themselves; they were humbled in their own opinion, by the prowess of the Irinkas, who had proved themselves superior as hunters, and more skillful as sailors. Pierre stood a small distance from the shore, leaning against a tree viewing the busy scene. A tall form brushed hastily by with haughty steps;—it was Coswenago, who took no notice of him, either by look or gesture; his countenance was calm and stern as usual, affording no clue whereby to judge of the passions within, for he seemed totally to have forgot the rencontre of yesterday. He called his followers and took his way to the lodge of Manhitti; and it was soon rumoured about that a council was to be held by the chiefs of the tribe.

It is here proper to explain that, the Irinkas were perfectly aware that the visit of the Iroquois was, not merely to compete with them in the chase, for that was a mere pretence, to cover a more important object which would sooner or later appear. According to their custom, they patiently waited for a true explanation from the Iroquois, of whom, had they departed as they came no farther enquiries as to their real intentions would have been instituted.

Pierre knew, from his intimacy with the Irinkas, that strangers were always

received with kindness and hospitality and allowed to depart without any intrusive questioning; but, he could not help perceiving, under the appearance of a courteous bearing, dislike and suspicion worked. He hastened to where the Council was sitting, and Coswenago was addressing it when he arrived, as follows:—

"Warriors, the green hills and verdant plains where my fathers sleep, has not heard my steps for more than twenty suns. The great waters of the Huron miss my bark on its bosom, and the deer of the mountain and valley stalk fearlessly abroad, for they say, Coswenago is dead—why should we fear? It is time we should go back, and I shall now tell you why we came so far from our camp fires. Coswenago is one of the chiefs among the Iroquois; his hunting grounds extend from lake to lake and from river to river. The graves of our fathers are undefiled by the foot of a stranger, and several tribes pay us tribute, for our warriors are mighty as the whirlwind in the forest." A scarcely perceptible sneer was on the face of the Irinkas, but the Iroquoi continued. "Many scalps hang in my tent—scalps, which my father before me had taken in battle, and scalps which I myself have taken on the bloody ground of the dogs of Erie, who perished and were never more seen." At this boast Pierre was surprised at the emotion of several of those around him, and Manhitti himself seemed agitated. "They were shivered root and branch, and scattered before the Iroquois as a tree before the fire of Manitou,—A keener eye or steadier hand than Coswenago's none ever possessed," and he looked haughtily round, and perceiving from the faces of those near, that the feats of himself and his ancestors did not create that respect for his power, and approbation of his deeds which he wished to inspire, he therefore dropped the vaunting tone in which he had hitherto spoken, and continued: "But the Iroquoi chief is lonely—his couch is desolate—silence reigns in his wigwam, and the fires burn dimly without a hand to tend them; when Coswenago comes back from the chase or the war path, his spirit is sad. Why is the Iroquoi chief sad? whispered a voice in his ear, as he sat one evening before his fire; he looked up and before his tent door beheld a mighty oak, supporting a tender vine—the vine twined itself among the branches, and it budded and blossomed secure in the strong oak. The tree seemed proud of its strength, and tossed its head and spread its leaves, defying the breeze; and the vine and the oak sung joyously together, Coswenago shall be as the oak, but where shall he find the vine? I heard the rush of waters and followed the sound, but no vine could I find that should mate with the oak. I stood on the banks of a mighty river and watched its rushing currents and I asked them for a vine, they replied not, but rolled swiftly from the setting sun; I looked around, and the leaves flew past in the same direction; I turned my gaze above, the eagle and the hawk accompanied the gale. The great fresh waters seek the ocean said I—the leaves a bed, and the eagle a mate, Coswenago shall go with them and seek his vine, and behold, they have conducted him here. Manhitti has the vine we seek, for our own eyes have seen and our own ears have heard as we before promised you. Will Manhitti part with his vine?—Coswenago loves Waubishk-naung, and his wife will be Queen among the Iroquois.

Pierre, surprised and breathless, awaited the answer of Manhitti; he knew not nor felt, till then, how dear the Pale Lily was to him, and he tried to learn his fate from the faces of those around, but they appeared totally unconcerned and confident of the decision of their chief, whatever it might be.

"How much will the great Huron chief give? ironically asked Manhitti."

"We are rich," triumphantly replied Coswenago. "The furs of the forest are as plenty as its leaves in the land of the Iroquois, for every Irinka warrior I will provide two skins."

"More yet."

"Two horses, swift as the hawk on the wing,—that will skim the prairies faster than the fiercest buffalo, shall be the prize of Manhitti."

"More yet," answered the Irinka chief composedly.

The brow of Coswenago grew black as midnight. "What wouldst thou have more—the alliance of an Iroquoi is not to be despised—nor is his enmity to be wantonly provoked—think again."

"Those who have the least cause most boast of their deeds—water runs smoothest where it is deepest—let Coswenago hear; all the deer that run free from here to the great salt water would not purchase the hand of the Pale Lily."

"I am answered, fiercely returned the Iroquoi," who, gathering his warriors about him, strode from the place without another word, and embarking in their canoes took their way to the western shore.

When they had departed the Irinkas started up, brandishing their arms. "The Huron wolves," they cried, "let us follow them to their den and choke them by their own fires."

Pierre though surprised at their excitement, nevertheless participated in their feelings, and would willingly have, as some proposed, followed them on their trail. Manhitti, however forbade it and dispatched scouts in different directions to watch their departure from the place, and they returned towards night-fall, reporting they had seen the Hurons strike a trail towards the Madawaska River, which lay south of the Island. This seemed to Manhitti, rather a suspicious movement, and he conferred with some of his warriors.

As the shades of night began to steal over the surrounding isles, Pierre, remembering the threat of Coswenago, and knowing his savage and vindictive disposition, was apprehensive of some treachery on his part; and as the night deepened and objects became indistinct, while the trees moaned beneath the increasing gale, he began to think how easy it would be for an enemy to approach, unseen, and unheard. The river, too, mingled its voice with the winds; and washed in sullen roars against the upper end of the Island, which lay open to the storms from the north-east, and forming the out or breast-work of the cluster; the waves would sometimes strike its weather beaten front with such force as to make it tremble to its foundation, while, at the same time, that part of the river immediately in front of the encampment, would remain calm and unruffled.—

Pierre communicated his thoughts to Manhitti, whom he found in deep meditation, standing with his arms folded in his mantle on an overhanging rock of the cliff, and from what he said, Pierre discovered his alarm was not altogether groundless. He was mistaken, however, in his conjecture that an enemy could approach unseen and unheard, for the practiced eye and accustomed ear of Manhitti, detected in an instant the approach of a canoe from an adjacent island. The chief challenging, received a reply which appeared satisfactory, and giving some directions to the nocturnal visitor, took no further notice of him.

Here, thought Pierre, is a wild and fanciful picture for a painter to sketch.—The Island, almost surrounded on all sides by several of its smaller bretheren conspicuous from its size, shape, and position, on which camp fires were brightly burning before several huts, casting into dark shadow, rocks, trees and cabins, and lighting up other objects with a vivid glare. The smoke in curling wreaths, could be distinctly traced stretching away over the tree tops, and the long shadows of some tall pines, in the natural clearing before mentioned, lay like giants across the plain. An Indian form would now and then dart between the fires, disappearing in the black caverns of the woods, and appearing again to the eye, vanish as suddenly as it came. The scudding clouds over head would, at intervals, break and faintly show the moon, like a ship urged by the gale, endeavoring to cleave the surging billows and force its onward way. Then, again, the form of the Indian chief and Pierre, standing on the rocky summit of the cliff, beside a drooping elm, whose branches nearly dipped into the waters beneath,—the one seen imperfectly in his indian dress by a gleam of light from the distant fires, the other, whose outline could scarcely be traced in the darkness, was relating his rencontre with Coswenago, and expressing fears of an attack, as the haughty Iroquoi could ill brook a refusal. Manhitti's eyes flashed with passion. "Much," said he, "as I am aware of the advantages of peace, yet, when the wild cat snuffs his prey he hides not in his den. This Coswenago is our ancient foe, though as such he knew us not."

"How?—have the Iroquoi and Irinka chiefs met, to know not each other when again seen?

"Young warrior, listen, and thou shalt be the only white man who will know ought of the secret of our race," and he drew his mantle round him, while Pierre disposed himself to attend.

"Time was when the Erie warriors were as numerous as the trees of their forests; the time was, when they bore a conspicuous place in the list of nations, the time was, when the name of Erie was, alike, the word of terror and admiration; and the time was, when they trod proudly the land of their ancestors. As fiercely the waters of Erie rushed to meet those of Ontario, as fiercely did its warriors, superior in strength and stature to their enemies, rush to battle. The

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* "The Eries were the most powerful and warlike of all the Indian tribes. They resided at the foot of the great Lake, (Erie), where now stands the city of Buffalo, the Indian power of which was Thunder-way."—AMERICAN PAPER.

Great Spirit smiled upon us, and we were proud in our prosperity. But where now, O Erie is thy strength! where now is thy pride, and thy name! They are gone, I fear, forever. I saw yonder oak fall by the fire of † *Manitou*," and He pointed to a large tree close beside them, that had fallen over the bank, and for some distance, stretched itself off into the river—its blackened and withered tops appearing, here and there, above the water. "It defied the breeze and the storm, from day to day, and laughed scornfully as the winds howled through its branches; but its pride and strength underwent a fall by the vengeance of the Great Spirit, whom it had dared to defy. So have I seen the pride and the strength of the Eries fall by the wrath of Manitou, and, like that tree, they remain insignificant, and forgotten."

"Then, thou art"——

"Listen," continued the chief, interrupting Pierre. "A great many suns have set and risen since the Eries counted me amongst the bravest of their braves —my heart was young then, and my hopes were high; I felt as fresh as the budding trees in spring. The grave closed over my father, and I succeeded him to the Chiftainship of the nation. The hatchet was then burried, and we were at peace with all our enemies. As the Eries could no longer follow the war-path, they became idle. To prevent quarrels, and stop increasing discontent, I introduced amusements of various kinds. We would start our canoes in some of the rapid tributaries of the Ohio, and rushing down the streams, suddenly turn, and stem the currents. Many lives were lost in this manner, but the Eries could not live without danger. The chase was my principal employment, and no hunter skimmed the prairies with greater zeal, than did the young chief of the Eries.

However, I must stop here, and fall back to a more earlier period, that I may speak of events that occurred before I was born, and that you may know something of our origin and history. Shanintsoronwe, my father, was Sachem over all the Eries, while he was yet young; and at the period of his succession, had gained a reputation among his countrymen, and the surrounding tribes, almost as great as that well known Adirondack chief, Pieskaret—and for whom my father entertained feelings of the strongest friendship. It was under Pieskaret, he first learned the art of war, and it was on some of his expeditions, that he won his first laurels, against their mutual enemies, the Iroquois.

About the time Shanintsoronwe succeeded my Grandfather, of the same name, to the Sachemship, the fainthearted sons of the inland lakes of Oneida, Onondaga, and Cayugun—the Senecas, and the Mohawks of the valley of that name, each feeling their own inferiority, renewed their confederation, and struck

* When the Erie heard of the confederation which was formed between the Mohawks, who resided in the valley of that name, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas, and the Senecas, who resided for the most part upon the shore and the outlets of the lakes bearing their name respectively, [called by the French the Iroquois Nation,] they imagined it must be for some mischievous purpose. Although confident of their superiority over any one of the tribes inhabiting the country within the bounds of their knowledge, they dreaded the power of such combined forces.—(CANADIAN PAPER.)

† Indian Deity.

a bond of amity, for the destruction of my father and his people. The blood of his young warriors was roused on hearing of the secret machinations of their enemies, and they clamoured loudly for war. Long in the habit of despising these different tribes, and knowing their own superiority over any one or two of them, yet this confederation alarmed my father not a little—aware that their united strength, would require all our ancient valor to repel—yet the fatal result, he or his warriors little apprehended. Day after day was he importuned to lead his braves against their enemies, and, at the risk of his well known reputation, my father refused—determined calmly to watch the movements of the Iroquois.

† Two winters and summers passed away, and to ascertain the intention of the Five Nations, as well as to occupy the minds of his warriors, my father challenged the Senecas to play a game of Ball, by as many as they choose to select, against an equal number of Eries. The challenge was considered, and rejected by their chiefs; and as the snows began to disappear, and the trees to put forth their leaves, the challenge was renewed, and again rejected. The Eries laughed at the faint hearts of the wise chiefs of the Iroquois; and when the rivers again loosed their bonds, and sent their tribute of water to the great lakes, the challenge was renewed for the third time, and from very shame, was accepted. Preparations were made on a large scale, and the number agreed on, selected from the flower of our tribe.

The Senecas arrived at Tu-shu-way, on the appointed day, before sun-rise—

† In order to satisfy themselves in regard to the character, disposition, and power of those they considered their natural enemies the Eries resorted to the following means:

They sent a friendly message to the Senecas, who were their nearest neighbors, inviting them to select one hundred of their most active, athletic young men, to play a game of Ball, against the same number to be selected by the Eries, for a wager which should be considered worthy the occasion, and the character of the great nation in whose behalf the offer was made. The message was received and entertained in the most respectful manner. A council of the 'Five Nations' was called and the proposition fully discussed, and a messenger in due time despatched with the decision of the Council, respectfully declining the challenge. This emboldened the Eries, and the next year the offer was renewed, and after being again considered, again formally declined. This was far from satisfying the proud lords of the 'great Lake,' and the challenge was renewed for the third time. The blood of the young Iroquois could no longer be restrained. They importuned the old men to allow them to accept the challenge, and the wise Council, which had hitherto prevailed, at last gave way, and the challenge was accepted.

Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which each tribe sent forward its chosen champions for the contest. The only difficulty seemed to be, to make a selection where all were so worthy.—After much delay one hundred of the flower of the tribe were finally designated, and the day for their departure fixed. An experienced chief was chosen as the leader of the party, whose orders the young men were directly enjoined to obey. A grand Council was called, and in the presence of the assembled multitude, the party was charged in the most solemn manner, to observe a peaceful course of conduct towards their competitors, and the nation whose guests they were to become, and to allow no provocation, however great, to be resented by any act of aggression on their part, but in all respects to acquit themselves worthy the representatives of a great and powerful people, anxious to cultivate peace and friendship with their neighbors.

Under these solemn injunctions the party took up the line of march for Tu-shu-way. When the chosen band had arrived in the vicinity of the point of their destination, a messenger was sent forward to notify the Eries of their arrival, and the next day was set apart for their grand entree.—They brought no arms. Each one bore a bat used to throw or strike a ball, tastefully ornamented, being a hickory stick about five feet long, bent over at the end, and a thong netting wove into the bow. After a day of repose and refreshment, all things were arranged for the contest. The chiefs of the Iroquois brought forward and deposited on the ground, a large pile of elegant wrought belts of wampum, costly jewels silver bands, beautifully ornamented moccasins, and other articles of great value in the eyes of the sons of the forest, as the stake, or wager on the part of his people.—These were carefully matched by the Eries with articles of equal value—article by article laid together, and beam deposited upon the pile.

The game began, and though contested with desperation and great skill by the Eries, was won by the Iroquois, and they bore off their prize in triumph.—(American Paper.)

bringing the treasures of their camp as a wager, which were matched by articles of equal value from our own. The game began, and lasted till the sun-beams no longer shone on the tree-tops; and was won by the Senecas, who carried off the treasures in triumph. Shanintsoronwe's blood was on fire, when he witnessed the defeat of his nation in a game, at which he would have defied all the tribes from the Lakes to to the great Mississippi, to have won. Yet so it was, the Seneca youth triumphed, and the pride of the Eries was checked. My father mastered his deep passion—and that the rights of hospitality might be offered to the winners, with the same degree of amity, as if they were the losers, he invited them to remain another day, and they accepted the invitation. Shanintsoronwe threw himself upon his couch, but his eyes closed not in sleep. His blood danced in every vein, and thoughts crowded upon him thick and fast, and he wondered how his young men could have been beaten by those, whom they held so much in contempt. He thought very much upon that subject, and at last rose, and summoned his chiefs to a council. A scheme was proposed and adopted, by which they might contrive to wipe out the stain that had fallen on their name, and they determined to give the Senecas another challenge on the morrow. The triumphant songs of the victors stung my father to the soul, as he walked back to his tent from the Council lodge. He was in a great passion, and he turned his steps toward the fires of the Iroquois. The night was very dark, and he came upon a number of Seneca youth, unperceived and unheard, for few could hear the walk of Shanintsoronwe. He came a little closer, and heard the voice of one of his own people, whose words held him fast with surprise. He listened very attentively, and heard enough to know that his disgrace was not owing to any want of skill on the part of his players. To what, then? my young friend would ask—to treachery on the part of three Eries, who had Seneca wives. The brothers of these women had sung in their ears, and they were not proof against the offered riches of the Iroquois; and for the first time, an Erie swerved from his faith to his chief, and accepted the hand of a stranger. And even they could not have been true Eries—their blood was crossed with that of a Seneca's, and their women prevailed against them. My father drew his tomahawk to deal death to the traitors, when other words arrested his arm for that time. The Iroquois, aware that another challenge would be given on the morrow, and fearing to rely on their own strength, induced the traitors to over hear the talk of the chiefs at the Council. Shanintsoronwe heard enough, and he went back to his tent, and slept calmly till the rising of the sun. The Senecas assembled on the plains beyond Tu-shu-way, where they were again challenged to a trial of strength and skill, and with this condition, that whoever should be thrown to the ground, should die on the spot by the hand of his conqueror. The challenge was accepted, and the young Senecas were matched by an equal number of Eries—among whom, were the three who had Seneca wives. Shanintsoronwe kept his eye upon them, and as he expected, they were the first to offer their strength against that of the same number of Senecas. After a short struggle one of the Eries fell to the ground, but his victor refused to strike. The time for vengeance came, and my father scattered his brains to the winds. The second was vanquished likewise, and his

opponent refusing to fulfil the condition agreed upon, Shanintsoronwe a second time had to raise his tomahawk. The third now struggled hard for his life, for he knew well the consequence of defeat; but his limbs trembled in every joint, and he was thrown, almost without an effort on the part of the Iroquoi, who step'd back, and threw his weapon upon the ground. The death of the fallen Erie was not the less certain, for his chief raised his tomahawk for the third time, and for the third time it was dyed red with the blood of a traitor. All applauded the deed, though few knew then, from what a right motive it was performed. 'Now young Senecas,' cried my father, 'out of the ten, seven yet remain, and none of whom would receive a bribe, for the last Erie who had a cross of bad blood in his veins, is dead. Prepare, therefore, for death. Step forth one of you, and let all see how a true Erie may throw a false Seneca.' While he spoke, the ten Iroquois mingled with the rest of their bretheren, who, turning their backs, fled, and were soon out of sight. The Eries with a loud cry of disappointment, prepared to give chase. But Shanintsoronwe reminded them that the Iroquois had not come without an invitation, and were, therefore, free to depart unharmed; that, though they had used false means to depress our name and exalt their own, true valor would be proved on the field of battle.

I tell you of these things, my young friend, that in case this event hereafter, should not be spoken of aright among your countrymen, you may then say a word for the Erie chief—for the Iroquois have it all their own way, and can tell the story as they please.

Time rolled on, and my father saw, or heard nothing more of his enemies, till one day, when the grass of the prairie began to wither beneath the cold winds of morning, he and a younger brother, started in chase of a deer, which led them through vale and valley, over rocks and precipices, through swamps, and across rivers, till the long shadows of the trees warned them it was time to return; but the deer was yet before them, and they said—shall the great hunters of the prairie go home, and say they followed, from morning until night, a tired moose, and turned their backs because darkness appeared? They, therefore kept on the trail, until night compelled them to relinquish it, and they found themselves in a thickly wooded plain, far beyond the boundaries of their own domain. There, they unexpectedly fell in with Pieskaret, accompanied by a train of warriors, bound for the Canada shore. The pleasure of the meeting was mutual, and they passed the night in earnest conversation. Pieskaret informed them of the gathering of the Five Nations, for, it was rumored, to make a sudden attack upon the Eries. The Adirondack chief offered his assistance, but Shanintsoronwe refused it, for he said his people had always been victorious over their enemies. Pieskaret, who was a much older, and a more experienced warrior, cautioned his friend to be very prudent, shook him by the hand, and departed on his way to his own country. My father returned to Tu-shu-way, and informed the nation of what he had heard, and no longer could he resist the importunity of his warriors. He called together all the forces of the tribe, and it was determined by the chiefs of the council, to carry the war into the very camp of their enemies, and so shatter their strength that they would never again dare appear before the Eries. Alas!

our people reckoned too much upon their own valor, nor thought of the number of their enemies.

Two days before the time fixed upon for the departure of our warriors, the Seneca women were missed; pursuit was vain, and the chiefs of the Five Nations exulted in the knowledge of the intentions of the grand Council of the Eries. 'Never mind them warriors,' said Shanintsorbnwe; 'the time has come —the scalps of the Iroquois are many! Follow me.' And as he led the way for the last time, from the village of Tu-shu-way, a long train of Eries pealed forth their farewell cry, and many a wet eye gazed after the departing forms of gallant spirits, as ever bore the name of Erie. Their arms flashed in the sunbeams, as they poured through the forest like the sparkling crest of rushing water.

They came in sight of their enemies near the rivers Canandaigua, and Genessee. Before them stretched the small lake Honeyoe, on the other side of which, the Oneidas and the Cayugas were drawn up in order of battle. The Eries filed off toward the sun along the lake, to where its banks closed up the water into a small stream, across which they dashed like a whirlwind, driving

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The two parties met at a point about half way between the foot of Canandaigua Lake and the Genessee River, and near the outlet of two small lakes, near the foot of one which (the Honeoye,) the battle was fonght. When the two parties came in sight of each other, the outlet of the lakes only intervened between them.

The entire force of the five confederate tribes was not in view of the Eries.—The reserve corps of one thousand young men had not been allowed to advance in sight of the enemy. Nothing could resist the impetuosity of the Eries at the first sight of an opposing force on the opposite side of the stream. They rushed through and fell upon them with tremendous fury. The undaunted courage and determined bravery of the Iroquois, could not avail against such a terrible onslaught, and they were compelled to yield the ground on the bank of the stream. The whole force of the combined tribes, except the corps of reserve, now became engaged. they fought hand to hand, and foot to foot; the battle raged horribly.—No quarter was asked or given on either side.

As the fight thickened and became more desperate, the Eries, for the first time, became sensible of their true situation. What they had long anticipated had become a fearful reality. *Their enemies had combined for their destruction*, and they found themselves engaged, suddenly and unexpectedly, in a struggle involving, not only the *glory*, but, perhaps, the *very existence* of their nation.

They were proud and had hitherto been victorious over all their enemies.—The superiority was felt and acknowledged by all the tribes; they knew how to conquer, but not to yield. All these considerations flashed upon the minds of the bold Eries, and nerved every arm with almost superhuman power. On the other hand the united force of the weaker tribes, now made strong by union, fired with a spirit of emulation, excited to the highest pitch among the warriors of the different tribes, brought for the first time to act in concert, inspired with zeal and confidence by the counsels of the wisest chiefs, and led on by the most experienced warriors of all the tribes, the Iroquois were invincible.

Though staggered by the first desperate rush of their opponents, they rallied at once, and stood their ground. And now the din of battle rises higher; the war club, the tomahawk, the scalping knife, wielded by herculean hands, do terrible deeds of death. During the hottest of the battle, which was fierce and long, the corps of reserve, consisting of one thousand young men, were by a skilful movement under their experienced chief, placed in the rear of the Eries, on the oppo-

their enemies like leaves of the forest before them; but like leaves of the forest, the Iroquois were as numerous. Fast as their bravest men went down before the heavy blows of our braves, fresh warriors would take their place. The dead seemed innumerable, and there appeared no end to the living. None thought of asking for life, for death was given in a single blow. The bravest of their chiefs went down before the arm of Shanintsoronwe, who opened a passage through the thick masses of his enemies, and turning, pierced them through and through. They broke and scattered, and were already preparing to fly; the cry of victory was on the lips of the Eries, when a noise, like wind among the trees, when it first breaks upon the ear from a distance, arrested the word. My father turned his eyes toward the forest, and from its dark shadow, poured forth clouds of fresh Iroquois. There were the Mohawks of the valley, the Onondaiguas, and the Senecas—all in the same paint. The Erie chief drew up his men in fresh order of battle; his voice was heard above the tumult, saying—'we have broken the strength of the Oneidas and the Cayuguas, though they surpassed us in number. Renew your strength, O warriors! fight for the existence of your nation." Fearless our people stood the storm, which bore them back, with resistless force across the stream, and far up its bank on the other side. Shame nerved every arm with threefold strength, and they bore back the mighty mass in their turn, and pierced it to its very centre. But, again the Iroquois closed round, and forced them back across the stream, and again were they driven before the Eries. But my father gave up all hope of victory; what he had partly forseen, had become a fearful reality. His numerous enemies wore the same paint—they were combined for his destruction, and our people found themselves engaged, suddenly, with the whole force of the five confederate tribes—also in a struggle, involving, not only the glory, but, perhaps, the very existence of their nation. Seven times were they driven across the stream, and seven times they made a fresh path of the dead bodies of their enemies, to recross. A warwhoop, that rung shrilly over the field of battle, was heard suddenly in their rear, and a party of young Senecas, fresh from their tents, fell upon our exhausted strength. Pressed on every side, our warriors fell thick and fast, and many, disdaining to fly, yielded themselves to the knives of their victors. Shanintsoronwe sought death at every hand, and rushed into the thickest of the dying and the dead; but he

site side of the stream in ambush.

The Eries had been driven seven times accross the stream, and had as often regained their ground, but the eighth time at a given signal from their chief, the corps of young warriors in ambush rushed upon the almost exhausted Eries, with a tremendous yell, and at once decided the fortunes of the day. Hundreds, disdaining to fly, yielded themselves to the war clubs of the vigorous young warriors, whose thirst for the blood of their enemy, knew no bounds. A few of the vanquished Eries escaped to carry the news of the terrible overthrow, to their wives and children, and their old men who remained at home. But the victors did not allow them a moments repose, but pursued them in their flight, killing without discrimination all who fell into their hands. The pursuit was continued for many weeks, and it was five months before the victorious war party of the Five Nations returned to their friends, to join in celebrating the victory over their last and most powerful enemy, the Eries.—(American Papers.)

was preserved by some devoted follower, who exposed his own body to every blow aimed at himself. What he wished for, he thought, had at last come—a heavy blow on the head, sent him back among his remaining chiefs, covered with blood. His eyes became sealed with darkness; the sounds of the battle lingered faintly in his ears, and he hoped it was approaching death. But it was otherwise. He fell into a deep sleep, and woke, after a very long time, and found himself under the shades of the forest, surrounded by the tearful eyes of women. He fell into a deep sleep, for the second time. and when he again woke, he was lying under a tree, in view of the falls of Niagara, on the Canada side. What need of saying more? but I may as well finish. Our fires were extinguished forever on our ancient hunting grounds, and the scalps of our women and children adorned the tents of the conquerors. The pursuit lasted a great many days, for our enemies were determined that the name of Erie should be extinguished in blood.

Shanintsoronwe reached the great Mississippi with but a remnant of his nation, and for a time, dwelt in with a wandering tribe of the Pawnees; but the Pawnees grew jealous of the bold Erie hunters, and they directed their steps toward the rising sun, and found a secure retreat on the banks of the Ohio; and near that noble river I was born. Tales of the former greatness of our nation, was whispered into my infant ears, and as I grew older, my father would take me on his knee, and recount his last battle with the Iroquois. A deep sense of injury and revenge against our ancient enemies, was thus fostered in my bosom; and my father's wrongs stung me to the soul. A determination to wash them away in the blood of our enemies, was my prevailing thought.. Shanintsoronwe died of extreme old age, and I succeeded him, at the age of twenty-three, as chief of the tribe. I used every effort in order to preserve our number, and keep at peace with the surrounding nations, and succeeded. The Eries again raised their heads; their former strength was partially renewed; their confidence was restored, for nearly forty summers of tranquility, had reorganized our shattered nation.

Summer and winter came and went, and nought happened to disturb our peaceful occupations, until one day, when scouring the prairie in search of game, I found myself benighted, and took shelter in a small forest. As I pulled in my panting horse, and wiped the sweat that rained from my brow, a faint, mournful cry reached my ears. I listened, and hearing it again repeated, dashed through the trees, and beheld the light of a distant fire. I cautiously crept up, and perceived several Senecas, surrounding a young women, whom they had bound to a tree, and to whom one of the party was speaking. Him I knew as son of one of the great chiefs of the Iroquois. I saw her lip curl with disdain, and her eyes sparkle with as much scorn as an Erie maiden's would, to the proposal of Coswenago, which was, that she should live in his tent—the tent of the Iroquoi chief who so lately left our village. His captive was a girl tender in years, and in the full bloom of health and beauty. She was of thy race, young man—yes, she was a pale face, and lovlier than any of the maidens who graced the Erie

tents. My heart was on fire at her distress, and as the cowardly Seneca raised his hand to strike, I drew my weapon, and dashed in among them, striking on every side. The Senecas ran like frightened deer in every direction, and releasing the girl from her bonds, I placed her on my horse, and bore her off in triumph. She accepted my offer of protection, and dwelt with the young women of our village. Love for the first time, took possession of my bosom, and for her I climbed the rock, where none but the eagle dare venture, to procure a flower, and dared every danger to win a smile. Out of gratitude for her life, which I had saved, she became my wife, and none for a time was more happy than Tuscarora, which was the name I then posseseed. She taught us many things that were of great advantage to us, and her gentle, and quiet spirit possessed a deep influence over our fierce warriors. She introduced new customs among the women, and by her advice I abolished many of the barbarous usages of our tribe—the happy effects of which, thou canst, no doubt, perceive remain.

The skirmish with the Iroquois brought us under their notice, and they assembled again their forces to destroy us. Aware of their movements, I determined to hazard a battle, and mustered our warriors in the valley of the Ohio. In case of defeat, I had taken the precaution to send off all the women and children to the west, and the event justified the precaution. We rushed upon our enemies, the moment they appeared in sight, and drove them back—strewing the ground with their dead; but we unexpectedly fell into an ambush, and in turn we were obliged to fly. Our retreat was conducted without loss, though the Iroquois pursued us for many weeks, yet it was with disadvantage to themselves. They left us near the borders of the valley of the Mississippi; but we stoped not our march, and continued it until we reached the far Missouri. For three summers we hunted peaceably on its plains, but the Dachotas—a very powerful people—remembered an ancient quarrel, and we were obligdd to again take up our tents, and retrace our way eastward. We cast away the name of Erie in shame and sorrow, and assumed the one we now possess, and found our way to this retreat. Here the Pale Lilly was born, and my wife died in my arms at the time. We buried her deep beneath the forest trees, and they keep ever singing her funeral song when the winds blow, and they shelter her grave from the scorching suns of noon."

Pierre was deeply affected at this narration, and the emotion of the old man, which the recital called forth, seemed to preclude further conversation for the present. But hardly two minutes had elapsed in silent thought, when the chief suddenly darted down the bank, and Pierre, looking over in some surprise, saw him launching a canoe, and paddle rapidly off across the river. As the youngman followed his retiring figure with his eyes, he thought he perceived something moving over the water, a little in advance of Manhitti, and he was convinced it was a canoe, from the straight and even course it pursued, and of which the chief was evidently in pursuit; who, in fact, had perceived it some time previously, stealing noiselessly round one of the points of the island, and his attention being awakened by its suspicious movements, his indian spirit was roused to the pursuit. Pierre watched them scudding along, until they got beyond the reach of his

vision, when he, too, seized a canoe, and threw it impatiently on the water. The sounds of a scuffle quickened his movements, and he urged his vessel rapidly to the spot. As he approached, he perceived two figures struggling in the water, near one of the canoes, each having the other's right hand firmly grasped by the left, to prevent the deadly thrust of the knife. One of them was Manhitti, the other, Pierre conjectured was an Iroquoi, and wheeling round his canoe, raised his paddle to strike, but, which, before it could descend, Manhitti, by a powerful effort, wrested his right arm free, and burried his knife into the body of his adversary, whose death cry roused the birds from their roosts, and brought armed, and brawny figures to the beach, who rushed down tumultuously, and lights flashed to and fro on every side.

Pierre dragged Manhitti into his own vessel, much exhausted by the short, tho' severe conflict. He brought him safely to the island, and briefly explained to those assembled on the beach, what had occurred; and he cautioned them to keep a a careful watch, as danger was evidently lurking near. Even as he was speaking, one of the Eries, with an emphatic gesture for silence, commanded all to listen; and Pierre thought he heard a scream mingle faintly with the distant roar of the river. They waited patiently for a repetition of the fancied sound, but hearing nothing, supposed it to be the usual cry of the loon. Manhitti, however, sent patrols off in different directions; and the dead body proved to be, on examination, one of their late guests. An open attack Manhitti did not expect, on account of the small number of the Iroquois, unless, indeed, they had received a reinforcement, which was not at all unlikely.

However, no further indications of an enemy appearing, the noise and bustle so lately excited, sunk again into silence, unbroken even by the stealthy tread of the patrols. Pierre was thrown, by the recent occurrences, into a state of mind in which he could neither rest or sleep, and he embarked in his canoe, and commenced coasting the island, which afforded him shelter, until when rounding one of its promontories, the wind caught his frail bark, and hurled it off into the stream. He gallantly headed the surging waves and current that threatened to overwhelmn him, and endeavored to regain his former situation. The moon at this moment shone forth, and threw a sheet of silver light over the crested waves, and the rocks round which they foamed. Several of these rocks were scattered beyond the point in question, showing their dark tops above the water, on one of which that lay farthest from the land, Pierre observed something sparkling in the moon-beams. So peculiar did its brilliancy appear, that his curiosity prompted him to examine it. Bending his paddle, therefore, to the task, he safely arrived on the lee side of the rock, though wet to the skin, and his frail vessel nearly swamped. He had barely time to grasp the object of his curiosity, and ascertain it was the same identical ring that he had given to the Pale Lily but a few days previous, when his canoe filled, and Pierre, for a moment, disappeared beneath the waves. Being a good swimmer, however, he put himself before the wind, and gained the shore, though nearly exhausted, where examining his poise a second time, he sped, as fast as the darkness would permit him, through the woods straight to the village—very nearly being struck with a bullet on the way,

from one of the Indian huts, who had called upon him several times, and receiving no answer, fired his rifle. He arrived breathless at the lodge of Manhitti, and entering the chief's apartment without ceremony, shewed him the ring, and whispered a few rapid words in his ear. The emotion of the old man exceeded that of the Frenchman's, and he hastily proceeded to his daughter's apartment, calling upon her name. No answer being returned, he searched round the lodge, but the Pale Lily was not to be found. Pierre gave the alarm, and several Irinkas gathered round the spot, to whom Manhitti gave directions to arrouse and collect the men together. When they were assembled, he informed them that it was his belelf, that Coswenago had carried off the Pale Lily, during the time most of them had left the village, when they were alarmed by the death yell of the Iroquoi, who had been evidently sent, by his wily chief, to induce the Irinkas to leave their village, in order, the more easily to accomplish his object.—He had no doubt, he said, but that his daughter had been enabled in the dark, to place the ring on the rock, to enable her brothers to strike the trail of her captors.

The feelings of the father were fearfully arroused, and revenge, the hereditary heirloom of his race, was awakened in all its strength, by this fresh insult from his hated enemy. His warriors, with stern and flashing eyes, showed how they participated in his feelings, and with ready alacrity they prepared themselves for battle. The women hastened hither and thither, relating the news as they had heard it; and the young girls, in sorrowful groups, viewed the preparations for the war-path with tearful eyes. Pierre cleaned his rifle and put his accoutrements in order; Manhitti, with equal promptitude, burnished up his arms, and armed at all points, joined his warriors. Day began to break as the Irinkas, leaving a sufficient force to guard the village, were guided by Pierre, to the rock whereon he had found the ring. From thence, taking a westerly direction, six canoes swiftly cleft the water, one after the other, and were soon, to those watching their departure, diminished to small specks in the distance.

CHAPTER VI.

We shall now change the scene to Montreal—to the then small town of Montreal, where seated round a table of somewhat large dimensions, in the mess room of the barrack, were the principle officers of a rear battalion, quartered there for the protection of that place—from an ensign to a Colonel. Some were engaged in an animated conversation concerning the state of Canada—the termination, and probable result of the war with Britain. Some again were engaged in discussing the merits of a dark, red fluid, contained in a massive cut glass decanter before them, and its raciness and quality might be judged from its frequent application to the drinking glasses of the individuals. At the head of the table was seated a dark, stern, and weather beaten man, possessing a robust frame, and bristling moustache.—He was the Governor of Montreal—while vetrans like himself were seated near. At the lower end of the table, were the junior officers of the regiment, with free, jovial looking faces—careless and good natured—some

boyish looking enough, two of whom were relating their respective adventures in a hunt they had the day before on the other side of the river.

"I say, Lefevre," said one, "how, the deuce, did it happen you brought home only a brace of ducks, though you were out, I understand, the whole day?"

"Ah, how did it happen? said another, and you one of the crack shots—aye—and you who were out in the woods with Lafontaine, Delong, Montraville, and Pierre four weeks in the woods and up the country farther than any of us. Parblue, that was experience enough to make a hunter of any man."

"Thereby hangs a tale," replied Lefevre significantly.

"Out with it, man, out with it echoed several voices."

"This is it, and lo! I will commence at the beginning. It so happened I found myself up yesterday morning at day break; a thing by the by, rather unusual with me lately, and finding myself as before mentioned, up so early, I commenced a march over the mountain back of the town—but, before I go any farther, pass down the decanter if you please." which was accordingly done. "I did not intend to go more than seven or eight miles, but the fineness of the morning I suppose, made the distance appear shorter, for I unintentionally came upon the St. Lawrence on that side. Immediately in front of me lay the Isle of Jesus, and I could plainly perceive the mouth of the Ottawa on my left; the water sparkled, rippled and danced in the sunshine, and looking across it I could perceive deer on the island; now, said I to myself, could I but get across, those deer should try their digestive powers on an ounce or two of lead. I perceived some large sticks of timber beating against the shore, and one or two old broken planks were thrown up on the beach, which were dry as a chip; and would you believe it, I actually entertained the idea of making a raft of them and crossing over; the wind was favourable for so doing—but how get back? ah, that was to be taken into consideration, and I was about giving up my object in despair, when about two hundred yards distant, on my right, I saw smoke coming out from the trees near the water side, and I immediately turned my steps thither, and after a short walk, came in sight of an indian hut, before which a small fire was burning.—As I approached an old Indian came out, and on seeing me threw himself in my path, where we kept looking at each other like two cats. A large terrier dog crouched by his feet, snarling and snapping with all the ferocity of his species; and when making a step in advance, he sprung forward, and, *sacre*, I every moment expected to feel his teeth in my throat; but a word from the copper-skin fellow understood no language but his own half-a-mile long vernacular. By dint of signs, however, he was made to understand that I wanted a canoe; and would return with it in a very short period, giving him a clasp knife to close the bargain; on which he led the way to the water, and drew from beneath some bushes a bark one, containing a fine broad paddle. I gave it a vigorous push from the shore, and in something less than an hour, landed on the Isle of Jesus. The deer I had seen a short time since, had vanished completely, they had evidently seen my approach and retreated inland, so I had nothing to do else than fol-

low. The wind was in their favour, and they either scented me or heard my footsteps as I advanced, for every now and then I would catch sight of them—sometimes singly—sometimes in twos or threes—bounding through the thickly wooded plain—their rapid movements rendering it utterly impossible to bring my gun to bear on any of them. After a chase of two hours, I very cautiously managed to steal up within range of one, and taking a steady aim—pulled the trigger, and sparks from the flint was all the result. *Sacre*, didn't I curse my luck; no help however, put prime anew, and by the time I had done so, the deer had taken the alarm, and with his branchos tossed back in disdain, soon bounded out of sight. The spirit of opposition, I expect was strongly excited, for I was determined not to be foiled so easily. I made after him, and in half an hour again came within range. This time I took deliberate aim with a rest across a fallen tree,—fired and the deer bounded madly into the air falling on his knees, but he was up again in an instant, and off on three legs, for the fourth one was broken and trailed along on the ground. Nothing doubting but that he would soon drop, I dashed after him, tracking him by the blood spots on the leaves. A weary race he led me however, full across the Island, and I was close on his heels, when he took the water on that side. With the vain hope of catching him by the tail, or mounting his back, and taking a pleasant excursion across the river in company —I forget which it was, I plunged after him, waded up to my armpits, and stretching out my hand, to lay hold of him, suddenly plunged ears and head under the water. I must have jumped off a precipice, I think, for when I turned to rise, the water was full ten feet over me, and I regained my stepping-off place, as I shall call it, considerably cooled down, from whence I waded back to land, where I sat ruminating on the probability of my being obliged to sleep out all night in the woods. I had retained a firm grasp of my rifle, which was ejecting water like a fountain, from the touch hole. The deer was gallantly kicking himself over the river, and I could not now do what I should have done, in the first place —calmly load my rifle, and send a bullet after him. The declining sun warned me to face about, quick march; and I very pleasantly contemplated the length of the journey before me, back to the canoe, from thence across the St. Lawrence to the Indian's hut, and then a nice walk of nine miles over the mountains—which would serve to circulate the blood a little. Summoning my energies to the task, I struck a course, as nearly as I could judge, that would lead to the place where I started from. After passing through a small cedar swamp, about four miles from my stepping-off place, and skirting the edge of some boggy ground, I was suddenly brought to a stand by a most horrible stench, and casting a look round, discovered the remains of a human being not far from me rotting on the ground. To say the least, I was a little startled at the unexpected sight; but recovering from my surprise, and holding my nose with one hand, examined the body as well as I could. A blanket, half decayed, a rusty rifle, and last of all, a snuff-box lay beside him. I supposed the poor creature had perished during the heavy snow storms of last winter; and yet, on a second consideration, I thought that could hardly be, for the body, though in an advanced state of decomposition, was not sufficiently so to warrant the idea that such a length of time had elapsed since

his death. His accoutrements proclaimed that he was an Indian, though the snuff-box rather puzzled me, and which, out of curiosity, I put in my pocket."

"Have you got it now," asked one of the officers.

"Yes, I have," replied Lefevre.

"Then shew it to us by all means," was the general demand, and half a dozen arms were stretched across the table.

"Quietly gentlemen, quietly," said Lefevre, "you first demanded my story, and when I finish it, I shall then consider of your other request;" and filling his glass, with the air of one well satisfied with himself, continued:—

"I left off—let me see—at the snuff box, which I put in my pocket, and, after having done so, an uncomfortable feeling took possession of me: I did not like my company I can assure you; and I hurried from the spot as fast as my legs could carry me, and in a short time arrived at the river side, about a mile above the place where I left my canoe, which I brought safely back to the Indian, whom I got to make a large fire, at which I dried myself, and ate some very good venison that the old fellow cooked on the coals, taking the same opportunity to dry and clean my rifle, and having put in a load, took aim at some ducks which were riding on the water not far from where I was sitting, with the greatest possible assurance of safety; and having demonstrated to the satisfaction of two of them, the correctness of my aim, made a present of them to the old Indian, and then shot two more for myself, to have something to carry home; after which I commenced my journey southward, and without any further adventure, arrived here safe and sound, but heartily tired, just as night was beginning to set in.—And now, gentlemen, my story is ended, and I think I have explained to your satisfaction why I returned so empty handed."

At the commencement of Lefevre's narrative, an officer entered the room, and seating himself among his comrades, listened attentively to what he was saying. He was a short, square built man; in appearance vulgar and repulsive; a broad face, with prominent cheek bones—bushy eye-brows, generally contracted into a scowl, and thick heavy lips, gave an arrogant and bravo like expression to his countenance. It was half suspected he was a natural son of the Colonel of his regiment, and gained his brevet as Lieutenant by his interest. He was universally disliked by the officers of his own mess, and the only good quality he was known to possess, was a sort of bull-dog courage, but unaccompanied by chivalrous sentiments. With the commander he was a great favourite, and between them existed a great degree of intimacy. This man bore an intense hatred to Pierre, the cause of which was generally understood to be this;—

At a country ball, given by one of the wealthy farmers of the Seignorie, were invited some of the officers of the town, among whom were Lacoste and Pierre. During the dance the former had singled out, with a libertine glance, an interesting looking girl whose only protector there appeared to be an old man—probably her father. She had just finished a reel with Pierre, and by him was led to a seat, where leaving her for the purpose of getting some refreshment, Lacoste seized the opportunity and rudely sat down by her side,—attempting at the same

time some indecent liberties, which she resented with indignation. Pierre came back, and looking sternly at him, took her hand, with a request that she would dance again, in a quadrille, which was then forming. She was about to comply, and had half risen from her seat, when Lacoste, excited by liquor, and furious at the disdain he so unexpectedly met with, threw his arm round her waist and forcibly pulled her back, exclaiming at the same time, with an oath, that stay she must. Pierre, with one blow, laid him prostrate on the floor, and led away the terrified girl without taking any more notice of him. The bully arose, furious for revenge, and a meeting was instantly demanded and granted; and Lacoste was again laid low by his successful adversary with a thurst of the small sword. Since that period nothing could exceed the enmity which he cherished toward Pierre, whom he sought every opportunity, with safety to himself, to annoy. At the close of Lefevre's story, he turned pale and red occasionally, and with some anxiety of manner, cried :—

"The snuff box—out with the snuff box."

"Aye, aye," responded several voices."

Lefevre with an air of importance drew forth the article.

"Let me look at *that*!" exclaimed Lacoste, and he made an attempt grasp it.

"No; I'll pass it round, and you can see it in turn."

"I'll give you twenty franks for it," said he, again eagerly appealing to Lefevre.

But the snuff box was now going round the table. Several examined it as a curiosity, commenting on the possibility of an Indian wanting such an article, when one more inquisitive than the rest examined the interior, and lifting with his finger nail, a stiff piece of pasteboard, which exactly fitted the bottom of the box, drew forth a piece of folded paper.

"Hollo! what's this," cried he as opening it he held it up; written on, and in French, as I live."

"Read it out," said Lefevre; I was not aware the box contained anything."

"Faith it's more than I can do I'm afraid, the paper is mildewed in parts, and the characters are anything but masterly; however there's nothing like trying, and after some time he studied out the following :—

'Dear Pierre.—You are probably surprised that I should know of your whereabouts, but the fact is, the bearer of this is my informer. I chanced to meet him some miles from the town, trading furs, and in the course of a conversation that ensued, for he speaks French tolerably well, he informed me he had met a white man of our nation, near the foot of a group of islands in the Ottawa; and he described your appearance so minutely, as led me to think it must have been you, especially as I know you journeyed in that direction after we left you, though previous to this we thought you no more in the land of the living. But to business—the Colonel on hearing of your whereabouts, seemed much pleased and ordered you (as I informed him I intended to send a message to you by the Indian, who readily undertook to find you) on all accounts to sojourn a month or so among

different Indian tribes—examine the state of the country, and sound their political feelings towards the French, as he is anxious to collect all the information possible on that head. Wishing you a pleasant time of it, I remain yours, &c.,—Lefevre.' P.S.—I enclose this in a snuff box to protect it against damp.

"Why," said the reader, "you never told us of this."

"Let me see that paper," said Lefevre springing up. "I declare to God, gentlemen, this is none of my work. It—as plain as life, here is my signature, and like it too. Gentlemen, I think it will be sufficient when I say this a complete forgery of my name, and who who has dared to take such a liberty, I cannot imagine. I never had the smallest idea where Pierre went; like the rest of you, I thought he had perished in the forest, and never had such a conversation with an Indian, as this letter intimates. I am very glad to hear he is alive, however, as there is no doubt the writer of this note had correct information."

"Strange," exclaimed Lacoste, hand it over here and let me look at it if you please," which was accordingly done, and stretching over the table where one of the candles were burning, he held it close to the flame, as if endeavouring to read the paper by the strong light that was afforded, when suddenly, and as if by accident, he slipped forward, the paper igniting as it passed through the flame, and in his hurried attempts to extinguish it, the letter was burnt to a cinder. A mutter-ed "sacre" went round at that part of the table, and suspicious glances were bent upon the culprit, who appologized to Lefevre, and cursed his stupidity,—though his elated look rather betrayed his sincerity.

"In the name of the saints, what could have been the intention of the writer," said Montraville, who was one of the young men, who parted from Pierre on the Ottawa. "That Pierre is alive is very good news, but I am as much at a loss as ever in what part of the country he is; though the piece of burnt paper spoke of a tribe among some Islands of the Grand River; it must be far above the place where we left him."

"Pierre ever was an adventurous and romantic young fellow," said another of the party. "I should not be surprised if some dark beauty of the forest had captivated him."

"I think I can solve this mystery," said Lefevre. "That letter was written to induce Pierre to remain where he then was or now is, for some time, by some person who has his own particular motive in view, and that motive the injury of Pierre, I can have no doubt," and here he looked significantly at Lacoste; "and my name signed to it, to induce him to believe its authenticity, easily shows that the writer could not, with safety to his plans, write his own; and I think, I know of but one person who dared not do so. Were I certain that person was the writer, I would not hesitate to say, he must be a poltroon and a coward, who would endeavor to injure a comrade in such an underhand manner," and here he again looked at Lacoste, who maintained an easy composure, though his face flushed scarlet at the last words spoken.

"May we know to whom you refer?" said he passionately.

"Yourself, sir," answered Lefevre coolly.

Lacoste laid his hand on the hilt of his sword, and was furiously starting up from his seat, when the commanding voice of the Colonel was heard enquiring what was the matter.

"Lieutenant Lacoste, come this way, sir, and explain to us the meaning of some expressions I heard a moment or two ago down at your part of the table."

Lacoste advanced and stated, that a letter had been discovered on the person of Charles Lefevre, addressed to Pierre, who, as the letter seemed to imply, was residing up in the Indian country. It appeared there was some secret between them, of what nature he could not determine, but, as the letter had directions to Pierre, which were, as it said, authorized by the Colonel; did not know what Colonel it had reference to—whether Colonel Viger, or Colonel some-body-else—could not say; Lefevre had seen fit to deny it; did not know what his reasons were for so doing, but, to screen himself from the consequences, whatever they might have been, accused or insinuated that he (Lacoste,) was its author, though the letter was in the hand writing of and the name Lefevre placed at the bottom."

"Show me the letter," demanded the Colonel.

"The letter, sir, was unfortunately burnt, and—

"Ah, indeed," interrupted the Commandant: "we are under orders to join General Montcalm in a couple of months, and I do not want any of my officers absenting themselves without leave and running a wild goose chase through the country."

Here Lacoste whispered something in his ear, and the Colonel starting, looked earnestly at him. "Lieutenant Lefevre, if you were aware of the existence of your comrade Pierre, why did you not let me know, and wherefore deny the letter."

"Sir" answered Lefevre, "I have already stated before these gentlemen, that I knew not he was alive, and now again deny, sir, I ever wrote the letter in question. To what Monsieur Lacoste has stated to you, I disdain to reply, for that he shall answer personally to me. It is true, sir, the letter was discovered on my person, but for the possession of which I can easily account."

"If what Lieutenant Lacoste has stated is false, he shall be punished, but, I believe, sir, you yourself admit to be perfectly true as to the contents of the letter, though you deny writing it; and, as it was natural to suppose, having your signature placed to it, that you were the writer, Lacoste did nothing more than his duty in telling, at my request, what he knew of the circumstance, and therefore, I cannot allow any threats to be used whatever. As it seems the letter is a forgery, you would do well to endeavour to find out the forger."

Lefevre was about to reply when a sergeant entered the room, and presented a packet to the Governor, saying, it was brought by an Indian, who could not speak French, but made signs for him to deliver it to one of the officers. The Colonel took the packet and untied a leather wrapper, when a crumpled letter dropped out on the floor; he picked it up, and looked at the address, which was soiled and

erased in many parts. "I cannot make out to whom it is directed," said he,—"but I think it must be for myself," and opening it without further ceremony, he read in apparent surprise, the following :——

"I begin as schoolboys do—the best way however, and therefore cannot inform you of all which I am anxious that you should know. Three or four months ago we had a long conversation, you will recollect; the subject, I dare say, you very well remember; I have been thinking of it ever since, and will confess, the plan now seems to me very feasible. A proposal has been made of that nature,—the acceptance of which will confer the greatest prize in the power of man to bestow. Shall I tell you I am caught in the toils,—imperceptibly the meshes of the net have fallen about me; if I recede I shall cause disappointment and death, if I advance, then farewell France and her heroes. You will exclaim—what, Pierre turn renegade—even so, but it will be no dishonour. I wish very much you were here, and, I am much mistaken, did you not bite at the first bait which presented itself. For myself, I am divided between two opinions, and but a feather's weight would turn the balance. If you were aware of the value of the jewel which tempts me to desert my countrymen, you would not blame nor despise me; however, I shall decide very soon. You need not mention to the Commandant, (who, between ourselves, I have no great opinion of) my probable determination, as I will inform him of it in a letter, to his full satisfaction, with a resignation of my grade, and then he can either laugh or cry according to his pleasure. I suppose he has been kicking up a pretty fuss about my absence,—I wish you would return me an answer by the bearer of this, who is an Indian of the Irinka tribe—the people who I am now with. This small piece of paper is filling up rapidly, else I would give you a complete description of my travels; but you will either see me in the course of one or two weeks, or receive a letter which will inform you of my fate. Send by the bearer some powder and ball—also a few sheets of writing paper, not forgetting your own letter, in which mention all the particulars that have occurred during my absence. Farewell till you next hear from me.—Pierre."

Strong marks of indignation were on the countenance of the Governor as he read this equivocal epistle. "Read that, sir," said he sternly, tossing it over to Lefevre; it is evidently intended for you; the greater part of it I cannot understand, but it seems to imply what I would be sorry to see confirmed; and I would advise you, for your own sake, to explain the meaning of such ambigious sentences as it contains, as you no doubt have the key to the whole of it."

Lefevre took the letter in indignant surprise, which he read over twice, and thought he perceived the cause of the anger of the Commandant, though he had a very wide guess at it.

"This letter, Governor * Vaudreuville, was not intended for your eyes, and I may say it would have been better——"

"That is to say," interrupted that person, "had you received it in the first place.

* Governor of Montreal in 1756.

I should not have been made acquainted with its contents."

"Most assuredly not, sir, except informing you of Pierre and his situation."

"And a most important item that would have been. Sergeant, call up this Indian;" the Sergeant returned in a few minutes, accompanied by the young man who brought the letter; he stood with folded arms near the door. Several questions were asked him by the officers, but he only shook his head in reply. The Colonel called for pen, ink and paper, and then indited an order to the following effect:——

To Lieutenant Pierre,——. Whereas I have received correct information, that you are wandering about among the Indian tribes of the country, instead of attending to your duty, for purposes, which a certain letter of yours, confirming the truth of several reports, that have come to my ears, which appear very suspicious, I here command you immediately to join your regiment at this town; and the speediest compliance will go far to remove the suspicions which affect your character as a soldier, and a subject of his Majesty Louis——. Vaudreuville.

The Colonel gave this letter to Lacoste, to seal and direct, who, first read it over carefully himself, and then, wrapping it carefully up in a leather cover, he gave it to the Indian.

"When do you return," enquired Lefevre of the Irinka, forgetful that he understood not French.

"The Indian comprehending the question by his gestures, signified that he would commence his return at sun rise."

Lefevre left the room, and beckoning for the Indian to follow him, led the way to his own apartment; the majority of the officers following his example.

CHAPTER VII.

We must now return to the Irinkas, whom we left in pursuit of the Iroquois. For some time, with watchful eyes, they kept coasting the western shore of the Ottawa, eagerly looking for indications of the landing of their enemies. The sun had reached the meridian, and shone brightly on the mossy bank of the river, and yet not a footmark could they discern; and they proceeded about fifteen miles up the current, before Manhitti gave the word to put back—feeling sure, he said, that they had passed the place of landing—because, had the Iroquois kept on the river to the same distance, the rapid manner in which they had travelled, would have brought them in sight of their enemies. Returning, therefore, several miles, Manhitti sent two canoes off to examine the shore on the other side of the river, thinking, perhaps, Coswenago had taken the eastern coast of the Ottawa, though almost certain he had taken the other, as the opposite direction would lead him many miles astray from the Huron country. He was mistaken, however, for a canoe urged to its utmost speed by four indians, was seen bounding across the river toward Manhitti, who divining the cause, waited not for its arrival, but turned his own vessel to meet it. He was correct in his

supposition that the trail was found, for the indians in the advancing one tossed their paddles in the air with a joyful shout, and informed Manhitti that those in the other canoe had already commenced their march. The Irinkas, making their paddles describe a half moon in the water, brought the head of their vessels to the east, and guided their Chief to the trail. Coswenago had certainly shown himself master of all the cunning necessary to his calling, for the spot he had chosen whereon to land his party could not have been better selected. He had pushed his canoes up a small narrow inlet of the river, where the water was deep and calm, and running inland for about fifty yards, suddenly terminated by a precipitous wall of rock, about thirty feet high, over which a small stream trickled down its moss covered front—the rocks gradually descending on either side to a level with the river. A recent dislodgment of several stones was pointed out by the indians, also the prints of mocassins on the fresh soil; and when Manhitti gained the top of the rock, a broad trail opened before him, leading across the small stream already mentioned. He ordered some of those who were yet below to pick out two of the largest canoes, as Coswenago, taking this side of the river, intended crossing it further up. It was now about two hours after noon, and the Irinkas as yet were only at the commencement of the trail; affording the Iroquois a start of twelve hours, at least. Pierre's impatient spirit could ill brook the necessary delays consequent on preserving the path, and he now repented ever having spared the life of Coswenago, when it was once so fairly in his power.

"Let us again meet," said he to himself, "and, perhaps he will find I have as little compunction to shed his blood as he has to shed mine; no wonder he prophesied we should meet again, when at the very time, he was scheming the abduction of the Pale Lily." The Irinkas were now, however, tracing the trail more rapidly, and they soon rejoined the party in advance, who were waiting for their arrival by the river—for the foot-marks striking inland about four miles, gradually turned again to the water, where they were further discernable on a large log that lay extended from the shore, and beside which the Iroquois had, no doubt placed their canoes. Those two belonging to the Eries, not being able to contain more than a third of their party, they were obliged to recross the river for their companions, bringing at the same time two more belonging to the Iroquois, that they had found concealed among some rushes on the opposite shore—thus enabling all to embark. It required all their skill to preserve their light vessels from being swept down by the current, which was very strong and rapid at that place. It was a wild and solitary country into which the Eries were entering—gloomy and lonesome in the extreme. As long as their path continued near the river, they could catch a glimpse of the sun and the blue sky, and hear the pleasant sound of rushing water, which served to break the profound stillness of the wilderness; but soon they left its murmurs farther and farther behind—the ripple of the current ceased to reach their ears—the declining sun and the blue sky could no longer be seen, from the denseness of the thicket, and Pierre felt they were now, indeed, amid the primitive forest, unbroken by the hand of man.—Their march was toilsome and tedious, for the ground was swampy, and covered with new fallen trees, and those which had lain, perhaps, for upward of a centu-

ry, and others, fast mingling themselves with their mother earth. Large tamaracks and cedars towered, one over the other, until they almost seemed to nod their branches in the clouds—their spreading limbs meeting together, formed a canopy that excluded the sunbeams, and produced a gloom beneath almost as deep as that of night. How the Pale Lilly could have been conveyed through this place, Pierre was unable to conceive, and he pictured to himself the hardships she must have endured, and, perhaps, enduring yet, on her forced flight.—"But she was an indian girl," Manhitti said, "who knew well how to bear with fortitude her fate,"—though his anxious manner convinced Pierre he was thinking constantly on the same subject himself. Their march was necessarily slow, for the gloom rendered it a matter of great difficulty to discern the trail; and the turnings and twistings that marked its course, confused Pierre to that degree, that he did not know which way they were travelling—east or west. As the sun was disappearing behind the horizon, they began to enter a more open country; the land commenced to ascend, and the forest to alter its appearance; the tall cedars and tamaracks grew less thickly, and the straight beech and knoty maples, intermingled with young hickorys, showed their lighter green foliage among the dark firs, and the departing sunbeams lingered on the leafy ground, guiding the indians on their path.

Twilight was fast verging into night, when the sound of rushing water again came upon the ear; and the indians quickening their pace, in the course of fifteen minutes, the trail led them full upon the Ottawa. Pierre felt his spirits revive at the sight of its glancing current, and when feeling the cool breeze from the opposite shore. The Irinkas now carefully examined the beach, but the trail neither diverged to the right nor to the left—appearing to lead straight across the river; and puzzled at its abrupt termination, they scrutinized the place for some distance, either way, but no footmarks were visible. As night soon set in, Manhitti proposed that they should camp on a small island, which lay about a quarter of a mile distant. The water appeared shallow nearly the whole way over, and one of the party waded half across, when he lost his footing, and was rapidly swept down by the current. He tried for a moment to stem it, but he was beyond his depth, and turning his back to the stream, endeavored to reach a fallen tree that extended itself across the current, which he successfully accomplished; and grasping one of its branches, swung himself on to the trunk, and rejoined his companions, who were busily forming a small raft out of some drift wood, which they floored over with bark, securely binding it together by sticks placed transversely over the top; on which they placed their arms, amunition and clothing. Ranging themselves on either side, they pushed off into the stream, two hundred yards above the island, and wading out in a direct line, swam diagonally across the current, and reached the place of their destination in safety. A fire was soon lighted under cover of some large rocks, and Pierre, as well as the rest of the party, having eaten nothing since morning, were extremely hungry. Some fish were caught, and dried venison produced, on which they all supped heartily, and then wrapping themselves in their skins, betook themselves to repose.

At break of day the indians were again in motion, and crossing to the main

shore, examined the trail attentively. Manhitti supposed that as the water was shallow, with a good stony bottom for some distance up along the shore, the Iroquois had waded along it—justly calculating that the current would wash away all traces of their steps. The Irinkas followed the bend of the river, therefore, for four or five miles, when they at length discovered a foot print on a moss covered log that appeared above the water. This led them to think they were on the right path, which the sequel fully proved, for the trail again showed itself on the gravelly shore, leading off in a direct line from the river, avoiding a large swamp, and skirting the higher ground on the right. The Iroquois here seemed to have taken no pains to conceal their march, probably supposing the Irinkas would be entirely at fault, where it terminated upon the Ottawa; but they mistook the sagacity of their foes, who were following them fast; and the recent marks on the decayed leaves that covered the ground, convinced the Irinkas they could not be far behind. Pierre pointed out to the Chief fresh cut stumps, and branches of some young hickorys, scattered about with the leaves yet green upon them.—Manhitti examined them, and he concluded that the Pale Lily had here given out, and her captors had constructed a litter wherewith to carry her. Cheered by the prospect of soon coming up with their foes, the Irinkas pressed rapidly forward; and as the sun began to decline from the meridian, the trail led them upon a sheet of water which circles the large Alumet island, where it again abruptly terminated. Foot prints were scattered plentifully along the marshy shore, as if the party had broken their rank and dispersed themselves about the place.—Manhitti pointed out to Pierre and his men, part of the trail leading along the margin of the river toward a field of tall bulrushes, and returning from thence, then led out on a log close by where they were standing. Pierre followed it,—critically examining the bulrushes at its termination, out of which he raked up a paddle, and showed it to Manhitti, who scrutinized the place more closely. The shore at this place was deep and boggy, and rushes grew, thickly, to a considerable distance from it—those beside the log, in question, being broken and pressed down, as if with some flat surface; and Manhitti, pointing out these appearances to his men, gave some orders which Pierre could not exactly comprehend, but some of the Irinkas commenced making deep incisions into a few pine and tamarack trees, while others cut down some pliant young ash saplings; and others, again, spread themselves through the forest, soon returning with armfuls of freshly peeled bark, which they commenced dressing and drying in the sun. Pierre enquired of Manhitti what he intended doing.

"Do you observe those marks on the black ground," he answered, "leading out on yonder log? do you observe that the rushes beside it are broken and pressed down by some heavy weight? do you observe how they continue so in a direct line to the deep water beyond? What has done this—can the Broad Rifle tell me?"

"It seems to me," replied Pierre, "that it must have been the flat bottoms of two or three canoes that have passed over them."

"You are right," said Manhitti. "The Iroquois have taken to the water, which

the trail sufficiently shows. They must have had their canoes hid among yonder rushes where you found the paddles. We must keep direct on their track; and my young men are now making a canoe to enable us so to do."

Pierre was astonished at the coolness with which they appeared to take this interruption, and the confidence with which they set about overcoming it. But the indians, though fully aware of the advantage their foes would gain from the delay, set about constructing a vessel, to follow them without waiting to argue the question. He watched their operations, for some time with interest; and these industrious mechanics, with inconceivable rapidity, formed the frame of their canoe with ease from the rough materials before them. Pierre ashamed of being the only person unemployed, enquired of Manhitti whether they would camp near the river, and being answered in the affirmative, picked up his rifle and plunged into the forest. He had not proceeded far however, before he felt a grasp on his arm, and Manhitti, guessing at his intention, said:—

"The Iroquois have their ears open, and the report of a rifle might quicken their steps. Take this bow and these arrows; they make no noise."

"You are right," replied Pierre; "my experience of forest life, I see, is not yet sufficient."

He took the bow—rather mistrusting, at the same time, from his last experience with it, that very few deer would feel the points of the arrows. Carefully marking the trees and bushes that he might not lose himself on his return, he made his way toward a range of hills before him, about two miles distant. Innumerable squirrels crossed his path, and the bushy tail of a fox, now and then appeared, slinking through the leafy underbrush. These animals he thought too insignificant to send an arrow after, though he had a great mind to practise his aim on them before trying a deer. But time was precious, and he stationed himself on a rising piece of ground, looking eagerly about for the appearance of any of those animals. He waited patiently, near as he could judge, two hours, and was about retiring in despair, when he perceived a troop of them passing very near, taking their way to the river, there to quench their thirst. Stealthily retreating from his possition, he made a circuit to get in advance, and succeeded in so doing; and hiding behind a tree, waited the approach of the foremost deer, which showed himself a fine large buck, snuffing the air as if suspicious of the vicinity of a foe. He suddenly came to a full stop, about twenty yards from Pierre, and erecting his head, stared hard about him. Pierre at that moment drew an arrow to its head, and the shaft burried itself deep in the broad mark before it. The animal erecting himself on his hind legs, pawed the air wildly for a few moments, and then with a snort of terror and pain, started madly back into the wilderness. Pierre dashed after him, fearful of losing so fine a peice of game, which he tracked for upwards of an hour by the blood marks on the ground, and found it at last in the agonies of death, lying near a large swamp, and into which it had made a vain attempt to enter. He immediately drew his knife across its throat, to put an end at once to its sufferings; and then skinning the hinder part, cut off the two quarters, which he threw over his shoulder, and com-

menced his return—following carefully his own footmarks. But in the excitement of the chase, he had lost all knowledge of the distance he had come, for night set in while he was yet endeavoring to distinguish the blood stains on the leaves. The red buds of the wild flowers that plentifully strewed the ground, confused him, and in the gloom of the evening he lost his track altogether. He felt alarmed at his situation, as he had no knowledge whatever of the country he was in, and he began to picture to himself the pleasure of wandering for days in in the wilderness—not knowing whither he was bending his steps, unless he could regain the Ottawa. The forest was now dark as the the absence of the sun and moon could make it, and Pierre cutting down with his tomahawk several small trees, constructed a circular barrier, inside of which he kindled a fire; and thrusting a stick through a portion of his venison, roasted it over the blaze.—While engaged in this duty, he was startled by a dismal cry that came faintly to his ears from a distance. He listened anxiously for a repetition of the sound, and it again came louder than at first. The third time it was repeated, then thought struck him like lightning—it must be the howl of wolves—and wolves they were indeed, for the silence of the forest, so unbroken in day time, was now alive with the cries of those beasts of prey. A pleasant night I shall have, tho't Pierre; those devils are feasting on the poor deer I left behind, and they will be down here presently, attracted by the scent of this roasting venison. His courage sank for a moment at the threatened danger; but he determined to sell his life dearly, if it should come to that extremity, and he set about doing all that a brave spirit could do in such an emergency; he collected together all the fuel he could find, and stacked it up, ready to supply the fire at any time; he felled a few more trees, raised and strengthened his barrier, and saw that both barrels of his rifle, which he fortunately happened to bring with him, were properly loaded; and he examined his bow and quiver of arrows, determined to use them, first, and resort to his other weapons afterward. Being rather hungry, he set to eating his supper—hoping that, with it, at least, the wolves would not be before hand with him. He had not long to wait for their coming, for a deep and startling howl behind, discovered to him a single wolf prowling round the enclosure, which, after circling several times, suddenly vanished among the trees. He has gone off for his companions, thought Pierre, I may expect a whole army of them; and he was right in his conjecture, for half an hour had scarcely elapsed, when a perfect chorus of yells burst around him. Three wolves rushed forward and raised their heads over the barrier, knashing their long fangs with savage fury; but Pierre bent his bow, and shot an arrow that sent the foremost one rolling back on his companions in the agonies of death. Another and another shared the same fate, as fast as they showed themselves over the enclosure. He turned round, and had barely time to snatch up his rifle, when two were almost over on the opposite side. One received the contents of one of the barrels, and before he could draw trigger on the other, the wolf, with a single leap, was beside him. Dropping his gun in an instant, he buried his long knife to its hilt, in the body of his determined assailant—in doing which, however, he received a severe bite in his left arm. Again he plunged the bright steel into the quivering body, which

he took up in his arms, and cast beyond the barrier, where it was immediately torn in pieces by its ravenous companions; and they became more shy as they experienced the effect of Pierre's furious resistance—retreating beyond the light of the fire, where their howls of rage echoed fearfully far and near. Pierre took the opportunity of this respite to reload his rifle, and replenish the fire, which burned up brightly, and cast its light for some distance round among the trees; and between which he could perceive the wolves glancing like so many demons, their eyes shining like burning coals. They suddenly trooped themselves together—setting off at the top of their speed from the place, and Pierre sent some leaden messengers after them—the cries of the wounded signifying they had taken effect. He thought he was now rid of his enemies, and he addressed a fervent thanksgiving to the Almighty for his safety. Replacing those parts of the barrier that was pulled down by the first rush of the wolves, he lay down, thinking that his fierce visitors, finding arrow heads and leaden ingots rather hard of digestion, had determined to leave him alone. But he was mistaken, for just as his eyes were closing in slumber, that he had vainly endeavored to overcome, their distant howls, coming nearer and nearer, banished every inclination for sleep, and the tramp of their feet on the leaves sounded like advancing wind through the forest. They had gone off for a reinforcement, and were now returning with double their previous number; and Pierre concluded, as near as he could judge, that there were between thirty and forty of them—for they surrounded his barrier almost on every side, and placing their fore feet on the top, pushed their heads over without attempting to come any farther, as the fire, which shot its forky tongues high into the air, held them for a few minutes in check. Two of them fell back wounded or dead before Pierre's fatal rifle; but the others, undaunted by their fate, pressed furiously on. He had not time to load again, before several of them lept on the top of the enclosure, but were dashed down by Pierre, who had seized a burning brand from the fire, and dealt strokes madly about him; and for two or three minutes he held them at bay. But the fight was too unequal to last long; his arm began to tremble and his brain to reel from such tremendous exertion, and his hungry assailants were on the point of forcing their way into his defences, when the simultaneous discharge of about a dozen rifles, laid half that number of them dead and dying among the trees, and a party of indians dashing in, charged the remainder with their heavy tomahawks—putting them completely to flight. Pierre recognised, as his deliverers, a company of Irinkas, whom he warmly thanked for their assistance. They stated that when night began to fall, Manhitti anxiously expected his return; and a short time after, hearing the howling of wolves and the repeated discharge of fire-arms, he felt sure that none else than the Broad Rifle could be defending himself against the attacks of those animals; whereupon they hastened to his rescue—guided by the cries of the wolves; but which suddenly ceased, and for some time they were at a loss in what way to proceed. They waited for a repetition of his fire to direct them to the spot, and were becoming alarmed for his safety, at the protracted silence, when, again, the cries of the wolves resounded through the forest. Pressing forward, they soon caught sight of the fire glimmering through the trees on

their right, and saw his wild assailants darting across the light, when they fired a volley, and rushed in as already mentioned.

Pierre slung the venison over his shoulders, and gave a glance round the field of battle. Nine or ten of his enemies were strewed dead about the enclosure, and more than half that number of wounded lay crawling over the ground, that was red with their blood. The party commenced their march back, and soon reached the encampment, where they found their companions anxiously expecting their return. A fire was lighted at a little distance from the water, on which the venison Pierre had procured, was soon broiling on the hot coals. Pierre gave Manhitti an account of his late perilous rencontre.

"The panther could not have better defended her young, than thou didst thy venison," the latter remarked. "Hadst thou thrown it among thy assailants, thou wouldst not have been exposed to half the danger. The sight of fresh meat to a hungry wolf, is like a cool fountain to a thirsty hunter."

"Pardi! I did not think of the venison for a moment," replied Pierre, "for I had employment enough in preventing the brutes from carrying me away by mouthfuls."

"We have put the Iroquois on the alert," said Manhitti, after a long pause. "They must have heard our rifles, for their ears are very good; they will leave a long trail."

Pierre replied not, but threw himself down by the fire, and the unwonted fatigues of the day soon buried him in deep sleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Indians worked all night at their canoe—finishing it by break of day.—They gave it a short trial on the water, and bringing it back to land, stoped up the leaks wherever they occurred, with the resinous gum of the tamarack and pine. When finished complete, it proved to contain ten of their party with ease, including Manhitti and Pierre. It was their intention to keep direct on the trail, and the remainder were to travel along the shore of the river, to discover where it appeared on that side. The party in the canoe pushed through the rushes, and bending their paddles in the deep water, they made it bound from wave to wave with a speed which soon left their late camp fire far behind. With unwearied nerves they continued on their course, and they soon reached a small island in the centre of the river, between the main shore on their left and the large Alumet, about ten miles from where they started among the rushes. Here Manhitti calculated to fall upon the trail; but no trace of it did they discover, and they continued on their way until the bluff head land of another island, ten miles distant from the former one, came close under their bow. Manhitti shaping his course as he would have done, were he the *pursued* instead of the *pursuer*, proceeded along the right bank of this island, which was nearly a quarter of a mile

in extent; and coasting it to its extremity, they arrived under a small promontory that jutted out into the lake in a direct line to the eastward. Here the Irinkas pointed out the broken limb of an elm, that hung down and dipped its leaves in the water. The bank was steep and rocky—the water lying deep and calm against its smooth front; and the tree in question, grew from a cleft in the bank, near the bottom—curving upright as it appeared above the top. The limb, on being examined, proved to be freshly broken. Here was a clue which the indians eagerly seized upon; and one of them swinging himself into the tree, clambered up the bank, which he critically observed that any signs of a trail might not escape him. None appeared, however, and he concluded the branch must have been broken by the spring of a wild beast. But Manhitti before arriving at such a conclusion, ordered a search to be made further inland. Accordingly two of the Irinkas pressed forward over the stony ground into the line of woods which curved irregularly about twenty yards from the edge of the bank—leaving a border of green turf, which was dotted here and there with a few large rocks of granite, sparkling in the the sunshine, with incrustations of black and white chrystals, and sprinkled with small pieces of lime stone,—some flat, and some round. They discovered the remains of an extinguished fire—the blackened logs and charred ends of sticks that had the sap yet green upon those parts untouched by the fire, showed that it had been kindled not long previous. They now commenced a search over the stony turf for the foot-prints of those who must have passed over it to enter the wood, but without success. This would not content the indefatigable Irinkas, and their perseverance at length discovered the mystery which concealed the trail from the tree to the fire. One of them turned over with his foot some of the flat stones which appeared to lie very strangely on the grass, and exultingly showed the fresh turf beneath. Here, then, was the artifice—stones had been carried from the shore further down, similar in size and shape, to those on the point, and scattered over the ground, to serve as stepping places, in such a manner as if they were the natural occupants of the spot. With a smile of contempt for the vain deception of their enemies, they rejoined their companions in the canoe, which again, silently moved on its course.

They had left the island about a quarter of a mile in their rear, when Pierre observed two small specks on the river; they appeared to be two miles distant. He looked at them attentively—shading his eyes with his hands—and he saw them gradually separate from each other. His heart beat wildly at the sight, for he immediately concluded that the Iroquois were before him; and putting his hand on Manhitti's shoulder, said—

"Dost thou see yonder specks on the river? watch them closely, and thou will perceive they have motion. They are not loons, or cranes, for their size is too great for the distance. Even as I speak, they close up again to each other."

Manhitti looked at them attentively for a moment, when he answered:

"Thou hast good eyes, and they might tell thee that two canoes are dancing on the waves so far ahead. What then?—the wolf has not yet gained his den; Oswenago will have to fight for his prize. Irinkas," continued the chief, a little

excited, "behold the foes of Erie!" and he pointed his arm towards the distant vessels.

The Indians gazed for a moment with a wild burst of exultation which they could not surpress, and they made their ashen paddles bend in their nervous grasp, till they threatened to break at every strain; and with ready speed, the vessel foamed through the yielding water. Pierre passed forward to the bow, with his rifle ready in his hand—determined to be the first to engage the Iroquoi chief.

While yet more than a mile distant, the canoes were perceived to be advancing, instead of receding; and containing seven or eight men in each; and the Irinkas concluded, the Iroquois, finding they could not escape like rats to their holes, had determined to stand at bay. They relaxed their exertions at the paddles, and prepared their arms for the fight. Pierre's straining gaze in vain endeavored to catch sight of the Pale Lily; in vain he endeavored to single out her graceful form amid the brawny groups before him; and, in vain, he endeavored to discover a flutter of her mantle, or a wave of her hand to cheer him on. What have they done with her?' he asked himself the question; 'but I will make Cosmago confess, or die.' They were now half a mile distant; and he was raising his rifle to try the effect of a long range, when Manhitti with a gesture of disappointment, called him to forbear.

"What now?" said Pierre turning round; "thou hast saved the life of an Iroquoi."

"Not of an Iroquoi, but of an Irinka. I should know an Erie from a Huron, were it only by the way they hold their paddles—they are our own men. Let us hear what they have to say."

Pierre expressed his dissatisfaction in one or two *sacres*, while the Indians, with characteristic coolness, when convinced by their own eyes of the truth of what was said, resumed their speed, which soon brought them along side of their companions, who informed Manhitti they had fell upon the trail opposite the little Alumlet falls, where they found two canoes of the Iroquois hid in a swamp; and had left the remainder of their party on the trail breaking the way.

In half an hour the whole party arrived at the place designated, where thick cedar bushes came down to the very edge of the water; among these deep prints of mocassins were discovered on the wet soil.

"They have taken their path straight to the setting sun," said Manhitti, "we must not let the wolf get to his den;" and directing some of the men near the river to hide the canoes in a secure place, eagerly pursued the trail, that led, for the first six or seven miles through low swampy land; after which the forest commenced to ascend, hill upon hill, overlooking entirely that part of the country through which they had lately past. The weather, that had been previously fine, began to exhibit symptoms of a coming storm; for the gathering clouds grew dark overhead, and the wind howled through the tall pines, that covered the country to some extent. The lightning flashed at intervals through the trees,

and the thunder rolled in distant murmers along the horizon; while large heavy rain drops commenced slowly to patter on the dry leaves,—gradually increasing to a perfect deluge,—still the Irinkas paused not on their track, and they soon came up with those in advance, who were gliding stealthily and steadily on the trail, which now showed itself very rarely. To Pierre it was a matter of astonishment, how, every slight circumstance caught their eye, which would have escaped his observation. "But no fox could track the forest better than an Erie," said Manhitti, in answer to a remark made by Pierre, who was not quite initiated into the subtleties of a ranger's life. The air grew oppressively warm and sultry, and the breeze died away into a perfet calm, while at the same time, the dark clouds which had been resting like heavy draperies in the heavens, rolled rapidly up to the zenith. A flash of lightning, so intensely bright, that the eyes of Pierre were nearly blinded by its glare—and the gloom that ensued, made him think, for a moment that he had, indeed, lost his vision for ever—succeeded by a severe and sudden clap of thunder directly over-head, that pealed and rattled in successive explosions,—making the whole forest shake to its very centre—startled the Irinkas. Another flash, more intense than the first, followed instantly by the deafening roar of Heaven's artilery, denoted how near the storm was to them; and the caverns of the forest answered in echoes, far and near.

"Look!" was the exclamation of Pierre, as a ball of fire, shooting from the sky, alighted in a tree on their right which crowned the summit of a rocky height, near half a mile distant, where it hovered for a second. An explosion ensued; and the the tree was seen to fly into fragments—scattered in every direction. A silence, profound and solemn succeeded—not a breath of wind blew, nor did a leaf quiver; the indians stopped their march, and waited anxiously for a change in the temptest.

The thunder was again heard, but rolling far distant, and the lightning glanced in broad sheets round the horizon. Five minutes might have elapsed, and a gentle gust of wind came, relieving the trees of their heavy load of water; and an undefined sound from the North ensued—that came faintly to the ears of the Irinkas. It was not thunder—the noise was too prolonged and dense. Louder and nearer it was heard; and the ground trembled and shook, as if some mighty engine was being forced over its surface; and rent branches and stones flew over the heads of the party.

"Down the hill!" shouted Manhitti; and seizing Pierre by the arm, he plung'd into the valley on his right. With a headlong pace, the rest followed them—reaching the bottom in safety—where they laid themselves among the loose rocks that were scattered about; and they turned their alarmed gaze to the summit of the hill, where the tall pines were seen to bend like whipstalks for a moment, and the next, with a crash, louder than the deepest thunder, they fell, one over the other, while the wind shrieked in triumph at its victory. The whole plain on the top was laid low, like a field of wheat by the hand of the reaper. A perfect cloud of missiles flew across the valley—falling and crashing against the opposite acclivity; and the tops of those trees which appeared above the hill, were snapped

in two as if they were mere twigs, and scattered half way down the declivity.—The Irinkas turned their eyes to the distant heights,—watching the progress of the tornado—which were soon shorn of their dark green foliage, and covered with a mass of broken timber. Sticks, stones, and earth continued to fall into the valley, round, and among the Irinkas—some of whom were hurt, though not severely. Pierre received a blow on the head from a descending branch, which, however was fortunately broken in its fall, by the spreading limb of a tree; but the force was sufficient to lay him prostrate among the stones. The awful thunder of the tornado was still heard on its desolating course, ranging the country in a direct line; and the wind continued to tear along the ground with unremitting fury—though, as the shades of night began to fall upon the scene of ruin, it gradually decreased to a moderate gale. The Irinkas got on their feet and pursued their course along the bottom of the valley, beyond the range of the storm, and soon turned up the hill on their right. The width of the devastating blast was not more than three hundred yards; but it swept the country north and south, as far as the eye could reach, a path of fallen trees appeared, both on their left and on their left. The Irinkas were necessarily thrown off the trail, and they concluded to encamp in the ravine, as the gathering darkness would not permit them to find it. Accordingly they selected a small mound which was clear and dry, whereon to build their fire, and round which several large sycamores waved their majestic boughs—screening it alike from the morning sun, and the damp dews of night. That it covered a receptical for the ancient dead, the indians seemed fully aware of, for their solemn silence and grave gestures indicated the reverence they paid to, perhaps, some warrior chiefs, who had, probably, fell, fighting bravely on the spot. Manhitti sat himself on the side of the mound, and placing one of his yet muscular arms under his head, bent his face toward the sky—watching the stars as they showed themselves twinkling through the breaking clouds.

"Didst thou ever before in the course of thy life, witness such a furious and awful storm?" enquired Pierre, who had been, for some time observing the chief's abstracted air.

Manhitti started, and his face clouded in sadness at the question; and he answered that he had not since he was a little boy playing in his father's tent.

"I had a sister then," he continued mournfully, "who was destroyed by the tempest King. The weight of thirteen summers rested lightly on her head, and her step was graceful and free as the course of a bark canoe. Her eyes were light and bright as the tender feelings in her bosom could make them. We were both of the same age—being twin brother and sister; and methinks the merry laugh, and the sweet tones of her voice yet ring in my ears. The 'Bounding Fawn' and her brother would wander at eventide, hand in hand, on the flowery banks of the river, or descend the steep ravine, and gather the lilies—forming of them wreaths to bind round the head of each other. The boy would climb the rocks where her soft limbs dared not rudely venture, and she would twine the vines and the fruit he would obtain by his exertions, into garlands to decorate his heated brow.

One bright and sunny morning, (I remember the day well,) our people were camping on the Canada side of Lake Erie, and my father, with a few hunters, pushed off in their canoes to wake up the deer; we had followed him to the shore to see him embark.

"Brother," said my sister, "how I should like to go with our father and see the hunt."

I shouted to him as his canoe was gliding away:—"The Bounding Fawn would like to see thee strike the deer; may we not go with thee, Father?"

He smiled, and glanced towards an old hunter who sat near; his look of approbation decided him, and the Erie Chief shot his canoe to the beach, and taking my sister in his strong arms, placed her by his side. I followed, and sat at her feet, and she claped her hands in childish glee—her merry laughter filling the air as fresh objects attracted her fancy.

I well remember the glancing rapids, the dancing canoes, and my father's voice bidding his followers to beware of the sunken rocks. After landing, he took the Bounding Fawn in his arms, and carried her through the forest with as much ease as he bore his spear, whilst I ran by his side. I saw him, suddenly put her down, and draw his bow, and the stricken deer was chased to the falls of Niagara, where it expired near the cliffs. The game was conveyed into the forest, where the hunters commenced skining and dressing it; and while they were engaged in that operation, the Bounding Fawn and myself took the opportunity to wander, hand in hand, to the great rush of waters. We walked out on a flat rock that over-looked the precipice, and there, with arms entwined round one another, we gazed with awe upon the mighty work before us. Occupied in deep and wondering admiration, we noticed not that the sunbeams no longer colored the flashing spray, that clouds began to roll in dark masses—gathering and whirling over each other; that not a breath of wind stirred the leaves on the trees, or waved the feather which drooped from my head. Our eyes were suddenly blinded for a moment by a light so bright, that we thought a sheet of fire had completely encircled us; and then a crash followed that shook the rock on which we stood—making it quiver like a leaf.

"Brother," said my sister, while she threw her arm round my waist; "hist! the Great Spirit is abroad—let us go."

As we turned from the place to the grassy bank, we heard a dreadful noise in the distance. It was that of falling trees—and I saw my father and his hunters rushing to the river. My sister called to him for help; he saw us standing near the brink of the precipice; and his eyes flashed wildly as with the speed of a bounding buffalo, he rushed toward us. I caught my sister in my arms, for I heard the noise increase and felt the ground tremble under my feet, whilst I pressed towards my father; but the next moment I was cast to the ground and hurled away. The Bounding Fawn was torn from my weak grasp, and hurried over the cliff. Methought I saw her smile and wave her hand as she disappeared, and that smile has haunted me ever since. That farewell waving hand pierced my very heart, and I thought I should have died from the maddening

grief which tortured me. I made an effort to follow her, but found I could not do so—being pinned to the ground with the branch of a fallen tree. I saw the mighty waters of Niagara dispersed in spray—baring its rock, for an instant to the tempest; and then I knew nothing more until I woke, from the pain of a broken arm, in my father's tent.

I called for the Bounding Fawn—vainly waiting for the light sound of her step, and vainly waiting to hear the music of her voice. My attendants bade me be still, for she was gone to the land where dwell the spirits of those who are dead. This brought to my recollection the last scene, the farewell smile, and I started from my couch, and met the stern look of my father. His face was covered with blood, whilst his eyes sparkled like coals. He placed a hand on my shoulder, and drawing a long knife from his belt, he said:

"Boy, prepare; thou must die."

"The Eagle Eye is never afraid of death," I answered; "but why should he die by his father's hand?"

"Art thou a son of mine," he shouted, as he burried his heel in the sandy floor. "Art thou a son of mine? no, for he would have saved his sister from death."

I answered not, for I was cut to the soul, and firmly eyed the knife which was coming slowly toward my bosom. But an old grey headed man stepped forward, and catching his arm, wrested it from his grasp. The Erie chief drew his tomahawk and with one blow laid my preserver dead at his feet; the next moment it was flourished over my own head, when several warriors threw themselves upon him, and after a severe struggle, bore my father to the ground. It was then I knew he must be mad, from a fever, produced by a heavy blow on the head received during the storm; otherwise none had dared to interfere with the intentions of their chief. I threw myself back on my couch, in an agony of grief, listening to the mournful wailings of the women until I fell into a deep sleep.

The following night, however, I stole softly from my bed, and stealthily crept out of the tent. The moon poured down a flood of light, and the lake at a distance, perceived through the trees, shone like the steel of a warrior's knife.—Without any noise I launched a canoe, and went down with the current. I gained the rock on which, but a short time since, I had stood with the Bounding Fawn. I walked slowly along the cliff; at length I saw the stream below me filled with dead panthers, wolves, bears and other animals; and round and round they kept floating in a circle—verging at every turn toward a common centre, whence they disappeared, and after a short time, were cast out by the troubled waters, almost to my feet. A fearful thrill ran through me, and I trembled like a willow branch as I saw my only sister appear among those beasts of prey. Those soft and tender limbs were broken and mangled, and as she slowly moved from me, her face turned up to the light of the moon. Methought a smile played on her lips, whilst her eyes sparkled with a look of recognition. Slowly she continued her funeral march, and round she came again beneath my straining gaze; and again her face turned up to the beams of the moon. But the rose of health and life was not there; her eyes were dim and cold, and her long hair floated in a tangled mass

on the top of her watery bed. All night long I watched her funeral march, in which the wild beasts of the forest were her mourners."

The Chief let fall a tear to the memory of the departed; he rested his head in his hands, and murmured:—"Sister of my soul where are now the days that laughed among the deep green hills on which we played together; when we sported by the streams or tracked them to their source; when thy brightest joy was to be near thy brother's side. The pines are waving and the rills there yet descend, but the Bounding Fawn is gone forever. Young man," continued Manhitti, "be not ashamed of an old man's tear. An Indian seldom weeps; but when the heart gets full, the eyes will water; when an old man recalls the days of his childhood, his heart gets big."

The Indians listened to their Chief in sorrowful silence; for too well were they acquainted with the history of his early life to be surprised at the tear to memory. Pierre brushed away the damp from his own eyes at the close of this sad recital, and he laid himself down on the dry mound—endeavoring to court that repose which was necessary to relieve his weary frame. The Bounding Fawn appeared to him in his dreams, putting a finger on her lips and pointing on the trail to the eastward. He awoke about midnight, and feeling rather feverish, sat up.—The cloudy canopy that had shrouded them but a short time previous, had now broken into fragments, among which the moon appeared sailing—a calm spectator of the world beneath her. He heard a faint crackling of branches not far off, and his lesson of yester night kept him on the watch for wild beasts; he gave a look up the hill, and discovered, in the clear moon-light, an indian making his way over the track of fallen trees, he was on the point of waking up his companions, when he determined to advance himself and watch the movements of this nocturnal visitor. Advancing quickly on his hands and knees, he ascended the hill in a diagonal direction, calculating on getting in a line to meet him. As he was crawling up in this manner, he felt his leg seized from behind, he could hardly refrain from uttering an exclamation as he sprang round and met the warning gesture of an Irinka for silence, who had followed him up the ascent. Accompanied by the Irinka, Pierre continued his course, and stationed himself behind a tree, about a third of the way from the top of the hill. The stranger was coming directly towards him—every now and then peering through the trees—and as he turned his face to the light, Pierre recognised him as the young man whom Manhitti had despatched to Montreal with his letter; when he came near, he steped out and laid a hand on his shoulder. The indian sprang aside a pace or two, and his knife instantly gleamed in the moon-beams; but perceiving and recognizing Pierre and his companion, he quietly put it back and followed them down the hill. Considerable precaution was now necessary in order to render their, now aroused companions below, aware of the approach of friends instead of foes—as they might easily be mistaken for the latter in the gloom of the valley. Accordingly the indian scout advancing alone, gave a low peculiar call, which was answered immediately by those beneath, and replied to by the scout, with a different intonation. Those above now pressed carelessly onward to the place of bouvine. The scout after answering two or three ques-

tions put to him by Manhitti, threw down his weary frame on the soft turf, and was soon wraped in sleep deep as that of his companions.

When early dawn began to show itself through the tree tops, they ventured to kindle a small fire, and the twanging sound of the bow-string announced to those round it, that some wild inhabitant of the valley had probably fallen beneath the unerring aim of the archer, and would, perhaps, serve to take the edge off their morning appetite. The scout unrolled from a leather covering fastened to his waist, several packages; one of which contained two sealed letters; in the others were the articles Pierre had requested Lefevre to send him. The powder came very opportune, for the flasks of the indians were not over well supplied, and there was sufficient to replenish every one. An ink bottle, a few sheets of paper, and some ready made pens were next produced, and Pierre opening the letters, found that one of them contained the Governor's order for his return, which he read over very attentively. He was both angry and surprised at the style of it —angry at its brief sterness and puzzled at 'suspicions which he would be sorry to see confirmed,' and 'which affect your character as a soldier of his Majesty ———.'

"Suspicions which he would be sorry to see confirmed," repeated Pierre to himself; "that must relate to the life I intend to adopt, I think; but the last sentence is more serious, though it must also refer to my resignation, and for the life of me, I cannot see anything in *that* which would authorise him to use such a sentence. And how, the deuce; could he have got the information?"

For the elucidation of which, he turned to Lefevre's epistle. It informed him of the particulars that had occurred during his absence from Montreal, (explained to the reader in the 7th chapter,) which served to throw some light on the evident anger of the Colonel. It concluded as follows:

"With regard to Lacoste, that he is your enemy, you must be aware of as well as myself; but I wish to put you on your guard against his machinations, whatever they may be. I have very little doubt but that he was the author of that letter found in the snuff box—the contents of which I have given you in the first part of this epistle, to the best of my recollection. I think that Lacoste's design was to induce you to remain in the forest till after the departure of our regiment from this place to join the forces of General Montcalm, who is about undertaking the reduction of Fort William Henry at the Thois Rivers—though his design may have been a much more serious one.

It is my opinion that your tender of resignation will not be accepted. I will not advise you on the subject, as I think you must be the best judge of the happiness connected with the life you intend to adopt. Perhaps four or five years experience may cure you of its romance, and we may again find you perambulating the busy thoroughfares af a civilized town. Farewell then, till that period, which I sincerely hope may not be far distant."

On reading this letter over carefully, Pierre took one of the sheets of paper before him, and wrote a reply to the Colonel, in which he briefly stated his reasons for the step he was about taking. He informed him it was not a hasty resolution,

but one well considered; that some remarks in his (the Colonel's) letter, he did not quite comprehend, but supposed they related to his resignation. If so he could not see, for his part, anything in what he had done to affect his character in the least as a subject of his Majesty Louis ——, and, therefore, he requested permission to resign his grade, in order that he might follow the life of an Indian hunter.

Securing this epistle in a stout leather wrapper, he gave it to the scout, and then indited another to Levere—informing him of his decision, the particulars of his campaign, and the pursuit he was then engaged in. Also that he intended to take an early opportunity of going to Montreal, where he would clear up any injurious suspicions that were in circulation regarding him; and that Lacoste might depend upon a severe chastisement were he in any way the propagator of them.

This also he gave to the runner, together with the writing materials, which were to be left at the camp. He did not inform Manhitti of his resolution to join the Irinkas, though he determined to do so during the day. The Chief gave a few directions to the indian scout, who with a hasty farewell to his companions, fell upon his own trail, and disappeared over the brow of the hill. The Irinkas now left the valley, and commenced a search for the lost path of the Iroquois.

CHAPTER IX.

Turn we now to Coswenago, whom we left with his revengful feelings excited by the contemptous refusal of his demand for the hand of the Pale Lily. When he reached the main shore, he took his way through the forest in the direction of the St. Lawrence, in order to elude the Irinka scouts, whom he perceived were watching his movements; and when night set in, he faced about—taking a south easterly direction—when he came again upon the Ottawa, about five miles below the camp of the Irinkas. He sat moodily down beneath the bank at the margin of the river,—employing his mind in scheming out a plan for revenge. His followers ranged themselves round him in silence—knowing well, from the character of their Chief, who was never known to be thwarted in any adventure he undertook, they would soon be engaged in an enterprise of a dangerous nature; and they waited patiently for the result of their leader's deliberations. Towards midnight, Coswenago desired them to retrace their way; the Iroquois were instantly on the move, and in an hour they halted half a mile below the fires of the Irinkas. Coswenago gave a few rapid orders and an Iroquoi launched a canoe, in which he was to proceed under cover of the adjacent islands, and make the circuit of the one on which the Irinkas were encamped, for the purpose of observing and reporting what kind of watch they were keeping. The Indian fearlessly went on his mission—trusting to his natural cunning, the noise of the wind, and the darkness of the night, that his approach would be unseen and unheard. Meanwhile the tall form of Coswenago, with his ten followers, glided

noiselessly through the forest, and halted by the river side, a mile above the island camp, where they launched their remaining canoe amid the bubbling waters, and striking out, went down before the gale—reaching the head of the island in safety—though their loaded vessel was very near being swamped when passing through the surf that beat heavily against its weather-worn front.

They hoisted their bark to the brow of the cliff,—ready to have it launched at a moments warning, and then with bent shoulders and watchful eyes, pressed forward among the trees—halting about a mile from the camp by the river side, where they expected to meet their spy according to appointment. They had not waited long, before a small speck on the water, dimly seen in the gloom that enshrouded it, gradually approached the shore, and halted about twenty yards from the rocks. A low cry from Coswenago brought it swiftly to the beach, and the spy stepping from his canoe, swung himself by the projecting limb of a tree to the top of the grassy bank. To his Chief's eager questioning, he answered that, the Irinkas appeared to be unusually watchful, and were passing through their camp in every direction; that he narrowly escaped detection from Manhitti, who was keeping watch at the lower end of the island, with another warrior, whom he took to be the pale face, from the faint glimpse he had of his dress.

On this Coswenago dispatched one of his men with instructions to steal along, under the shelter of the rocks, to watch, and if possible, overhear Manhitti's conversation, while himself, on his hands and knees, crept towards the fires, which faintly twinkled at a distance through the trees; carefully keeping in the dark shadows, and avoiding every gleam of light, he made his way in safety to within fifty yards of the lodge of Manhitti, when he was interrupted in his snake-like course, by the appearance of several Irinkas between it and himself. He advanced within a few feet, where he lay close among the dry moss and leaves that covered the ground, and he loosened his knife in its sheath in expectation of a deadly struggle, but the Irinkas turned away in another direction, and Coswenago again allowed himself to breath freely. The cabin of Manhitti was situated in the open plain, about twenty yards from the line of the forest, but round it grew several elms, their branches brushing across one or two small windows in the back part of it. The light of the fires fell full upon the front part of the cabin, which, consequently, threw its deep shadow far behind, reaching to the line of the woods. Coswenago gradually approached to the open plain, where he lay down behind a fallen tree, and carefully watched the movements of those before him, debating with himself, at the same time, the propriety of venturing across the open space to the cabin. He concluded, however, to make the experiment, and he moved farther down to the left where the ground rose in hillocks, and then throwing himself flat on his face glided swiftly across, and gained the shelter of the elms unperceived. He had chosen his time well, for the next moment two young girls passed round the lodge and stopped to converse, not more than six yards from the tree behind which Coswenago was crouching like a wolf. How much pain and anxiety would have been spared one of them had she but known in whose near vicinity she was; or had she but turned her glance to the foot of one of the elms, she would have perceived two shining orbs watching her every

movement. The Pale Lily and her Companion at length parted, after an affectionate embrace, little thinking then, that many nights would intervene before either would see the other again. She passed round the cabin, and Coswenago heard her enter and approach close to that side where he was lying, and saw her thrust one of her fair arms through the window, putting aside the branches for a moment, when it was suddenly withdrawn. Coswenago was fearful he had been seen, but his apprehension quickly vanished when he heard her, after a short time, singing carelessly, snatches of a song. He retired from his dangerous situation in safety, and joined his followers near the river without any interruption.

His plan of action was readily decided on, and as it was absolutely necessary to draw the Irinkas away from their fires, in order to gain possession of the Pale Lily without observation, he called to the Indian whom he had sent to reconnoitre the camp, and bade him steal down in his canoe, and, when at a sufficient distance from the village to ensure his safety, discover himself, and lead the Irinkas off on a wrong trail. The Indian hesitated not a moment to perform this dangerous duty, and his canoe gliding over the water, was soon lost sight of in the darkness, while Coswenago with his men led the way to the camp. When within range of the long beams of light from the fires, they threw themselves flat on the ground among some low juniper bushes, waiting for the signal of their scout, and while in this position, footsteps were heard behind them, and two Irinkas were seen approaching with rifles in their hands directly on their track. The Iroquois held their breath as they watched their unsuspecting enemies who came steadily forward, threatening to tread right through their place of concealment, when a yell, ringing clear on the blast, brought them to a full stop, and separating to the right and left, commenced a run toward the village. The Iroquois followed them to the line of the forest, when they could plainly perceive men and women hurrying toward the shore. This was the result Coswenago had expected, though in accomplishing which, the life of his faithful follower was sacrificed as already mentioned. The fires were completely deserted, with the exception of a few children standing with their backs toward them. Coswenago, moving rapidly to the back of the lodge, stationed one of his men beneath the window, through which he had seen the hand of the Pale Lily a short time previous, while he crept round to the front of the cabin and looked into her apartment. She was in the act of rising, when he sprang upon her and placed his hand upon her mouth.

"Ha, my sweet bird," said he ironically, "thou must dwell [illegible] future in an Iroquoi cage."

The Pale Lily eyed her captor with a terrified glance, at the same time enquiring, in a trembling voice—"has the sancity of a [illegible] apartment no respect in the eyes of Coswenago—what does he do here?"

The Iroquoi drawing his knife from its sheath replied—"To take thee to the land where broad waters flow. Utter but one cry and thy [illegible] deep the spot where on thou liest; make haste and dress, or I take thee [illegible] part." He removed his hand from her mouth as he spoke.

The Pale Lily—the blood mantling her neck and shoulders with a deep glow, entreated him to retire, and Coswenago, from some spark of delicacy yet remaining to his rude nature, retreated to the door, while she put on her dress quickly as her confusion would permit.

"Quick, urged her impatient captor in a furious whisper, for the maiden having the main part of her dress thrown round her, began to retard her motions; for, as her presence of mind returned, she recollected she was in her father's tent—surrounded by her own people, while on the other hand, Coswenago was alone in the midst of his enemies, who, however, perceiving her design, darted forward, and without further ceremony enveloped her in a small mantle, binding her arms tightly at the same time, and pushed her through the window of the apartment, from whence she was received in the arms of the Iroquoi standing beneath. Coswenago himself followed, and resuming his burden, in a short time reached the furthermost end of the Island, where lay his last remaining canoe.

A matter of great difficulty now arose—how to convey the whole of their party from the Island, as it would be utterly impossible to do so in their one vessel, for the gale had increased considerably. While they were debating this point, the Indian whom Coswenago had despatched to spy upon the movements of Manhitti and whom Coswenago had not before missed, now joined them and stated—that foreseeing the difficulty they would experience from the want of another canoe, he had obtained one from his place of concealment, and had hid it behind a rock a short distance below them. He also related the death of his companion, who was overtaken by Manhitti. A fierce imprecation burst from the lips of Coswenago, but suppressing his passion, he got the Irinka canoe conveyed overland without delay and launched into the surf. He placed the Pale Lily, himself and five of his followers in the largest and led the way through the dashing waves.

It was then that the Indian maiden, having been unbound, seized the opportunity, when a wave threw the stern of the vessel close to a large rock within reach of her arm, to place on its top the ring that Pierre had pressed on her finger the day before—knowing well, that if found by her people, the token would enable them to fall upon the right trail.

After the various devices already mentioned, calculated to throw the Irinkas on a false scent, the Iroquois relaxed not their flight till the waters of Lake Des Chats were left far behind, and while proceeding leisurely across the river beyond the rapids Du Sable, the Indian who had captured the Irinka canoe, (and who had several times endeavored to place himself near Coswenago) passed forward to where he was sitting, and said:

"Knowest thou, O Chief, whom thou hast in thy power?

Coswenago looked at the speaker with angry surprise, and replied: "I know that an Irinka girl, daughter of Manhitti, lies a captive before me," and he smiled exultingly.

"As such she appears to thine eyes truly; but she is something more than merely the daughter of Manhitti."

"I do not understand; if thou knowest ought more than Coswenago, speak."

"Listen. An Irinka and a pale face kept watch together, and Mengue was concealed close by beneath the branches of a friendly tree, and listened to the talk of the old chief. The name of Irinka hides that of Erie, and Manhitti is the last chief of that race. Thy captive is an Erie maiden, the only daughter of an Erie Chief."

Coswenago sat for a moment as if stupified with surprise, and bent a keen glance upon the Pale Lily; he then burst into a loud laugh—brandishing his weapon exultingly.

"So ho, my pretty maiden; does not thy heart feel glad?"

The Pale Lily answered not, but sighed deeply, for she well knew into whose hands she had fallen; and her captor's knowledge of the secret of her race, tended not to allay her apprehensions. Had she known what purpose then animated him, she would have shuddered at the dismal prospect of her future life.

Time had not in the least allayed Coswenago's ancient animosity, which had been subdued only in the belief of the death of his enemy; but the knowledge that he still existed in the person of Manhitti, awoke it in full force.

There was an Indian of Coswenago's party whom the above disclosure seemed to excite in particular. He looked eagerly at the Pale Lily, and compressing his lips, sunk his head on his breast. He was a strong looking man, not numbering more than fifty Summers—tall and well formed; and who will be distinguished in the remaining part of this tale, by the name of Owasco.

The darkness of night began to close upon the fugitives as they reached the large Alumet beyond the rapids Du Sable, and the stars twinkled brightly while coasting a small island, stretching off on their left. Coswenago rightly calculating, from the precautions he had taken, his pursuers, if they even found the trail, would expend some time in following it up, concluded to camp for the night, on a small promontory of the island, as it afforded a good position for the means of retreat in case of an emergency. The canoes were brought under a tree, its branches drooping in the water, and Owasco seizing one of its limbs, for the purpose of swinging himself on to the bank, by what seemed a rather too vigorous effort, the branch was wrenched from the trunk, and he fell back into the water. Coswenago rising from his knees struck him on the head with his paddle, saying:

"Take that, slave; wouldst thou show the trail to the Eries?"

And Owasco was drawn by his companions into the canoe, senseless, and laid upon his back till he should recover. Another of the party had, in the mean time, carefully gained the summit, and one of the canoes was sent off to gather flat stones from the shore, round the opposite point of the Island. It soon returned with its cargo, which was conveyed up the bank, and scattered carelessly in different directions over the yielding sod, to serve as stepping places to the line of the woods. It was while preparing their evening meal, that one of the indians, with an emphatic motion for silence, placed his ear to the ground, and after lis-

ening attentively for a few moments, reported that he heard the faint echoes of a rifle booming over the water, as well as the distant cries of wolves. And he heard rightly, for at that moment Pierre was defending his life against the attacks of those animals; and to that circumstance might be attributed the future fatigue and peril of their lengthy chase—as Coswenago, on ascertaining, himself, the nature of the sounds, immediately, after his men had eaten their supper, decamped from his possition, which, otherwise, he would have occupied till morning, and continued his course by the light of the stars.

Disembarking two miles above the Island, a litter was prepared for the Pale Lily, who was completely exhausted by her rapid, though forced flight, and conveyed on the shoulders of four stout Iroquois. Their march was frequently interrupted by the attacks of the wild beasts of the forest. At one time the litter was borne to the ground by the sudden spring of a powerful wild cat, that was only driven from its intended prey by the united efforts of the bearers.

When the light of day began again to appear through the tree tops, they stopped for a moment to prepare a hasty repast, and then recommenced their march with unwearied diligence—being now quite careless of the trail—trusting in the swiftness of their movements to elude their pursuers. The Pale Lily, during the course of the morning, anxiously looked behind her for the appearance of her friends, but minute after minute and hour after hour passed away, and her heart sickened, as her hopes of rescue grew fainter and fainter, and at the prospect of a long captivity.

The sky that was so clear and blue at sunrise, was now dotted with light clouds, which began to grow darker and denser as the day advanced; the beams of the sun flashed only at intervals—at length ceasing to shine altogether; the wind rose, with gentle force at first,—increasing, however, as the aspect of the heavens became more gloomy and dark, while streaks of light shot athwart the sky, and the thunder rolled in sullen murmurs—deepening and bursting with quick and sudden reports as the clouds rolled rapidly into collision. The tall trees bent their tops to the blast over the heads of the apprehensive Iroquois, as they resolutely continued to thread the intricacies of the wilderness, with the Pale Lily in the centre of their small party. The tempest increased to a hurricane, and they heard behind them the dreadful crash of the tornado, which had proved so nearly fatal to the Hurons; and the forest around shook and trembled at the fall of its distant bretheren. Several tall trees whose tops waved above their fellows, fell across the path of the Iroquois, and the rent branches flew in every direction round their heads. The spirit of the Pale Lily rose with the storm, and so far from being terrified at the dangers which thickened about her, viewed with feelings of wild delight, the black and heavy canopy illuminated by the forky darts of Heaven. Amid the wild confusion that reigned, she forgot that she was a captive to the hated Coswenago; but very soon she was brought back to that recollection by his hoarse voice sounding harshly in her ear, bidding her to lie down in the litter, in which she was sitting upright, with eyes upturned, watching the warring elements. She repelled him with a scornful smile and a wave

of her hand. Glancing round at the moment, her eyes brightened with a deeper color, her cheek paled with excitement, and she laid her hand lightly on the shoulder of one of her bearers, pointing with the other to an enormous tree, but a few yards on their right, whose roots were slowly yielding to the influence of the hurricane, and which threatened in its final destruction to the Iroquois. The litter carriers giving warning to their comrades, darted toward the tree in question, and gained its windward side, as the breaking roots threw the ground high into the air—snapping their elastic fibres like threads,—and the tall trunk stretched itself, shattered and broken, along the ground—having demolished several others in its descent. The elements, as if satisfied with this last proof of their prowess, gradually subsided, and as approaching night rendered objects indistinct, the wind fell to a moderate gale.

The calm, cool conduct of the Pale Lily, which had saved herself and captors from impending death, gained her more respect and attention than had hitherto been observed towards her; and which a display of terror natural to her sex, would failed to have excited. Even Coswenago, whose love and hate were strangely mingled, saw that the rude litter was properly arranged to her comfort. Examining the trees and land-marks attentively, he now altered his course, which had been due west, and diverged directly southward. A few hours quick marching brought the welcome sound of rushing water to the ears of the tired Indians, and the rapid stream of the Madawaska opened before them.

A shrill call from Coswenago, thrice repeated, brought some dusky figures to the opposite bank, who hurrying down to the river, launched a large canoe, made from the trunk of a tree—rough in shape, and old in appearance, its sides covered with moss, being apparently long in use as a means of portage for the numerous hunters who crossed the country in that direction—and poled it across. As its prow grounded on the sunken rocks, they sprang out with a loud cheer, and greeted their companions. Coswenago made a motion for silence, that was instantly obeyed, and taking the Pale Lily in his arms, bore her to the canoe, and sat her down on a seat of rushes. The Indians jumped in, the poles were applied to the rocks, and the heavy vessel swinging round with the current, was brought again to its position by the vigorous efforts of those on the leeward side.

The grassy bank of the Madawaska was now lined with nearly forty warriors, and Coswenago laughed at pursuit. Surrounded by this new force, which he had stationed there to await his return, he recapitulated to them the events that had befallen him since his departure—and his discovery of the remnant of the Erie tribe—which announcement was received with evident surprise, and they all turned their eyes on the Pale Lily, who had set herself down apart from the party—sadly gazing across the river. The stalwart forms of the Iroquois gathered round, eyeing exultingly her forlorn condition. Her face which she had concealed in the folds of her mantle, when she perceived the eyes of the Indians turned towards her, was now exposed by the hand of one of them, who stepped forward and drew the covering from her head. Her eyes flashed with anger at this treatment, and she looked haughtily round upon the now admiring throng.

who expressed their sense of her beauty in muttered ejaculations; and with some feeling of respect they all, with one accord, retired—leaving her alone to her own sad meditations. A temporary tent was erected for her by Coswenago, built of freshly peeled bark, stretched on rafters and forming an angle that was sufficient for the purpose of keeping off the heavy dews of night. A large fire was kindled a short distance from the river, behind the trees, a deer recently killed cut up, and each individual seizing a portion, roasted it to his liking; and as the embers of the fire began to glow faintly in the moonlight, they one by one sunk to repose.

When the sun began to tinge the clouds in the eastern horizon with a reddish hue, the Iroquois again took up their line of march, and in a few hours had left the Madawaska far behind them. As dusky twilight again appeared, they came upon the shore of one of those small lakes, so plentifully scattered over the country between the Ottawa and Lake Ontario. They there camped for the night, and three or four Indians spread themselves along the lake in search of game, from whence they shortly returned laden with a supply sufficient to make a hearty supper for the whole party. Sentries were posted, and outlying scouts glided among the trees round the camp, to give warning of the approach of enemies.—The night passed away, however, without disturbing the sleepers, and the morning sun saw them gaily skimming over the water in several canoes. Numerous gulls circled round them, and flocks of black ducks sped away—alarmed by the approach of these unfrequent visitors—and hid themselves in the marshy margin of the lake.

CHAPTER X.

Around the extinguished fire, which the Iroquois had not fifteen minutes left, were gathered thirty new comers, armed and fully equiped for the warpath, watching the retreating canoes.

"We have come up with them at last," said Pierre eagerly. "See the fools how careless and easy they seem—as if an Irinka or an Erie were not on their trail. Aye, and see, in the foremost canoe is the Pale Lily, with her little straw hat and ribbons fluttering in the breeze, seated near that Iroquoi chief. Sacre," continued Pierre, speaking his own language, as his resentment got the better of his judgment, "if I do not try my rifle at this distance," and he raised his weapon—irresolute whether to fire or not, when Manhitti struck down his arm.

"Be not rash," said he; "Keenwau-ishkoda is but a young warrior, and not yet up to the ways of the Senecas. Trust to the judgment of an Erie, who is superior to all their cunning. You will perceive that if the Iroquois take alarm, a few strokes of their paddles will send them beyond the reach of our fire; they would land further down on the opposite side of the lake, and strike a new trail. This piece of water is both wide and long; the Iroquois will keep in their canoes

until they reach the river below, where our rifles can hit them from either bank Let them fall into the trap."

Pierre readily acquiesced in the justness of the chief's observations; and as their enemies were now fast vanishing from view, it was necessary to decide quickly upon some plan of attack; and Manhitti summoned several of his followers, whose rank or experience entitled them to be admitted to the Council.

It was finally, in a few minutes resolved, that they should divide their force into two equal parties; and one, under the command of Pierre, cross the morass at the head of the lake, and, carefully concealing themselves, keep the Iroquois in sight by following them closely along the bank. The other party, under Manhitti, to take the opposite side, so that, no matter where the Iroquois might attempt to land, they would be exposed uncovered to a concealed fire. This resolution was no sooner adopted than put in execution; Pierre, with fifteen warriors, commenced crossing the marsh, and Manhitti, with the remainder of his warriors, followed the bend of the lake.

Pierre experienced no little difficulty in making his way through the swamp, which consisted, not of fallen trees, but of huge tall bulrushes, growing from a watery foundation, with here and there lumps of mossy earth, and accumulated matter, which served as stepping places for the party. When the firm land, after a considerable time, was at length gained, the Iroquois were far out of sight.—Pierre, fearful that they would attempt to land on his side of the lake in advance pressed rapidly on, followed by his equally resolute companions, whose bosoms beat with uncontrolable joy at the prospect of revenging themselves for the daring abduction of the beloved daughter of their chief. Pierre, no less excited from the same cause, kept his eye fixed on the broad expanse of water on his left in the hope of being the first to detect the enemy.

An hour or two might have elapsed, when he thought he saw several small specks vanishing round a distant headland which stretched out for nearly a mile into the lake in a direct line—the shore gradually receding on the opposite side to its former position. It was covered thickly with low cedars and knotty pines, consequently any object on the water beyond could not be seen from where Pierre then was. Without mentioning the circumstance to his companions, (whom if they had also noticed it, betrayed not their knowledge by speech or gesture,) rushed down a gentle declivity, that brought him to the water's edge, forming part of the headland already mentioned; and without following its devious windings, he took a straight line through the low cedars, across the promontory. He found it much wider than he had suspected, for it was after an hour's good marching before he again saw the deep blue water sparkling in the sunbeams. When, however the abrupt shore of the main land sheltered his party, the same indistinct spots on the lake far in advance, attracted the attention of the Indians, who shading their eyes with their hands, unanimously pronounced the name 'Iroquois.' The Irinkas now hastened their march to overtake them, which, however, they found no very easy task, for the Iroquois plying their paddles skilfully, moved their vessels swiftly down the lake; and it was not till the sun sp-

peared low in the horizon, that the the pursuers succeeded in coming up abreast of the chase.

The Iroquois had five canoes, and though they were full half a mile from the shore, Pierre detected in the foremost one the small straw hat worn by the Pale Lily, and the ribbons attached thereto fluttering in the breeze. Coswenago he thought he could distinguish by the size of his person and the equipments of his dress. The Indians silently attracted each other's attention to the person of the former and then to the latter, while they significantly handled their rifles.

We must now describe more particularly that part of the country into which both the Eries and Iroquois were entering—the one party intent on revenge, and the other exulting in fancied security with the successful possession of the Pale Lily. The peice of water on which Coswenago intrusted himself, was of a considerable size—forming one of those chain of lakes and rapids running southwesterly from the Ottawa, and connecting themselves by streams and marshes with lake Simcoe. The shores of the Lake, in question, gradually contracted from east to west, and taking an abrupt bend formed a narrow deep channel, through which the constrained water rushed, tumbled and foamed, as if impatient at the thraldom that it for a moment endured. Moving onward for about half a mile, it threw itself over a ledge of rocks ten feet perpendicular. After a short distance beyond the land receded on either side, and the rapid freely expanding itself, formed another portion of water, known as lake Pottawattamis. The banks of the rapids were more steep and rocky than those of the lake, and several heights further south shewed their tops against the horizon, on which the declining sun lingered and tinged with a reddish hue. Some again advanced nearer to the eye, their summits exhibiting a light brown, whilst those parts near the base were thrown into deep shade. Forests of pines and cedars stretched away toward them, interrupted here and there by divisions of the leafy maple and beech. The silence of the wilderness was broken only by the gentle sighing of the breeze among the trees, and the noise of water rushing over a rocky bed, and foaming into pools and edies. A small island lay not far from the mouth of these rapids, mid way from the land, and which served to divide the extremity of the lake into two narrow channels, which united themselves at the commencement of the stream below.

The Iroquois had now approached within half-a mile of this Island, where they began to, viewing with suspicious glances the contracting shores of the lake. They were already within rifle shot of the party under Pierre—having diverged more to his side than the other; and who giving a look to the priming of his rifle directed his followers to do the same; they, however, had anticipated him in that precaution, and all lay crouching behind the juniper bushes that thickly grew along the edge of the bank—noting every look and gesture of their enemies, who were evidently deliberating whether to venture farther into the stream, where they might be surprised by an ambuscade, without the means of retreating or advancing under considerable loss. An Iroquoi, in appearance of some authority, was, by his gestures, apparently arguing the danger of such a movement; and another, as though assenting to the truth of his comrade's arguments, seemed

to doubt at the same time, the possibility of meeting an enemy in that part of the wilderness, with the exception of the Eries, who could not have possibly got in their advance. Coswenago's habitual cunning caused him to reflect before putting himself into what he knew was rather a dangerous position, though he felt fully convinced that the enemy he most had to dread, could not yet have reached the Madawaska. But he miscalculated the ancient vigor of that race whom he and his allies had overthrown; he remembered not that any number of Eries were far superior to the same number of Iroquois, either on the trail, in the chase, or in the fight. Being anxious to place himself on the wide water beyond, which he could effectually do by running his canoes through the rapids above the falls, from whence he would have but a small portage to the smooth lake ahead, he sided with the last speaker and propelled his own vessel in advance. The others who had gathered round on either side moved swiftly after him; and Pierre, observing this movement, quitted his position and beckoned for the Indians to follow him. They carefully prevented so much as even the crackling of a branch, or the rustling of a leaf, that might betray their position to their enemies. Pierre having found a secure cover, not more than two hundred yards above the Island, waited, with a throbbing heart, the arrival of the Iroquois, who were coming swiftly down, keeping the centre of the stream, and when nearly abreast of the Eries, the hoarse cry of a hawk rose from the opposite shore. This was the signal Manhitti agreed to give for Pierre to fire; but just as the word of command to do so was upon his lips, another cry of the same nature arrested its utterence, and the Indians pointed to a hawk soaring over the stream, sending forth its discordant notes in succession. Pierre felt irrissolute whether to attribute the first call to the animal, or to Manhitti. He thought, however, he could distinguish a difference between the cries now being repeated and the first; and as the enemy was now fairly abreast of him, determined to deliver his fire, at all events—trusting that the Irinka chief had been as active as himself in overtaking the Iroquois. Cautioning his party to hold sacred the canoe that conveyed the Pale Lily, though even Coswenago himself was in it, he gave the word to fire, and instantly a sheet of flame streamed through the bushes, and the simultaneous report of fifteen rifles, scattered death to half that number of Iroquois, who dropped from their canoes into the water. At the same time the shrill war-whoop of the Eries rung in the ears of their terrified enemies, who, however, recovering in an instant from their sudden panic, sent back a howl of defiance, and discharging their rifles into the ambushment, a volley of bullets whistled round the heads of the Eries—close enough to make them involuntarily shrink to the ground—the random shots producing, though, no fatal effect. Coswenago's countenance knit with desperate passion as he surveyed his diminished band, and he turned the prow of his canoe to the opposite shore,—urging it swiftly with powerful strokes of his paddle. The Pale Lily, (to whom he owed his life on this occasion, as the unerring aim of his enemies would have terminated it, were it not that, perhaps, her own life might have been the sacrifice,) looked eagerly round for the presence of her friends, but meeting the fierce looks of her captors, she covered her face in her mantle and sank again to the bottom of the canoe. Another yell

rang piercingly across the river, as the Iroquois were met by the fire of the Eries, which was delivered with fatal precision, and returned imperfectly by Coswenago; for Manhitti had so well concealed his party, that not a limb was exposed to the furious gaze of their enemies, who turned again, confused and terrified.—fixing their eyes on their leader—who standing erect in his canoe, motioned them to make for the Island, from which they lay not more than two hundred yards.—The frightened Iroquois immediately put their canoes before the stream, down which they glided rapidly—Coswenago's alone retaining its position.—Pierre was preparing to greet the fugitives with the contents of his reloaded rifle, when the weapon suddenly dropped from his hand, and his countenance worked with intense anxiety.

A few words will suffice to explain the cause. Coswenago saw at a glance his true position, and his experience told him it would be futile to force a land ing, exposed uncovered to the effects of two fires. The Island was before him, which offered him the means of shelter, and to gain it unscathed, he determined to avail himself of the person of the Pale Lily. Seizing her round the waist with his left arm, with his right he drew a long knife from its sheath, and struck off the straw hat that confined her luxuriant hair, which fell curling to her shoulders, and poising his knife at her bosom, he sent round a fierce significant glance, and a low bitter laugh floated to the ears of her father and lover. The girl endeavored for an instant to free herself, but the arm round her waist tightened with the strength of a giant's, and the fierce gaze of her captor grew yet darker as he seemed to dare the fire of his enemies. His threatening gestures were fully understood by the Eries, who aware that the discharge of another rifle might bring death to the maiden, waited the commands of their respective leaders. As it was [illegible] silence on the part of Manhitti, and the Iroquoi Chief was suffered to float down to his warriors uninterrupted, who deliberately hauled up their canoes to the flat rocks above the water, and then leisurely took the shelter of the trees. Again the warwhoop of the Eries awoke the echoes of the wilderness,—their pent up feelings finding vent in this cry of defiance and scorn.

Pierre was surprised at the wild and ferocious excitement of his companions, for this was the first time he had seen them on the war-path, and he knew not that Indian changes a savage nature, accustomed to scenes of violence and blood, are liable to. An indian when engaged in peaceful occupations near his own wigwam, in his own village—surrounded, perhaps by the smiles of his family—is a totally different being, when assuming the paint, and dress of war, he devotes himself entirely to the impulses of his untameable nature. The greater contrast could have been expected, from (more than usually to be found in their class, generally,) their courteous bearing and easy disposition, such a display of wild and tumultuous feelings.

As the shades of evening deepened, Pierre drew his party further down the bank, so as to command a better view of the Island. He was fearful that the Iroquois would take advantage of the darkness to attempt an escape before the rising

of the moon, which would not appear till near midnight. He could barely discern the extreme points of the Island, though its centre rose darkly from the water; but he found the sight of his allies better and more practised than his own, tho' he thought he had good reason to boast of his clearness of vision. They declared they could perceive the outline of the canoes, yet remaining where they had been placed, and Pierre, after a short time, managed to perceive them, also, when pointed out to him, though he would have taken them for portions of the rock on which they were resting, had he not been informed to the contrary. He scattered his men along the bank, so as to command an extended view of the island from one point to the other, that in case the Iroquois attempting to escape on his side of the river, they could not do so unobserved. That Manhitti was equally on the alert he felt fully assured; and as minutes and hours passed away in tedious silence, he grew impatient of his state of inactivity; and to occupy his mind, he began to consider the best means to adopt to rescue the fair object of his affections.

All seemed quiet on the Island, and a voyager or hunter who might have strayed to the spot, would have little imagined ought else than the beasts of the forest were concealed in its dark recesses. The breeze had died away and nought was heard but the gurgling of the stream, and the occasional plunge of a muskrat from his retreat.

Manhitti had, with little difference, posted his men in the same manner as Pierre, and he, too, was impatient of some movement on the part of the Iroquois which might bring him into speedy action. He was considering whether the best plan would be, to join his forces, and screened by the darkness, make an immediate attack upon them, or to maintain his present position, and starve his enemies into some reckless attempt to leave their retreat, which could by no means afford subsistence in the shape of game, to a score or two of hungry men. He called three of his principle warriors to his side, and consulted their opinion on the matter.

As one of the Eries was giving his advice on the question, he suddenly drew himself apart and made a motion for silence—placing himself at the same time in a listening attitude. A low and almost indistinct rustling of the decayed leaves on the ground, indicated the approach of some visitor—whether an enemy or a friend of course could not be determined. The Erie threw himself on the ground and crept away among the trees towards the intruder—every now and then stopping to listen to the cautious movements of the other party.

Soon after, the noise a scuffle caused Manhitti and his companions to start to their feet. It was shortly terminated, however, and the Erie who had left them returned, holding by the arm another individual, whom he placed before the Chief. There was sufficient light along the open bank of the lake to distinguish the prisoner's paint and dress, which at once proclaimed him to be an Iroquois.—He stood with folded arms, passive and humble before Manhitti, who addressed him:—

"Thy Chief might have sent an older and more experienced warrior to spy among the Irinkas." Manhitti still wished to appear to his enemies under that name. "Art thou on thy first war-path that thou art caught like a fox; or does a Seneca appear like a dog before his enemies?"

"I am no Seneca." said the man, proudly.

"What means this paint, then?" enquired Manhitti, sternly.

"It can be washed off," the prisoner quietly replied.

"Why was it put on? Who wears the paint of the Iroquois but the Five Nations?"

"Why is Tuscorora called Manhitti? why do the Eries hide under the name of Irinka?"

Manhitti looked at him fixedly for a moment before he answered. He thought the secret of his race locked in the bosoms of his own people, and in that of his young friend Pierre; he forgot that in the excitement of the fight, his warriors had pealed forth the ancient cry of their nation, which would have proclaimed them to their enemies, even were they not already aware that an Irinka and an Erie were the same.

"Wherefore shouldst thou think Tuscaroro lives in Manhitti? Was not the young chief of the Eries killed in the last battle with the Five Nations; and how knowest thou the Eries yet exist?"

"The wolf is known when not seen by his cry; the roar of the buffalo tells afar off on the prairie. Coswenago knows Manhitti; he knows the Pale Fawn as the daughter of Tuscarora." A visible start pervaded the assembled Iroquois, and the man looking full in the face of the chief, continued: "O! Tuscarora, great Chief of a once mighty people, many summers have passed since thy departure from the valley of the Ohio for the far Missouri. Behold this scalp—it is a Seneca's, yet is *Owasco* no Seneca, nor an Onondago, nor a Cayuga, his birth was in the lodge of an Erie; the blood of that people runs in his veins. Though he has eaten of the bread of the Iroquois, he has received blows—Owasco is an Erie still." As he finished speaking he dropped on his knee before Manhitti, (whom as the reader has known thus far by that name, we shall still so call him)

The Chief raised him up, looking close in his face with surprise and some suspicion. After pausing a short time, he said:

"How is this? many summers have passed since the last battle that was fought in the valley of the Ohio—so many rest not on thy head. Go, this but a shallow trick for an Iroquoi."

Owasco raised himself up, and replied:—"My hands were very weak, and my eyes were very dim, when the Eries for the second time turned their backs upon their enemies. I was left in the village with a few old men, whose scalps hang now in the lodge of Coswenago; mine was left to grow. Owasco has not

come here merely to tell you this; he will bring the Pale Lily to her father, and Tuscarora will then say I speak not with a forked tongue."

After a short consultation with one of his men, Manhitti answered:—"Thou hast the bearing of an Erie, and if thou art faithful still to thy race, and place the maiden again in the arms of the old chief, thou shalt receive the thanks of the tribe; they will admit thee to their fires with pleasure. Go."

The man bowed his head in token of assent, and turning on his heel, he slid down the bank into the river and struck out toward the island.

An hour or two might have elapsed, during which Manhitti began to distrust the faith of his new ally; but did not disclose his suspicions to his people, though much afraid some trick of the Iroquois was to be the result.

Meanwhile Owasco had gained in safety that part of the Island which was apportioned him to guard, and taking his rifle from the ground on which he had thrown it, previous to his silent passage across the river, he began stealthily to approach the thicket in which the Pale Lily was concealed. The thick foliage of the trees effectually excluded any light the stars might have given; all his energies were, therefore, concentrated in the one effort of proceeding with perfect silence, and avoiding the slightest rustling of the branches which might direct some of his late companions to the spot, and excite their suspicion. He succeeded in gaining, unperceived and unsuspected, a small grassy plot, surrounding an isolated rock of immense size, and near which the Pale Lily was bound. He advanced cautiously to the spot, and groping round it, unexpectedly put his hand on the delicate foot of the sleeping girl, who drew it back with a quick motion; but her regular inspirations that gently broke the silence of the place, convinced the Indian he had not awakened her. He now took a careful survey of the spot for several yards round, to assure himself that Coswenago nor any of the Iroquois were within hearing distance—forgetting to examine the top of the rock, however, where he might have found other listeners than what he apprehended. Having satisfied himself, as far as his survey went, that the coast was clear, he shook the girl gently by the shoulder.

"Waubishk-naung, awake," he whispered in her ear.

Half unconscious, as she partly awoke from the deep sleep into which the fatigue of the preceding days had beguiled her, she murmured the name of her lover. What was the astonishment of Owasco and the Pale Lily, too, when a voice answered, softly, directly above them—

"Keenwaw-ishkoda is here, sweet girl, never more to leave thee."

At the same time a form sprang lightly from the rock, and clasped her in its arms. A half suppressed cry of joyful surprise escaped from the girl as she returned the caress; but instantly changing her manner, she rapidly whispered:—

"Oh, stay not here; the Iroquois are prowling like wolves round this place.—Fly; remain no longer."

"So I shall, answered Pierre, "and with the help of our good friend here, thou

wilt also leave this place before many minutes pass away."

While speaking another form rose from a cleft in the rock, and dropping on its knee before the Pale Lily, respectfully raised her hand to its head—a simple token of allegiance to the daughter of the Erie Chief. As the indian rose to his feet, another supplied his place and went through the same ceremony. The composure of the Erie was fairly overcome, and he gave utterance to his surprise in a brief exclamation. Pierre thinking that the intruder was another of his companions who had followed them, remained inactive, endeavoring to scan the outline of his figure as well as the darkness would permit. The Erie recovering his self possession, made a step forward, and placing his hand on the shoulder of Owasco who remained in his kneeling position, pressed him heavily to the ground, and sliding the other hand, which grasped a knife, over his prisoner's mouth, hoarsely asked:

"Whom have we here—an Iroquoi?"

Owasco, who remained passive in the hands of the Erie, replied: "The panther is not quiet when the hunters are upon him. I am of thy race. Tuscarora sent me to bring away Waubishk-naung."

"How know I that thou sayest is the truth?"

"Have I not spoken. Are the hounds quiet when a stranger enters the village? Hist! I hear the step of Coswenago."

The two Indians listened for a few moments, and the Erie releasing his hold of Owasco, glided back to his former hiding place. Pierre whispering to the Pale Lily to feign sleep, also mounted to the top of the rock. Shortly after the rustling leaves announced the approach of some intruder, and a tall form emerged from the trees close upon the Pale Lily. Stooping to ascertain she was still in that position he leaned on his rifle, listening to the audible breathing of his prisoner, who was feigning sleep as well as her terror would permit. He then moved slowly round the rock, and unfortunately or fortunately, stumbled over the prostrate body of Owasco—falling forward on his face, close by where the Erie was stationed, who quick as thought sprang upon the prostrate Chief, dealing him a heavy blow on the head, which for a moment rendered him insensible, and instantly pressing the hilt of his knife down his throat, stifled just in time an alarm that would have summoned a band of Iroquois to the spot. Pierre lost no time in disarming his companion, and, with the assistance of Owasco, Coswenago was, after a brief struggle, bound hand and foot. The Erie picked up the Chief's tomahawk, and raised his arm to strike a death-blow, when the weapon was suddenly wrested from his grasp, and Owasco flung it among the trees.

"I have eaten of his bread," said he, pointing to Coswenago; he saved my life once. Owasco does not forget a benefit, though he can well remember an injury. I will not see him die, but, in fair and open fight."

Pierre participating in the young man's generous principle, shook him warmly by the hand. The Erie shrugging up his shoulders, contented himself with

a disdainful gesture, and with running his knife up to the hilt in the sod by his side, which he knew would effectually gall the spirit of Coswenago, by signifying that he owed his life to the clemency of his enemies. A brief consultation was now held to adopt the safest and easiest method of conveying the Pale Lily from the Island, without discovering themselves to the Iroquois. A plan was soon decided on, and no time was lost in putting it into execution. Owasco who had made his way to the canoes, returned saying that Coswenago trusting to his own promises to guard that part of the island, had scattered his men along its shore, though one or two remained in rather close approximity to them—the way to the point, however, being uninterrupted by sentries. Accordingly the Pale Lily was released from the light withes that bound her limbs, and in the arms of her lover, was borne to the place of embarkation, where he put her down to assist Owasco in launching the canoes; but just as he had released himself of his burden, a piercing yell of rage, apprehension and alarm, rung wildly behind him, and a dark form dashed among the party—aiming a blow at Pierre with its heavy tomahawk, who avoided the weapon by a quick bend of his body, and succeeded in grappling with his adversary. Pierre possessed no inconsiderable share of strength and activity, but he found his enemy fully his match in all the art of wrestling; happening to stumble among the uneven ground, he was thrown violently on his back, though still keeping a firm hold of the arms of the Iroquois who made several convulsive efforts to release himself. His strenuous attempts at a sudden ceased; his muscles relaxed; his head fell forward, and Pierre felt the warm blood fall like rain upon his face. He threw aside the now motionless body, and sprung to his feet. The Erie was standing over him with the tomahawk of the Iroquoi in his hand, and Pierre thanking him for his timely help jumped into one of the canoes, in which Owasco and the Pale Lily were already seated; and he looked round for his companion, who had unaccountably disappeared. Owasco guessing the cause of the delay, pointed to a dark mass on the water, moving round the rocks at the point. It was a cluster of the remaining canoes, which the Erie had, with great foresight, (notwithstanding the eminent danger of the moment,) succeeded in collecting together, among which he concealed himself—gradually edging off from the Island. All this occurred in far less time than it has taken to explain it. The united efforts of Owasco and Pierre were now driving their light vessel fast across the current towards the mainland, where Manhitti was stationed. Rifle reports echoed in quick succession from the opposite side of the Island, which, as Pierre rightly conjectured were directed against the Erie in the other channel. But soon they were, themselves discovered, and the bright flashing of several angry rifles streamed like forked lightening through the dark atmosphere, and the leaden missiles hissed about their ears.

"Down, Pale Lily, down in the canoe." Pierre earnestly whispered, and obedient to the voice of her lover, she sank below the thwarts of the vessel. Owasco who was seated at the stern, made a pass with his paddle to the right, and instantly swerving from their course, they went down with the stream.

"What means this," said Pierre angrily; "we do not increase our distance from our enemies."

"The white-man speaks the truth," answered Owasco; "but it is very dark and the Iroquois fire as if they had their eyes shut. Their ears are now open for the sound of our paddles; they will have to find a new range."

And such, indeed, was the case; the bullets whistled past far on their left, and though a few rifles flashed below them, it was evident, from their mode of firing, they had lost sight of the canoe. Owasco now put silently about, and with easy strokes, propelled his vessel again across the current. Pierre was beginning to congratulate himself on the successful termination of his adventure, when the darkness was suddenly dispelled, and a blazing arrow rushed nearly over their heads, lighting up the water round them with a glare that made them visible to those on either shore. A deafening yell of triumph and rage burst from the Iroquois, and rifles flashed from every part of the island. Owasco sprang convulsively upright; he endeavored to send back a cry of defiance, but his voice died away in a feeble murmur, and he turned his eyes, that were now covered with the glassy stare of death, on Pierre, and said:

"Tell Tuscarora that Owasco dies an Erie; tell him that——

Before he could finish the sentence, he lost his balance—falling with a heavy plunge into the river, and was swept away in a moment beyond Pierre's assistance, who though startled at the fate of his companion, put the canoe again before the current, to get out of the range of the Iroquois, then quartering the stream, reached the mainland in safety. Manhitti received them on the bank, and pressed his rescued daughter in his arms, with an affectionate caress, whilst she, affectionately, laughed and stroked his face with childish fondness. He did not long indulge, however, in this parental display of affection; he resumed his former gravity, and turned an enquiring look upon Pierre, as well as did the rest of the Eries. The young Frenchman thereupon explained;—that growing impatient at the protracted silence of the night, and uneasy at what might be the fate of the Pale Lily if left much longer in the hands of her enemies, he determined upon making an immediate attempt for her recapture. Accordingly he imparted his scheme to one of the Eries, who gladly consented to accompany him. Divesting themselves, therefore, of all their weapons except their knives, they entered the river, and swam to a drifting log, behind which, they suffered themselves to float down with the current. When within forty yards of the island, they set the piece of wood adrift, and diving at the same time beneath the water, rose close to the shore, where they remained concealed for a short time. From thence they made their way undiscovered, into the woods—passing the Iroquoi sentinels—succeeded, though quite accidentally, in reaching the spot where the Pale Lily was sleeping, who was unexpectedly discovered to them in the manner already described. The rest of the particulars, the reader is already acquainted with, and Pierre when finishing his relation, failed not to pay a just tribute of praise to the bravery of Owasco, whose death was witnessed with sincere regret

by the Eries.

Having succeeded in chastising their enemies, and rescuing the Pale Lily the main object of their expedition—Manhitti proposed to decamp before the break of day, and make their way with as much speed as they could to the Ottawa. This proposition however, was received with dissatisfaction by the younger portion of the band, who were eager to keep on the trail of their enemies; but Manhitti was prudent as he was brave, and for the sake of his daughter, who could ill bear the fatigue and privations of a warpath, was resolute on returning to his own village without delay. Preparations were, therefore, made for their departure, and one of the warriors was sent off in the canoe to summon the others on the opposite shore to attend, who soon returned towing, in triumph, the remainder of the captured vessels—two of which were reserved for their own use and the rest destroyed.

Manhitti who was perfectly conversant with the surrounding country, deemed it best to return by another route than that which they had come, which would not only offer easier means for conveyance, but probably elude the Iroquois, who would, when their departure was ascertained, keep outlying on their trail, to seize a favorable moment for retaliation. Pierre with his usual gallantry, wrapped the Pale Lily in a mantle of soft skins, and lifted her into one of the canoes, which was hoisted on the shoulders of six stout Eries. Arranging themselves in single file, the party silently decamped—following the bend of the lake, and the rising sun found them again round the extinguished fire at the marsh. From thence they diverged south easterly,—taking a new path through the wilderness. Manhitti left at the lake six of his most prudent and experienced warriors, to watch the movements of their enemies.

Night closed round them, and still an interminible tract of trees seemed to stretch away without end. On the evening of the third day since the recapture of the Pale Lily, they camped on the shore of one of those numerous lakes connected with the Madawaska river. Here they erected a temporary hut for the maiden, and venturing to light a small fire, cooked some dried venison and bear flesh on the hot coals.

"Coswenago will feel like a wounded wolf," said Pierre, after finishing a supper that might have satisfied a giant, and which was devoured with a rapidity only to be effected by extreme hunger. "Coswenago will feel like a wounded wolf; we must be on the look out for his bite."

"We have not seen the last of him," rejoined Manhitti seriously; "he like found himself on the wrong trail at the Madawaska, and then turned on his he to his own village. But our home will be a peaceful one no more; the Seneca will again assemble to sweep us off the face of the earth; the name of Erie gall to them; but we shall not again turn like deer before the hunters. By our own fires we shall meet them, and if the Great spirit wills it, every Erie shall with his face to his enemy. But for Waubishk-naung, who is as a tender which needs support," and his voice grew tremulous as her name passed

lips, "I could resign my place among the living without regret."

"Trust to the honor of him you have named Broad Rifle, though he is a Pale face; trust to the honor of a Frenchman, who, whatever befals thyself or thy people, will be a friend and protector to the Pale Lily. Thou knowest thy enemies are also mine; with thy people I remain; with them I go on the war-path, or the chase."

The Chief grasped the young man's hand fervently. "Thou hast spoken well," said he. "If thou hast won the regard of the maiden, she shall sing in thy tent. She has been the joy of my old age; when the hours grew heavy, she would lighten them. Thou must protect her from the Winter's cold, from the sun's heat, and from her enemies. She is a delicate flower for the wilderness, and if the Senecas prevail, thou mayest find a new home for her among thy country men."

The Chief had probably a presentment of approaching calamity to himself and his people; that in such an event, he wished to secure the happiness and safety of his daughter by uniting her to the man she loved, who could, if necessary, procure her a home in another land where she would be safe against the malice of her persecutors.

This was the first time he had broached the subject since the day Pierre had made known to him his love for his daughter. He had tried the faith of his young friend as he wished before consigning to his care so precious a jewel.

The Eries reposed till the rising moon began to throw its silver rays over the sheet of water, on which they launched the canoes—laying their rifles, along the thwarts, ready for immediate action—and most of them embarking, swiftly glided from the shore—the eddying water in their wake sparkling in the moon-beams. Those who were left behind divided their party, and followed the bend of the shore on either shore, for though pretty well convinced no danger was to be apprehended from the Iroquois, they were too cautious to leave themselves exposed to an attack from any enemy who might be disposed to take advantage of a secure harbor to fire upon the canoes. The Pale Lily was seated on a cushion of soft skins, arranged by Pierre, who stationed himself directly behind her—guiding the vessel with ease by slowly shifting his paddle—eagerly listening to her recital of her capture, and the incidents of her forced journey. Pierre gave utterance to his indignation by various abusive epithets upon Coswenago; and the Pale Lily, now that she was once more under the protection of her friends, gave utterance to the fulness of her joy.

"Keenwaw-ishkoda will go no more on the war-path; he will remain with the Senkas, will he not?"

Yes, he remains with the Eries, and the Pale Lily; but when their enemies again show their faces, he will not remain behind."

"With the Eries! my father has then told thee we are of the [illegible]

"Aye, and more than that; he has told me to ask thee if thou [illegible]ove," said

Pierre, gently whispering in her ear.

The young girl laughed gaily for a moment, and then rather seriously replied "The Pale Lily loves everything—the flowers, the birds, the trees and the rivers, the sun, moon and stars, and——"

"And what else, pray," enquired Pierre, observing that she hesitated.

"Thou must know well I love *thee* very much," she answered with great simplicity.

"Yes, Keenwaw-ishkoda knows it now, were he even ignorant of it before," he laughingly replied; and pretending to drop his paddle, in the seeming effort to recover it, he brought his head close to the cheek of the blushing girl, and ravished a kiss from her coral lips.

The night was warm, and the air, undisturbed by the slightest breeze, rustled not a leaf in the forest. The moon now sailed aloft, uninterrupted by a single cloud, and threw its unbroken light over the expanding lake, which seemed to twist itself through the forest like a plate of silver—it lay so calm and still. Pines cedars [illegible] haracks covered each jutting promontory, while the tall maples and beech [illegible] grew along the shore, threw their shadows half way across the wa[illegible]ide, and every tree on the other lay exposed to the eye in the light of [illegible] It was a scene and night calculated to lull excited feelings to soft repose, and rouse the mind to calm and holy thoughts. There was something wild and lonely about the place, but that rather added to the charm of the picture. The Indians mechanically worked their paddles, though their eyes still continued to glance on every side. The two canoes drew together, and Manhitti whispered a few words to the Pale Lily.

"Would it be safe?" she replied to his observation.

"Yes, the Iroquois have turned to their own wigwams, and if any enemy sculk among the trees, our scouts will give us warning."

Whereupon, the voice of the maiden filled the air with its harmony, as she sang in a beautiful and plaintive strain the following lines which we have taken the liberty to put into verse:

Why do the stars appear only at night?
Why in daytime are they hid from the sight?
Brighter than shells, or the steel's fitful gleam,
Soft is their lustre, though dazzling they seem.

O! why doth the Moon not always appear?
Why doth she hide nearly half of the year?
Increasing her lustre as farther prest
Away from the place where the sunbeams rest.*

Why do the days in Spring lengthen apace?
O! why doth cold Winter shorten their race?
When frost as it nips the grass on the ground,
The Sun he grows larger, brighter and round.

* Alluding to the Moon's change from Quarter to Full.

Why doth't then take a short path through the sky?
That sooner he might in a warmer bed lie?
But he melts not the snow nor heats the air,
Though sometimes 't invites the beasts from their la[illegible]

Great Spirit listen, the red men would know,
And partake of secrets which white-men show:
'Tis said after death we ascend on high—
Where white and red-men shall roam through the sky.

The arches of the wilderness caught up her words and echoed them far and near, with the same spirit of enquiry in which they were sung, that had a striking effect on the minds of her listeners. Pierre, with admiration, had often heard heard her before, but never was he so enraptured, as at the present moment with the simple earnestness in which she sang. The Indians, who had rested on their paddles to listen, now resumed them, and bent again to their task.

The lake on which they had been moving for the last two or three hours, now seemed to terminate. Such was not the case, however, though young tamaracks and tall bulrushes threatened to preclude a farther advance, a narrow channel was left open among them, that seemed to twist in every direction, through which the canoes were guided with little difficulty. The flags and rushes lifted themselves on either side, high above the heads of the Eries. The air was close and heavy amid this rank and luxuriant vegitation, which appeared a fit habitation for the numerous cranes and geese, which there found a shelter. As the moon paled before the light of day, the channel began to unfold,—to lose its marshy appearance, and from a confined stream, it gradually spread out into an expansive lake, on which its numerous fish had reigned undisturbed by their greatest enemy, man, perhaps, for centuries. The sun now spread his slanting beams among the trees, and the hitherto silent forest answered to the signs of life;—the thrush raised his song with the sun, the kingfisher darted from his perch, the gulls spread their wings over the water, while the hoarse cry of the catbird, roused the yet slumbering fox.

Through several such pieces of water did the Eries wend their way, and as they approached more easterly, the country assumed a different appearance; the low shores of the lakes contracted, and rose into abrupt banks, between which the river rolled swiftly, bearing on its surface the light canoes of the Eries, who now in their paddles and suffered themselves to float down with the current—those seated at the stern, with a powerful arm, guiding their vessel clear of rocks and drift wood. Soon before their eyes spread a majestic river, compared to which, its tributary, on that the Eries were advancing, dwindled to a thread; and when the two waters mingled together beneath them, the Indians raised an exulting shout, and every arm strained itself anew at the paddles. Pierre recognised at a glance the friendly Ottawa; and he, too, sent forth his voice in a glad hurrah, and gazed with delight on its welcome waters. They had emerged upon the Ottawa from the mouth of the Madawaska, and were consequently north of the islands. It was not long, however, before the exertions of the Eries brought

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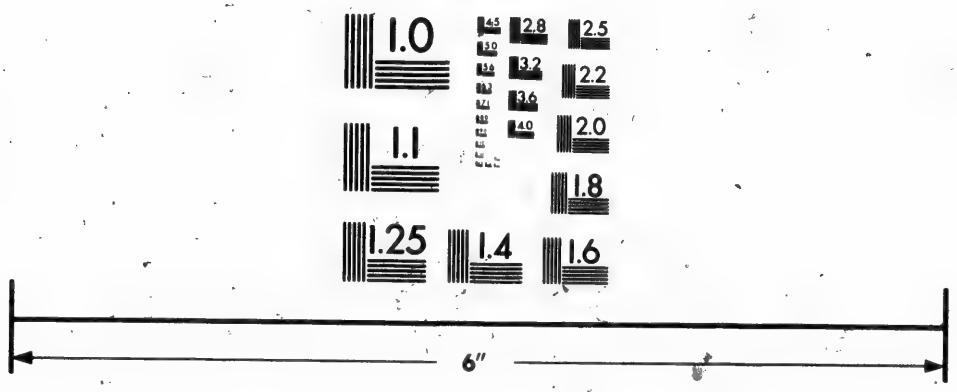

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them up between the two principal ones, and dropping their paddles they gave their signal cry. No answer came, nor did a face appear to welcome them.—Again did their voices echo shrilly from shore to shore, yet no cry of recognition reached their expectant ears; no smoke curled as usual over the trees; no children's voices laughed among the rocks. A presentment that some calamity had occurred to the villagers during their absence, overcame the mind of Pierre and his companions. Again their voices was raised and prolonged to a sad enquiring cadence, and this time it was answered by a single call. Looking in the direction from whence it came, a face was seen peering cautiously from behind a tree, and an Erie stepped forward on recognising his brethren, who beckoned for them to approach. The canoes rushed to the spot, and the Indians leaping out, gathered with enquiring looks round the individual in question, who stood, with folded arms, leaning against the tree—his eyes bent on the ground.

Speak," said Manhitti, sternly; "why are not the women at their tents?"

The Indian took his Chief by the arm, without replying, and led him to a more elevated piece of ground, where he pointed to the opposite Island, and there lay open to his straining gaze, the blackened ruins of the Erie village

INTRODUCTORY SCENE CONTINUED.

"It's getting dark—ah, the candles are going out, which, I suppose, must account for the fact. I think, Dick, you might have snuffed them, if only out of gratitude for the amusement I have been affording you; I say—pshaw! he's asleep. Well, well, let's look at the rest. Greenland—snoring, by Jupiter! Antiquity—he's gone. Squintum—drunk, I believe. Humph! this is their thanks; this is appreciating my genius. Let me see if they are to blame, by the by—Did I read to them for their amusement and instruction or my own? My own, I think, on consideration—for though, undoubtedly, the author, a manuscript always wants to be re-read for revision. Well, they shall hear the whole of it: but they might have appreciated my genius; let me see, though—authors are not very apt to praise one another. What's the time?—ah, it's pretty late, I must confess; to-morrow night they'll be fresher—ahem." [*exit, Charlie.*]

[*Second night.*]

"Here we are again assembled—a Literary Association. We are rather funny fellows take us altogether; perfectly honest chaps; never tell lies without giving fair warning. We take the world as we find it, and never grumble. Sometimes rather hard up for cash, but then we borrow and pay when convenient.—By the by, Dick owes me four and six pence. 'Twas hardly fair to ask me to lend it to him, knowing very well that I knew his peculiar peculiarities; but then, of course, I shall borrow from him at some future time, and it may be a trifle over the amount he owes me. So, Greenland, you're rather late this evening; you look as if you had been on a bender last night; there's a peculiar dulness about your eyes—a kind of glassy stare, that's not at all becoming. You may say it's hard study—I'll not believe it; you may say it's dyspepsia,—for that there's generally a cure. Take fifteen of Anti Bilious pills every night for one week, and it'll bring about a change; I wont say what kind of change, but you'll be different from what you are at present. I feel in the vein for moralizing this evening; somewhat metaphysical—not all descriptive. I think I could write an essay upon the Anatomy of the human frame—showing up the singular fact, that every bone is retained in its position by means of sinews, muscles, &c. The anatomy of the Eye, though, I think would be preferable; there's scope there for for the imagination to dilate. There's the cornea, that's sufficient of its self to

furnish matter for a chapter, and the several beams of light that centre at a common focus, their different colors seen through a prism, would form another—in fact, my readers would be just as wise at the end as the beginning, but at the same time think it extremely wonderful, and very well lectured. A medical friend of mine once told me that the *oss frontis* was situated in the fore part of the head, and the what-d'ye-call-um behind. It was a rather singular fact, he said, but that, no doubt, Providence had some wise end in view, when he designed the oss frontis should be where it is, and the what-d'ye-call-um where it is. But more of that anon. I want to ask Charlie a question:—did you read my 'Orphan Girl,' which Greenland gave you?"

"Orphan Girl?—ha, hum,—O, yes, this morning; very interesting, indeed She was thirteen years of age, I think; died before she got married. Yes, it does you a great deal of credit.

"I am glad to hear you say so, for you're a judge of these things, Charlie.—But you made a slight mistake as to her age; she was nineteen instead of thirteen, and didn't die at all, but married her sailor lover, with whom she lived very happily—a happiness that was enchanced by the vicissitudes she experienced in her early youth."

"Ahem,—just so; that was the idea I meant to convey. She was a very moral, innocent, character, but was seduced by a designing villain, when she was so suddenly left alone in the world, but under the care of a kind protector, she was saved from further disgrace."

"Slightly mistaken, again, Charlie; 'tis true she met with a kind be[redacted]ess but she never went astray from the paths of virtue."

"Yes, just so, that's what I meant, but you express it somewhat differently.—By the by, Squintum, how do you get on with your history?"

"I've done nothing more to it; I'm waiting for the denouement of your story, from which I intend to select the most striking passages concerning the Eries.—They will be a great addition to my compiliation."

"You're welcome to them, Squintum, I always like to encourage native talent, and you may depend upon the incidents as authentic."

"Authentic!—pshaw; Squintum, dont be such a fool as to believe him; Greenland might, but for a sensible man like you—tush!"

"Dick, I beg, once for all, to recollect I never write unless I have a sure foundation whereon to begin—some tangible truth. There is no extra flight of the imagination; no extra romancing; no orphan-girlism about it. Squintum knows that you are quizzing him."

"But, Charlie, recollect that I am writing a history, and I must be very careful in my selections, especially as my conscience is of that peculiar sensitiveness, that a single paragraph one iota astray from the truth, would ruin my peace of mind forever."

"We're aware of that, Squintum, we're aware of that, and sincerely sympa-

thize with what is much to be regretted—namely, what you so much deplore."

"But, Charlie, was that part of the story, where Shanintsoronwe kills three of his own men because they were vanquished by the Senecas, not rather over drawn?"

"Overdrawn!—not sufficiently graphical, you mean. The circumstance is historical; I can show you my authority; Antiquity will tell you so—he knows all about it. Here, Dick, stir yourself; bring on the glasses; make yourself miserable, and I will read you some more of this interesting manuscript."

"What! another Indian story?"

"No, it's the same; I haven't got half through yet."

"O! I thought it was all finished. Itstrikes me, though, you might have let that interesting young Frenchman live a little longer; he died rather premature."

"It strikes me, Dick, that you know very little about it; if you had that regard for decency, which one would suppose you possessed of, you would never expose your ignorance by talking of that you do not understand. That interesting young Frenchman is not dead yet, so he could not die rather premature, as your foolish fancy suggests."

"You're rather hasty Charles; if you had given me time I would have explained—hem, ahem; th—the story is——"

"Comical, I suppose; I admire your penetration."

"Quite comical, Charlie; I think in that line you excel. It's quite laughable where Coswenago dances a hornpipe to a French air, that is whistled, with variations, by Pierre."

"You must be thinking of some of your own characters, Dick; I dont think Coswenago ever danced a hornpipe in his life; you're slightly mistaken with regard to his accomplishments. His disposition was grave and stern, which was the idea you meant to convey, I suppose?"

"Just so. I was going on to say that it *would* have been quite laughable, if he had undertaken to dance a lively fandango—he being of such a moody and dignified disposition, the contrast would have been so remarkable."

"Gentlemen, fill your glasses—Charlie's going to begin."

"You're right, Greenland; that was a sensible remark. Always speak sensibly, and you will not fail to impress your hearers with the fact. Always speak not only sensibly, but to the point. Enter into your subject at once; go right into the pith of it; never falter, but be clear, concise and brief. 'Fill your glasses —Charlie's going to begin,' embodies all my observations—nothing could be better expressed, and I may say——"

"That it's time to hold your tongue; Squintum want's to speak."

"I think, gentlemen, that the tale, so far, has been very interesting, and for my part, I was perfectly delighted with the peculiar traits of Indian character so

charmingly exhibited. I dare say Charlie has some graphical incidents yet to relate which will be highly interesting to us all. As the tale is one of Canada, and the incidents, principally connected with its scenery, it must naturally excite our sympathy and curiosity. Canada in 1756 had a French population of, I think, 300,000, settled for the most part, about Quebec, Trois Rivers, and Montreal—with a few trading places along the lake frontier; but the back country remained entirely unbroken, and in possession of wandering tribes of Indians. It is a most astonishing fact, when one comes to think of it, how the country has increased in population, wealth, settlements, and public improvements since its conquest by the British—an event of scarcely one hundred years ago. Though the French were the first to colonize the shores of the St. Lawrence, and possessed the country for more than 150 years, under their sway it remained almost in a state of barbarism; but no sooner did the Anglo Saxon race begin to wield their axes in its forests, than it awoke at once to life, energy and improvement—showing at once their superiority over its former proprietors, and the superior efficiency of a British Government."

"There, that'll do Squintum; we perfectly coincide with your opinions on that subject, but never tell us of that which is generally known; it looks as if you were not better informed than most people, or rather, not knowing as much,—for where you expect to lighten their ignorance, you sometimes expose your own."

"Nevertheless be that as it may, Dick, who is a poor historian, who knows nothing of what has occurred or is about to occur, who, in fact relies solely upon his own fruitful immagination, might not be averse to hear something about the country he lives in."

"Squintum, I always thought you a conceited ass, and am not at all surprised that you now and then prove yourself one. Charlie wants to begin, I see, so I'll say no more at present."

CHAPTER XI.

Let us now take a peep at Montreal, and introduce the reader at once to what is there taking place. In one of the largest rooms of the barracks, were seated round a table covered with green baize, the Governor and several of the principle officers of the garrison, while a few others stood apart, conversing in groups with grave and serious faces, when the voice of the former instantly stilled the low whispers.

"Lieutenant Lefevre step forward."

The young man addressed advanced to the foot of the table and bowed haughtily.

"Information has been laid before me that you have been, in conjunction with your comrade, Pierre, corresponding with the enemies of France. You have been cited to appear at this board to answer such questions as shall be put to you, relating to this affair, well and truly; at the same time you are at liberty to bring forward witnesses in your behalf, whose testimony shall be taken into consideration with impartiality and justice; and if it is in your power to disprove what has been laid to your charge, you shall be afforded every chance of so doing.—I must at the same time remark that I am sorry any officer, under my charge, should have so conducted himself as to require an investigation of this kind, and that it is my"——

"Let me interrupt your Excellency. As I deny having so conducted myself:—as I deny having conducted myself otherwise than as became an officer in the service of France, let your remarks on my conduct be delayed until it has been proved I have deserved them."

The Governor reddened with anger, and called hastily for Lieutenant Lecoste. That gentleman stepped forward with a flushed brow, and with apparent reluctance

"Hand those papers to me, sir."

The papers were taken from the table and passed accordingly to the Governor, who opened them, and said:—

"These documents fell into my possession by the merest acident; one is a letter to myself; the other was intended for Lieutenant Lefevre; that one designed for me reads as follows:

To Colonel Vaudreuville, Governor of Montreal:—Sir, I received your epistle, dated some time last month, by my Indian runner in good time, and to your command for my instant return, allow me to send a decided refusal. I take this opportunity of telling you that I resign my grade, and shall claim no arrears of pay. You say that I am subject to suspicions which concern my character as a subject and soldier of France. It matters little at present; I am neither the one nor the other; the future will explain. In the mean time, I remain yours, &c.

From the tenor of this letter, Monsieur Lefevre, and from what I have seen

and heard previously, I must conclude the worst. Now for the second epistle, which I think will justify me for the steps I have taken and the detention of this fellow.—

Dear Lefevre,—the proposals have been accepted; fate impels me forward—and my comrades in arms, except yourself, I must abandon forever. The risk is great, but the prize is greater. Join me as quickly as possible, and you may win a reward equal to my own. I march in a few days for the vicinity of the river, and join my forces with those of General Wade; after which, I return again to the Ottawa to raise new levies. There is no use of mincing the matter now.—Burn this as soon as its perusal; otherwise it might fall into the hands of old Vaudreuville. Be expeditious about joining me, and till we meet again, farewell

Pierre.

The astonishment of Lefevre as well as those present on hearing this traitorous epistle read, was sufficiently expressed in their countenances. At last Lefevre rousing himself said:—

"May I ask Governor Vaudreuville how those papers came into his possession?"

"They were brought to me," replied the person addressed, "by an Indian runner, whom I have detained. He demanded admittance at my house, and I received these letters. The superscriptions were plain enough, gentlemen—one addressed to myself, the other to Lieutenant Lefevre. The former I immediately opened, which to my surprise was that last letter you have just heard—by some fortunate fatuity wrongly addressed. From the nature of the correspondence, I felt myself authorised to open the one directed to Monsieur Lefevre, which contained those few lines intended for myself, and thus, by the carelessness of Lieutenant Pierre, have traitors been unmasked; and I may add that Lieutenant Lefevre might have been satisfied that I would not have cited him to undergo an investigation of this kind, had I not full and authentic proof of the accusation."

"Have you farther proof, sir?" asked Lefevre, with some agitation.

"I have circumstantial evidence regarding other particulars; but I think these documents are sufficient," replied the Governor.

"But I deny the authenticity of those letters; on the part of my friend Pierre and myself; in his name and my own, I pronounce them forgeries."

"Speak for yourself, sir," sternly interposed the Governor; "with Monsieur Pierre we shall deal with hereafter." Then turning to his officers at the table, he continued: "Gentlemen you have heard the contents of both letters; they have been denied; a simple denial of their validity on the part of Monsieur Lefevre, will not do. I shall call forward Lieutenant Lacoste, and you can put what questions to him you think proper."

Accordingly Lacoste advanced and bowed to those at the table.

"Have you been in the habit of associating much with the prisoner?" enquired one of the officers.

"Latterly, very little; we have never spoken, except casually on different occasions at mess."

"While at this, or any other town, did you ever notice any circumstance that would lead you to suspect any design on the part of Lefevre to correspond with the enemy?"

"I could not say that I have—except—that is"—— and here Lacoste hesitated with well feigned reluctance.

"That is—what? You must tell what you know, sir," said his interrogator.

"That is on one occasion, when I unavoidably overheard a conversation between Messieurs Pierre and Lefevre."

"Go on; state the nature of it," impatiently commanded his questioner, as Lacoste again stopped.

"They were—that is, Pierre said that for his part he was getting tired of the place and the service; he was for a more active and responsible situation than a mere lieutenancy in the French service afforded; his disposition was for change of scene—that, in fact, he had thoughts of decamping. Here he spoke so low that I could only hear such words as these—'prospects,'—'choice,'—'acceptance' 'sufficient reward,' &c.. Such expressions naturally surprised me, especially coupled as they were with words of such doubtful tendency, and though no suspicion ever crossed my mind they were concerting any traitorous design, my curiosity was sufficiently excited to listen further, especially as my own name was mentioned, which, I think authorised my intention. Lefevre pulled a letter from his pocket, which he read aloud, and although the tone was too low for me to hear distinctly, yet I concluded from such significant gestures as were passed, some important secret was then under consideration."

"Lacost's evidence was taken down by the Governor, who enquired if he had anything more to say on the subject, and being answered in the negative, he beckoned to a roughly dressed person in the back part of the room, who advanced with his red cap in his hand, with a mixture of embarrassment and effrontery. He appeared to belong to the class of voyagers then so prevalent at that time.—

"Do you know Lieutenant Lefevre?" enquired the Governor.

"Yes," answered the man, bowing low with a ready smile.

"Were you sent by him across the river to the English line sometime in February last?"

"No, your Excellency—certainly not by him."

"By whom, then?"

"By Monsieur Pierre."

"Was Lieutenant Lefevre present at the time?"

"Yes, your Excellency."

"Was he aware that you did go?"

"I think he was, Monsieur."

"Did you get admittance to the English camp?"

"I did, your Excellency."

"What did you see there? what did you go for? Tell us all you know, and beware how you speak ought but the truth—for if I find you trifling I shall have you shot."

"No danger your Excellency," replied the man cooly; "I sold myself to the English, and was employed by them as boatman to"——

"Had you any particular directions for so doing?" interposed one of the officers. "Yes,—Monsieur Lefevre told me what to do. Lieutenant Pierre engaged me to go; this gentleman gave me directions."

"And he paid you?"

"*Oui*—of course," answered the man, shrugging his shoulders.

"Well!—proceed," said the Governor, impatiently.

"I took an opportunity of escaping to the Indians in the employ of the English and went up the country with them. I know the Indian language, and according to my directions made use of my ears, my tongue and my hands. I was by them acknowledged a good hunter and a 'brave.' I was friendly with some of the chiefs, and from what I saw and heard, together with questions cunningly put, I gained this information:—that upwards of forty summers ago, a young woman was captured by this tribe on the shores of the great salt lake, and brought into this part of the country, where she was either murdered or stolen by another tribe—I could not learn which. As I could not push the subject farther without awakening suspicion, that was all I had to tell Monsieur Lefevre."

"How sir,—all!" exclaimed the Governor, doubtingly.

"I can say nothing but the truth, your Excellency."

"Everything but the truth, you mean."

"A very probable story, indeed," muttered another.

"So much time, trouble and money spent to bring the doubtful information that a girl, some forty or fifty years ago, was made a prisoner by these Indians, and either roasted or eaten," said Lacoste with evident disappointment, for he had expected a different story from the boatman, whose secret excursion to the English frontier he had been acquainted with, but not of the particulars. He had hoped the circumstance would have involved Lefevre deeper into a web of suspicion.

"You can step back, Baptiste," said Vaudreuville—"and Lacoste keep an eye on him we may want him yet."

"Gentlemen," said Lefevre, "from some cause that I am not aware of, you all seem strangely prejudiced against me. Let me assure you, however, that what the man Baptiste has stated is true; and no matter how improbable or trifling may seem the object of his mission to you, I have the means of proving that is

was of the greatest interest to me. He, indeed, did not bring back all the information I expected, but that was neither his fault nor mine."

The Governor and Lacoste looked rather incredulous, but when Lefevre ceased speaking, the former rose and said:

"Lieutenant Lefevre must not be surprised if any are prejudiced against him, for however high an individual may stand in the estimation of a few, the horrible crime of treason, when proved by such evidence as has been here brought forward, will make him execrated by all. I will recapitulate the evidence that has been adduced, and, gentlemen, if Monsieur Lefevre can clear himself to your satisfaction of what is alleged against him, I for one shall be happy to congratulate him.

You will recollect, gentlemen, that not long ago a letter was spoken of as found on the person of Lieutenant Lefevre; I did not see it as it was destroyed; but I am informed that the said letter contained advice in direct opposition to my commands; it was intended for Monsieur Pierre, and bore the signature of the person on whom it was found. There are several witnesses to this fact, I shall, however, call but one. Lieutenant Lacoste, did you see the paper I speak of?"

"Yes, sir."

"Repeat what you recollect of it." Lacost did so.

"Now, at the same time," continued the Governor, "comes an Indian runner, and delivers to me a letter—the address being erased by travel, as a matter of course, thinking it for myself, I open and read it, and find that the rightful owner is Lieutenant Lefevre. It was written in a very ambiguous manner—no doubt, that chancing to fall into other hands than whom it was intended for, its true meaning might be left in the dark. From these circumstances, doubt as to the truth and probity of Lieutenants Pierre and Lefevre, slowly worked its way in my mind, notwithstanding the high estimation in which I had previously held both. I, therefore, despatched a letter, by the same Indian, to the former, commanding his instant return. Four or five weeks elapse, and I receive two more, addressed, respectively, to Lefevre and myself—the same that I have lately read out to you;—and mark!—by some fatuity or interposition of Providence, wrongly superscribed, by which they both unwittingly came into my possession. It is, therefore, plainly apparent, if the documents are true, (Lefevre says they are not) —I see no reason why should not be—that the writer and Lefevre have been in correspondence with the enemy. Again, before receiving those letters, I was informed of Jean Baptiste's expedition across the lines—sent and paid by Lefevre. I was considerably alarmed, and caused his arrest, that his examination might elicit some portion of the truth; his evidence, however, ought to be first considered before relied on. Take the circumstances altogether, we have positive proof, in one instance, namely—the two letters; and the rest, I think, corroborates what the main part confirms—that these two men have been in correspondence with the English with traitorous intentions, for what particular desideratum we can-

not tell; but it is easy to comprehend that when a reward is given, something equivalent to its value must be performed—the performance of which, in this case, must be contrary to the interests of France." The Governor crossed his arms and his glance rested on Lefevre, as if expecting him to reply.

Lefevre accordingly addressed himself with a firm and steady countenance as follows:

"Governor Vaudreuville, you have expressed a regret that any officer of this garrison should lie under such a disgraceful suspicion as that which has attached to me. Your regret cannot exceed mine, that in spite of two ridiculous forgeries, I should be reviled as a traitor by one for whom I had always the highest esteem; but in prosecuting this affair, I have no doubt you have ceen actuated only by a sense of duty; I cannot say so much for another," and here his eye rested on Lacoste. "You have positive proof in writing sufficient to condemn me as a traitor; alas, I have no such positive proof—naught but my own simple word to disprove it; though I trust on bringing forward such sufficient reasons as will cause you to hesitate before relying altogether on your written documents.—I am supported by many here with their good wishes—farther their friendship cannot serve me, and on myself alone I must depend to weaken your testimony against me.

I shall commence with, what you say, first arroused your suspicions—namely that letter discovered on my person which was destroyed by Lieutenant Lacoste—accidentally, I presume. I will tell you how I came to be possessed of that letter," and he accordingly repeated what has already been explained to the reader regarding that affair. "I was not aware of the paper being in the snuff box until it was discovered by Monsieur Montraville, whom I will call forward to substantiate what I say." Montraville advanced and was questioned by Vaudreuville; his examination satisfactorily explained the accidental discovery of the note, and Lefevre continued: I hope gentlemen, you now perceive that the document alluded to could not have been written by me. Even supposing myself to have been the author, how foolish of me to fabricate a story, and needlessly expose myself to the probability of a discovery by producing the snuff box in which the paper was found. I will now proceed to the other letter, which you say was written so very ambiguously, and to which you supposed at the time I had the key. You were so far right and I will explain such parts of it you did not comprehend, and which, from some cause or other appeared to you so very suspicious. Several months since—during the Fall of last year, Pierre and myself strolling near the mountain, and feeling wearied, threw ourselves down under the shade of the trees, and commenced a conversation on different topics—the same which Monsieur Lacoste has referred to—and from some words he chanced to overhear, he must conclude that two Lieutenants of the French army—his equals in rank—his comrades in arms—were on the eve of bartering their allegiance to their country for British gold. How ridiculous the supposition, how bad the heart that could conceive it. I will translate into plain language such expressions as Lacoste has quoted: 'Getting heartily tired of the place,'—'dis-

position for change of scene,'—'decamping,' &c.. Our conversation was on the likes and dislikes of a hunter's career. Pierre expressed himself as charmed with the little he had seen of the careless life of a rover of the forest; I agreed to the charm of its novelty, but thought that in a short time it would gradually become wearisome to persons constituted as we were. He replied that it would not be half so irksome as the monotonous service we were then engaged in here; that, in fact, if he fell in love with some forest beauty, he was almost sure he would decamp, and become an Indian hunter for her sake." Here a smile went round the room.

"Now for the elucidiation of such words as these," continued Lefevre, looking scornfully at Lacoste: "'Proposals,'—'choice,'—'acceptance,'—'sufficient reward,'—&c.; he has mentioned several words that were never spoken, and Lacost's ears must have deceived him that time; he has also made a mistake as to the time they were spoken—he brings them in before the production of the letter—they were never uttered till after it was produced, as that part of the conversation referred to its contents; and that very letter, gentlemen, will explain 'significant looks,' and as you are pleased to term—'the doubtful evidence of Baptiste.'"

Here he took a letter from his pocket and laid it on the table. "You will notice, if you please, the date of the office stamp—prior to this transaction—and read it." One of the officers took it up and said:

"If there are any family secrets you care not for us to hear, you can read aloud such parts as relates to this affair yourself, Monsieur Lefevre."

"No, sir; there is nothing I wish concealed." The officer accordingly unfolded the paper, and read aloud the following:

"My dear boy:—I was not aware until I received your last letter that your Regiment was ordered to Canada. I wish very much you had managed to see me before you went, as I am now very old, and can scarcely wield the pen.—You may recollect when a little boy, the tales I told to you of my own adventures in America. When very young—not even your age—which I believe is about twenty-five—I accompanied my father, along with a little sister of mine, to the Canadian frontier. She was then about seventeen; that is more than forty years ago; she was taken prisoner by one of the tribes of the Iroquois, and carried up to the large lakes in the interior of the country. We used every endeavor to recover her without success, and the Chief to whom she was made captive was applied to for her ransom. All the information obtainable from that quarter was, that she was either sold or given to another tribe. The English name of the Chief I forget, but I believe he is still living, and belonged to the Mohawk or Seneca nation. About twenty years after her captivity I obtained information that a white woman, answering to her description, was living with a tribe on the borders of the Mississippi. I sent even that far to ascertain the truth of the report, but in the mean time the people, with whom it was said she was living, had left the western prairies for the east, and from that time till this I have heard

nothing as to her fate. If yet living she must be nearly as old as myself. Before I die, my son, it would satisfy a long and ardent wish of an old man, to hear something again of the sweet companion of his boyhood—so long neglected and forgotten—whose life must have been a continual endurance of hardships among the rough companions with whom she has been fated to pass the best years of her life." It is not at all probable she is yet alive—still she may have had children who would perpetuate her memory. You may have opportunities for enquiry; use your best endeavor in that way, and if anything transpires, write and let me know. I send you a miniature of your Aunt—taken when she was a girl. It is not likely that any traces of that fair young face would remain to her now were she living—still, it is about as well in your possession as mine—in fact, better." Here the reader stopped.

"It is sufficient, Monsieur Lefevre; I think I have read all that you most wished to bring forward;" and he laid the letter on the table.

Lefevre nodded assent, and continued his defence:

"This letter, gentlemen, I showed to Pierre; he engaged to assist me in my enquiry after the fate of my lost Aunt. We determined upon sending a spy into the Indian country to search for the Mohawk Chief, and obtain his information and assistance. Our choice of an emissary fell upon Baptiste, and for a *sufficient reward*, he undertook the dangerous mission. He has told you nothing but the truth! and he returned without success. He did, indeed find the tribe in question, but the principal individual was absent on an expedition—namely, the Mohawk Chief. Some of the Indians did recollect the circumstance having occurred in their youth of a captive white girl having dwelt with their tribe, answering to his description, but that she was recaptured by another nation and carried farther west.

Thus far, gentlemen, I think I have cleared myself of ridiculous inferences, drawn from accidental circumstances—yes, I have brought positive proof to rebut them. I now approach the most serious part of my accusation; hitherto it has been mere conjecture that I was a traitor, and inimical to my country's interests; but here you bring my own friend's hand writing to *prove* it—implicating him with me. Now, I cannot deny but that the letters look original enough, as far as the writing is concerned; yet, gentlemen, I maintain they are forgeries. Consider all foregoing suspicious circumstances entirely removed, and how ridiculous and improbable that Pierre should be capable of so base an act of sudden treachery. I am pleading for us both; it is necessary that he should be proved innocent of every act attributed to him, in order to clear myself—for did he write those letters, then must I have been accessory to his plans, unless, indeed, from a wilful design on his part to implicate an innocent man. If, then, I repeat, all that has been previously attributed to us, has been satisfactorily explained, how is it that I should so suddenly have become acquainted with Pierre's intention of joining the English with all the Indian force he could muster?—how is it possible he could so carelessly misdirect his letters—containing so important a secret?—from what possible motive could he so betray his country to her

ancient foes? No, never could a bold and honorable spirit, as Pierre has proved, on many an occasion to have possessed, stoop to such infamous proceedings as have been brought against him. The only way in which I can account for his continued absence, is, that he has been smitten with the charms of some captive white girl, or probably one of mixed blood, and from inclination as well as from a sense of honor, he has chosen to dwell with the rovers of the forest. So much he acknowledged to me in his letter, which you, Governor Vaudreuville could not understand, but which I have recently explained to you all.

I must confess, sir, that you had reason to be alarmed on the receipt of those letters, and that they sufficiently authorised you to cause my arrest; but you must now be doubtful of the validity of such documents, and I will endeavor to shake your faith in them by additional proof."

Here Lefevre took out of his pocket a letter, and unfolding it, read out that part relating to Pierre's request to him to send by his Indian runner, ink, pens and paper.

"I can prove by my comrade, Montraville, here present, that the writing-paper, enclosed and sent to Pierre, was totally different both in texture and color, from what you, Governor Vaudreuville, received from him in the shape of letters. Now, it is reasonable to suppose Pierre would have used the paper I sent to him, for such a thing is not found, like deer, in the wilderness; therefore, it is evident, his letters, if any he wrote, have been tampered with before reaching your Excellency by some person inimical to us both. And now, gentlemen, I have, I hope, satisfactorily explained every circumstance which could attach suspicion to myself; every doubtful movement has been proved to have had an honest motive; and ambiguous expressions have dwindled to their literal insignificance. I shall here conclude my defence and let my innocence or guilt to be determined by you."

Lefevre bowed and withdrew from the table. After a short silence, the room was cleared of all except the officers of the court, and in half an hour it was again thrown open. The Governor called to the prisoner, saying:

"Lieutenant Lefevre you have partly cleared yourself of the charges preferred against you; you have explained satisfactorily many circumstances, heretofore, certainly very mysterious, and you have made a very favorable impression, with regard to your innocence upon the officers of this court; but all this, I am sorry to say will not suffice. With documents in their possession sufficient to condemn you, the Court, notwithstanding the probability that they are forgeries, cannot pronounce you innocent. We shall not decide upon this affair at present. It is necessary that Lieutenant Pierre should be here to defend himself, and to-morrow I send a detachment of thirty soldiers, who will be guided to his retreat by the Indian runner, and in a short time I hope to have the pleasure of seeing Monsieur Pierre in civilised quarters. In the mean time you will have to submit to a little confinement."

Lefevre bowed and retired to his own room followed by two soldiers of the guard, who stationed themselves at the door of his apartment.

CHAPTER XII.

We will now endeavor to throw some light upon such matters as may appear mysterious to the reader. Lacoste, who had talent of no mean order for intrigue, had formed a plan for the destruction of Pierre, against whom, the reader will recollect, he harbored unmitigated hatred. His defeat, especially, had long rankled in his breast, and no opportunity offered for safe revenge, until, when in the course of a conversation that ensued during the purchasing of some skins from an Indian trader, he learned that a person, answering to Pierre's description had been seen coursing up the Ottawa. Lacoste pushed his enquiries farther, and from the exact account the Indian gave of the stranger, he was certain it was none other than Pierre whom all supposed had perished, and he at once matured a plan for his destruction. He appointed the next evening for a meeting with the Indian, and employed himself in the mean time, when alone, in concocting a letter, (the same which Lefevre produced signed with his name,) which he carefully enclosed in a snuff box. The Indian was true to the appointment, and Lacoste opened the intercourse by stating that the young French hunter whom he had met a few days previously in the forest, was his own particular friend—that he was anxious for his safety, and wished to send him a message, could he find any person who would undertake to follow his trail and deliver it. The Indian signified his willingness to do so for a moderate compensation. Lacoste grasped his hand with seeming gratitude, and then pretending to take him into his confidence, he partly hinted, partly told by words dropped as if involuntarily, that Pierre, under the guise of merely a hunting excursion, was on a mission of the most dangerous kind to himself, supposing its true object ever transpiring;—that the French Government had determined on laying waste the country of those Chiefs who were inimical to their cause; and Pierre had been despatched, under the appearance of a stray visitor, to ascertain if any negociations were existing between them and the English; to find out the disposeable forces of the different tribes, and report accordingly. That a body of troops had been waiting in expectation of his return, which would furnish them with information regarding the delinquent tribes; but from his long absence, it was the general belief that he had perished—and if he did not return the expedition would be given up. This was all conveyed to the comprehension of the Indian in apparent simplicity—by a sort of half confidence—unguarded expressions—and sentences spoken as if in soliloquy. He concluded by a fervent wish for the safety of his friend, and conjured the Indian to use all dilligence untill he had safely delivered the box, which he then put in his hand.

The Indian had listened at first with a dull reserved look, but as Lacoste proceeded, his eyes brightened and sparkled with fierce, triumphant passion, though his features betrayed but little of the workings of his soul. Now and then his

lips would curl contemptuously at the simplicity of the confiding pale-face. Lacoste had watched him narrowly, and he, too, at intervals, curled his lip as he saw how eagerly his information was received, and in what manner his words had taken effect. Exulting in the success of his plan so far, he felt confident that Pierre could never escape from the Indian country—for the trader would not fail to communicate the intentions of the French to his bretheren, and the first object of their vengeance would be the pale-faced spy. How much, indeed, was he astonished, disappointed and enraged at the reproduction of his letter and the snuff box by Lefevre; and the death of his messenger, (though mysterious enough, was not then of sufficient importance to create an enquiry,) put an end at once to his scheme of revenge. Alarmed for the discovery of his share in the transaction, he contrived, as if accidentally to destroy the letter, though his clumsiness betrayed his design; and when boldly accused by Lefevre as the author, he determined on compassing the ruin of both, even should he involve himself in the attempt.

The reader is already aware how artfully he represented the affair to the Governor, and in a rapid whisper conveyed an insinuation against the loyalty of Pierre and Lefevre. He was in possession of several secrets regarding the two young men; which, though unimportant and merely of a private nature, were sufficient, he concluded, to exculpate him from any false statement he might make concerning them, were he called upon to justify himself publically. The unexpected light in which the Governor viewed Pierre's correspondence, determined him on his future course of proceeding. For some time he waited in vain for an opportunity, safely, to commence an intrigue against them. He continued to watch narrowly the course of events, and a circumstance at last occurred; which induced him to commence his long cherished scheme of revenge. He met with Pierre's Indian runner on the outskirts of the town; he knew immediately the face and figure of the Irinka who had came formerly on the same errand, the moment he saw him skirting the base of the mountain. The Indian conceiving, from Lacost's showy uniform, the importance of his rank, delivered to him his packet of letters when so commanded, and followed him to his quarters. Having, in the privacy of his own room, made himself master of the contents of Pierre's two letters, he very cooly burnt them in the flame of a candle, and drawing forward some sheets of paper, wrote out two fictitious ones—imitating Pierre's handwriting very accurately. He crumpled and soiled them like the originals—carefully sealed and tied them up in their rough canvass covering, and calling the Indian into the room, returned him, apparently the same packet, and directed him to the Governor's residence. He was explicit in his directions to deliver the packet to none but the Chief; he had purposely misdirected the letters, and the result turned out as he expected.

Lefevre was immediately arrested, and a military court convenned by the Governor. Lacoste was disappointed at the result of the trial so far—as Lefevre stood a fair chance of proving his innocence, and consequenily Pierre's also, when an enquiry would be sure to follow concerning the audacious meddler of

their correspondence, which would prove rather dangerous to himself. He did, indeed, wince several times at some casual remarks of Lefevre's during his spirited defence, but as the Governor and the Court seemed not to notice his confusion, he recovered his assurance.

Preparations were immediately made to bring Pierre from his retreat, so as to have the affair sifted to the bottom as speedily as possible.

A detachment of thirty soldiers was consequently got ready on the morning after the trial, and Lacoste, (who had his own particular reasons,) solicited the command and. as senior Lieutenant of the Batallion, obtained it. The Erie Indian, who had at first refused to lead a body of armed men into his own country, was at last prevailed upon to undertake the office of guide, when it was represented to him they were sent for by Pierre, from whom he had carried letters to that effect, to assist them against their enemies. Accordingly early on the next morning, the party began their march across the Island, and were ferried over in canoes to the eastern shore of the Ottawa, from whence they commenced easy journeys through the forest—bivouacking at an early hour of the evening—when they generally made themselves merry round their fire. They were obliged several times to stand on the defensive against hostile bands of Indians, who, though ostensibly in the pay of the French, nevertheless cared little whom they attacked, provided plunder could be obtained;—they were flocking from the west, like birds of prey, to the seat of war to join the army under General Montcalm, who was about undertaking the seige of Fort William Henry.

The Erie Indian, who was impatient to reach his village that he might learn the result of Manhitti's pursuit of Ceswenago, was several times on the point of leaving his French companions—disgusted at their tardiness—but was at each time induced, by fair promises, to remain. They at length reached that part of the river opposite the Irinka settlements, and the smoke of their fires could be seen curling pleasantly up among the trees. The moment the uniforms of the soldiers appeared on the beach, than the canoes, which were plying about the river, immediately wheeled towards the village, and scudded for a common centre, like a herd of deer startled by the shot of a hunter. The loud calls of the Irinkas soon resounded across the river, and canoes were seen hurrying from the adjacent Islands in all directions. In a short time their cries of warning ceased, and naught was heard but sounds incident to the forest.

Lacoste turned towards the Erie with an enquiring look, who answering to the mute appeal, sent forth a sharp ear-piercing cry, which echoed far and near. It was immediately responded to from the Island; the Erie answered by another of significant meaning, and in a few minutes a single canoe was seen to push off, manned by two Indians, who soon grounded their light vessel on the beach at the feet of the soldiers. The guide signifying to Lacoste that he wished to prepare his bretheren for their reception, stepped into the canoe, which immediately shoved off, and was paddled swiftly back to the Island.

The soldiers waited patiently some time in expectation of his return, but hours

passed away without a sign of his appearance, and Lacoste began to feel uneasy. A bad conscience is the first to take alarm, for his intentions towards these simple people were far from the purport of his instructions—which, by the by, were not very explicit as to the means to be employed to secure Pierre and bring him to Montreal—the very last thing Lacoste was disposed to do. His only object in soliciting the command of the party, was to frustrate the design of the expedition. He had not made up his mind clearly, how to act, so as to prevent his men from discovering his intentions, and he at last determined to be governed, the first day or two, by circumstances.

The Erie guide, in the mean time, was quieting the alarm among his brethren, which the unexpected appearance of the French troops in their sequestered situation, had created. The old warriors in command were undecided how to act with regard to their unwished for visitors, or how much faith to put in their offered alliance—for the guide had explained to them their mission, and by whose authority they had come. The Eries called a Council, and all joined in the debate, while many an anxious eye was turned westward in the hope of discovering the return of Manhitti and Pierre. The Erie guide had fully expected to find both those personages at the village—for when he last parted with them near the Madawaska, some of his bretheren had assured him they were close on to their enemies, and bid him make haste to deliver his letters, as they should be back to the Islands, before himself, from Montreal. He was much disappointed, at their absence, for he had calculated upon their presence clearing up all doubts and removing all difficulties. The Eries at last concluded, after a long debate, to admit the strangers to their village, and hospitibly entertain them until the return of the party in pursuit.

Accordingly several canoes put off to the opposite shore, and conveyed the impatient soldiers to the Island. Lacoste formed his men in column, and marched liesurely across the clearing until he neared the assembled Eries, when he made his men go through a series of evolutions to astonish the villagers, and ended by throwing them into a square, with bristling bayonets pointing, on all sides toward them, as they stood ranged in single file, under arms. The women, boys and girls, took up their position in the rear—critically remarking upon the appearance of the soldiers. Lacoste advanced towards a group of men who appeared in command, and on being invited sat himself down in their midst, where, after a few minutes passed in silence, he was handed the pipe from which they had been smoking. Taking a few whifs, he called one of his men from the ranks, to act as interpreter, for he was but slightly acquainted himself with the Indian tongue. As was expected, he addressed them first, and began by saying—that having understood from their mutual friend, Pierre (who had written to the Governor of Montreal,) they had taken up the hatchet against their enemies, he had been sent from the place of many wigwams, to assist them to fight successfully their enemies, and concluded by asking, whom he should recognise as Chief of the Irinkas; though at the same time he was aware that Manhitti and Pierre were absent, having been told so by the guide when he returned from the Island. One

of the old warriors made a suitable reply to his offer of assistance;—that Manhitti was their Chief, who was daily expected back from pursuit of the Iroquois; and hinted, that though always glad to see the French, they seldom required help from their allies, having been always successful against their enemies. Then with admirable courtesy, they conducted him and his men to several cabins which had been hastily made ready for their reception, and set before them such provisions as they could command, when they retired to their own quarters.

The soldiers were not long in making themselves at home in their new domiciles; they ranged their arms inside the cabins, before which fires were soon blazing brightly, and on the embers were rapidly frying and smoking the dried venison and fish the Indians had provided. Recently killed ducks and partridges were quickly denuded of their feathers, and strung up by pieces of twisted bark to the end of a slender sappling, bent so as to reach near the fire, where they were kept gyrating slowly by a few experienced bivouackers. Some produced their canteens of spirits—looking wistfully to see if any were left—the disappointed tossing their tin vessels from them with an audible '*sacre.*' Some of the Eries, attracted by sounds of boisterous mirth, lingered around their fire, and to these the men offered their rum, which was resolutely refused with a kind of half smile, notwithstanding the most pressing solicitations. Rough jokes and indecent remarks were passed without mercy, in the French language, on their innocent visitors, who unconscious of the critical inspection they were undergoing, still lingered round the place.

Lacoste reclined on the grass by himself, pondering how he could best bring to a termination his present adventure. His men, as well as himself, were apprised of the true purport of his visit—namely—merely the capture of Pierre, and were very happy at the prospect of passing a week or two in idle recreation till he should return. That Pierre would quietly surrender himself when convinced of his authority to take him, Lacoste was very confident, but that was what he was determined, if possible, to prevent; and as he knew not at what moment he might appear, he felt it requisite, in order to carry out the plan he had formed, to pick a quarrel with the natives as speedily as possible. Accident, however, favored his design more quickly than his own resolves.

Two or three days were passed in indolent repose on the part of the French troops, during which they seldom mixed with the Irinkas in their sports and pastimes, though they paid great attention to the young girls, and joined them in evening dances. A very handsome, dark-eyed brunette particularly attracted the notice of one of the French soldiers. She was betrothed to a young Indian who viewed with surly displeasure the flippant liberties that were often attempted.—Nor were the manners of Lacoste and the rest of the soldiers calculated to inspire confidence and respect; they showed an evident disdain of their hosts, and an insolent freedom towards their women, which angered the Irinkas to a coolness and reserve, that made them hold but forced converse with their guests.

On the morning of the fourth day of the arrival of Lacoste, the girl referred to, whose name was *Incista*—signifying 'dark-eye,'—was overtaken in a ramble at a

part of the Island distant from the village, by her French admirer, who was profuse in his gallantries to such a degree, that she broke loose from his hold and fled. He quickly pursued and overtook her, and as his grasp tightened on her arm to pull her back, she screamed loudly with girlish fear. The young Erie, her betrothed, who had watched her departure, and observed the Frenchman take the same direction, followed his track at a respectful distance, and witnessed the whole transaction. He rushed forward and hurled the soldier to the ground, who rose instantly in an ungovernable rage, and as the Indian stood in an attitude of proud defiance, something gleamed in the subdued light of the shady forest —a quick flash—a report followed, and the Erie fell dead before the fire of the revengful Frenchman. The girl threw herself on the body of her lover with wild cries of grief and horror, while the soldier, fearful of the consequences, slunk off to his companions. Incista subdued her wild grief, and raising herself on her knees, in mute sorrow looked despairingly upon the motionless body—a minute previous so full of life and energy—now still in the arms of death, when she suddenly started to her feet, and ran swiftly for the village.—Soon a low wailing cry resounded from cabin to cabin, and rising into full chorus, as additional numbers heard the news, startled the soldiers from their attitude of indolent repose.

"What has happened now?" said one.

"Sacre!—look how the fellows gather!" said another. And true enough, the Indians alarmed by the sorrowful wails of the women, were converging from different parts to the village.

"Hark!" shouted Lacoste, raising his hand. A tremendous cry broke forth, stunning the ear with its piercing sharpness—such a cry as an Indian alone can give under the influence of grief and uncontrollable rage.

"Look to your arms, my men; we shall have these devils upon us," continued Lacoste with some alarm.

The soldiers rushed into the cabins and seized their muskets and accoutrements. "Ha!—here comes Beaudreu running for his life!" exclaimed one, as a young man joined their party, heated and flushed.

"What now, Beaudreu; know you anything of the fuss yonder?" enquired Lacoste.

"Yes, sir—I was obliged to kill one of them in self defence. I think they will attack us.

"You should have been more careful, Beaudreu; I am afraid you have done wrong. We shall have to fight for it, men; no doubt they have got up this quarrel on purpose in order to drive us away. They have found out, some way or other that we came to arrest Monsieur Pierre, which we will not be able to do now, for they are too strong for us." Thus said Lacoste, secretly rejoiced at what had happened. "Ah, here come four old chaps," he continued, "they have not got their pipe now, and look savage enough, faith."

So, indeed, they were. Four old warriors came steadily forward, and halting at a little distance from the party, beckoned for Lacoste to advance—who, fearful for himself hesitated, but observing they were unarmed, he stepped forth, and and halted a few paces off from the Indians. He assumed, purposely, a look of insolent indifference, and when they calmly, though sternly, related the wanton murder of one of their people by one of his soldiers—demanding that the culprit should be given up to be dealt with according to their laws, he replied with a cool smile that he could never think of such a thing—adding contemptously that it would require three of their number to compensate for the life of one Frenchman. The eyes of the old warriors flashed with rage and grief, and Lacoste alarmed at the ferocious aspect of those whom he had insulted, almost repented him of his temerity. However, he was quickly relieved of their presence, for without replying a word they wheeled about towards their village A musket was fired, either accidentally or otherwise, by one of the French soldiers during their retreat, and one of the Irinkas dropped on his hands and knees, but rose again almost instantly and limped after his companions. A loud and threatening cry broke from the band of Eries, as their deputation returned and related the manner in which they had been received, and in a minute they dispersed in every direction.

"Stand to your arms, my men," cried Lacoste; "these devils intend some mischief. We must manage to leave the Island, for it would be imprudent to remain until they receive their expected reinforcement, when we should be all massacred. Monsieur Pierre is at the bottom of this, I have no doubt, and our small number would not be sufficient to take him surrounded by these savages; —so we must hasten away from this place if we want to save our scalps."

"What can they be at now," observed one of the men after a short pause—pointing to the river; "the fellows are running away already."

And sure enough—a swarm of canoes, containing women and children, fishing tackle, blankets and furs, were being towed by half a dozen large ones, manned by the young Irinka warriors, who had their rifles lying across the thwarts of their vessels ready for action. Lacoste looked with surprise at this untoward movement, but as if suddenly divining the cause, he rushed down to the beach near him, and gazed anxiously along the strand, when running back he hastily shouted for his men.

"They have not left us a single canoe; we must stop them!—follow me to the cliff yonder."

The soldiers accordingly shouldered their muskets, and rushed down to the rocky cliffs over looking the water, where Lacoste hailing the Irinkas, desired them to stop and send back a canoe. No attention however was paid to his demand, on the contrary they strained every nerve to advance.

"We must give them a taste of our muskets, my lads. Ready—present—fire!"—and a bright line of flame answered the command, as the weapons were discharged simultaneously. As the heavy smoke, driven back by the breeze,

whirled past them, some confusion was observed among the Irinkas; a plaintive cry and a stifled shriek told that some of the women had been struck by the bullets which rained amongst them. A few damaged canoes were soon detached, while the Irinkas springing to their feet, took a steady aim with their rifles at the exposed line of soldiers;—their answering volley flashed at quick intervals with fatal precision, and no less than seven of the French fell dead before their angry fire. They raised a pealing shout of exultation as their victims were seen to reel and fall headlong—their weapons clanging on the flinty ground.—Resuming their paddles, they plied them briskly to get out of musket shot, and succeeded in gaining the shelter of the Island opposite, before their opponents could reload their weapons, where they hauled their canoes out of the eddying currents, and carried their wounded women into the interior. As the last Indian disappeared under shelter of the branching cedars, the soldiers turned away to search the Island for canoes, which might have possibly been concealed by the Irinkas. Not one, however, could be found, nor even a paddle; not a net or fishing line was left—nothing but the bare walls of the now deserted cabins. The conviction flashed across them that they were prisoners without a hope of rescue, unless they could pass the river and gain the main shore. They were watched by a resolute and determined enemy—that enemy made by their own precipitate violence—and they felt that their situation was anything but enviable. They buried their slain comrades—rather repentful of their rash behaviour as regarded the consequences to themselves, but not from any compunction for violated hospitality—and in retaliation burnt the village to the ground, with the exception of two cabins which they reserved for their own use.

The morning following presented a very different scene from the previous one. Instead of busy groups of chatting women and children, fires burning gaily before each hut, the light song of the girls, the reclining forms of the men—some smoking, some fishing, some cleaning their rifles, sharpening their knives, or mending their fishing tackle—appeared nought but a desolate clearing, with spots of ashes and fragments of half charred wood strewed over its surface. The soldiers themselves appeared to appreciate the disadvantageous change which a few short hours had occasioned. Rousing themselves, however, from their apathy, their spirits soon regained their natural buoyancy, and as if nothing had happened to disturb the tranquilty of the scene, commenced another search for any canoes the Irinkas might have left; they were, however, as unsuccessful as on the former occasion, for the Irinkas had taken care to destroy all those they did not actually want. The soldiers, disappointed, made the circuit of the Island, and found themselves girded in by a broad and rapid river—for the Ottawa had risen by its many tributaries pouring in their superfluous water, which had suddenly accumulated by recent rains in the north—and continually watched by a vigilent enemy. Lacoste, himself, regretted that for the success of of his plans, he had placed himself in such a difficulty. He consulted anxiously with his sergeant in what manner they could best cross the river. After much debating they at last determined upon constructing a raft; consequently a party went immedi-

ately to work felling trees on the north shore of the Island, beyond the observation of the Irinkas, and as night approached posted sentries round their camp—fearful of a surprise. Their enemies, however, were too busy with their own affairs to interrupt them, being employed nearly all night erecting rude huts for their women and children, and clearing a small space in the thick cedars for a camp.

At break of day the soldiers again set energetically to work at their raft. They denuded the felled trees of all their branches, laid them side by side in the water, confining them together by withes and strips of green bark, and night approaching, when completing their arrangements, they concluded to reserve their departure till the morning. The raft was towed out and anchored a few yards from the shore, the soldiers piling their muskets in the centre on the top of their various articles of baggage, and arranged their poles, from fifteen to twenty feet long, to be ready to start at any moment. At the earliest peep of day they embarked and pushed off into the river. When about half way to the main shore, they got suddenly into deep water, where their poles becoming useless, the current (which was there rather rapid,) hurried them down—approaching obliquely the small Island on which were encamped the Eries. With many imprecations the alarmed soldiers vainly endeavored to row against the stream; their cumberous craft was totally unmanagable with wind and tide against them. After a short struggle, desisting from their attempts, they seized thier muskets, in expectation of an opposing force of the Eries, while two or three navigated their raft to a favorable point for landing. They managed to creep out of the main current into deep and steady water, formed by a small projecting promontory, round which it rushed at high freshets in bubbling eddies, though at this time camparatively calm, and at low water mark, in the ordinary season of summer, moving with scarcely a ruffled surface. On nearing the shore they were enabled to reach the bottom with their heavy poles, and force themselves out of an eddy which threatened to again turn them into the stream, when with a few strokes more their heavy craft grounded on the sunken rocks close to the bank. The soldiers springing into the water, climbed the friendly promontory, which had sheltered them most of the way from the observation of the Eries—otherwise it would have gone hard with them and few, perhaps, would have returned to tell the the tale of their defeat. The thick cedars shut out all sound or view from the camp, and the Island appeared wrapt in repose. Up to this time each man had acted for himself in such a way as would best secure his own safety—Lacoste during the general confusion and alarm, either unable or unwilling to command. That person now resuming his authority, determined upon crossing the Island take the Eries by surprise, and seize as many of their canoes as sufficient to convey him and his men to the main shore. Accordingly each soldier cocked his weapon and cautiously parting the branches, crept slowly over the uneven ground towards that part of the Island where they supposed the Irinkas were encamped. The smell of smoke and burnt leaves soon warning them of their approximity to it, Lacoste sent forward two soldiers to reconnoitre, who returned saying.

that most of the Irinkas were asleep, and could be fired upon almost undiscovered. Such indeed was the case, for the Eries tired with their exertions during the day and night previous, at length lay down to take a short repose—not fearing or expecting an attack from their late guests, deprived as they were of all efficient means of crossing the river, thus in some measure was the landing of the French unobserved and unapposed. Lacoste now led his men forward to a little piece of rising ground on their left, pointed out by the two scouts as the most favorable position for attack, where they obtained a partial view of the Indian bivouack at about fifty yards distant. The soldiers moved down the hill to get a little nearer when some rustling of the leaves roused one of the women, who bending her ear to the ground, went and roused one of the young men, who catching sight of a glancing uniform, snatched up his rifle; as he brought it to his shoulder, a startling volley of musketry awoke the echoes of early dawn, and the young man fell dead along side of his watchful companion. The Indians started up with loud cries of alarm, and snatching up their weapons returned a desultory fire upon their advancing enemies, who were rushing down to close with them. Simultaneously however, upon a peculiar cry from one of their party they suddenly scattered themselves right and left, disappearing in the thick underwood, whilst the French hastily launching a sufficient number of canoes, struck out boldly into the river. A shower of bullets assailed them in quick succession as they swept down with the current—wounding a few of them severely but favored by the stream, the quick strokes of their paddles soon placed them beyond the uncertain fire of the Eries, and they reached the main shore unpursued.

CHAPTER XII.

We must now turn to Manhitti and Pierre—the former of whom gazed with calm despair at his ruined village, the latter with angry feelings of surprise.—The Pale Lily silently joined them, who passing her arm round her father's waist, with deep grief her glance wandered round upon the desolate appearance of her once happy home.

"Who has been here?" fiercely questioned Pierre, turning round to the Indian who had conducted them to the hill, but who had in the mean time been joined by several others, who gazed coldly on the young man without answering. He impatiently repeated his question, but still their cold, sullen gaze was all their reply, and Pierre fell back astonished and confused.

Manhitti turning quickly round, with mild dignity asked:—"How is this have you no tongue for our friend? Speak—what wolf has been here?"

They answered figuratively—"The wolf is known when seen, and we are prepared against the bite of the wolf. Serpents have been here whom we thought had no stings, but they proved to have forked tongues. We warmed them at our fires, gave them to eat, but they stung us. They were white

snakes and came from Hochelega; they said they were the friends of 'Broad Rifle.'"

"Thy countrymen have done this, young man," said Manhitti, turning rather sternly towards Pierre; "canst thou explain any part of this great wrong?"

"And canst thou," replied Pierre, deeply grieved,—"canst thou for a moment think that I—I who hast eaten thy bread, who hast slept in thy tent, who hast fought, with thee, against the Iroquois, could in the remotest degree have been aware of the intentions of those who have had the audaucity to attack thy brethren?"

"O! my father, believe that which Keenwau-ishkoda says," passionately interposed the Pale Lily. "Not only thyself must think him incapable of dishonor, but these our faithful brothers also," and she turned round to the sullen Eries who were listening eagerly to the conversation.

"Peace, Waubishk-naung, peace," sadly replied Manhitti; "if my tongue has implied anything against the Broad Rifle, my thoughts were far from it.—I believe him, though a countryman of those who have made our cabins a heap of ashes and smoking logs, to be too good and brave a warrior to have a forked tongue. We must satisfy our brothers on this point." And Manhitti turned to the assembled Eries, who had now all congregated from the camp round their Chief, who spoke to them briefly of the good faith and bravery of Pierre, who was no longer to be considered a stranger, but as one of themselves—an Erie at heart and in strength, and a Chief next to himself.

The gloom at once cleared from the faces of the Indians—their sullen apathy gave way,—they one by one stepped forward, and respectfully taking the hand of Pierre, pressed it in their own to express their renewed confidence in his worth and faith.

Manhitti now left the hill and descended, followed by the Indians into the little clearing that had recently been made for their temporary camp. Small huts were erected, thatched with bark yet green;—from one or two of these, low moaning sounds came forth, and voices in soothing accents, which vainly strove to hush the feeble cries of pain. At the margin of the clearing, lay, partly covered with branches of fern, three dead bodies,—up to which the new comers advanced—closely scrutinizing their inanimate features, when they turned away, their eyes darkening with deep passion, and joined the rest of their brethren, who were gathered round the Indian who had been induced to guide the French party to his home. He was now detailing at the command of Manhitti, the events which had come under his observation, since his departure from near the Madawaska with the [illegible]'s letters to Montreal. He related clearly and distinctly those particulars of the [illegible] transpired between himself and Lacoste, as also many little incidents which he had noticed during his stay in that town; and Pierre conjectured at once that he had been duped and his letters interfered with—though he was very far from guessing the whole truth. He requested the Erie to describe the personal appearance of the officer to whom he first delivered the letter, and

from his description, at once recognized Lacoste. The guide then went on to say how he had been induced to conduct the French up the Ottawa, by the plausible story that, they were sent for by Pierre, from whom he, himself had carried a letter to that effect. When the the Erie had concluded his narrative, Pierre took the old Chief aside, and explained to him the character of the officer who commanded the French party, the probability of him being sent on a peacable errand by the Governor, but owing to some secret motive, or his naturally bad disposition, Lacoste had contrived to render it into one of hostility.—Manhitti concurring with him in his view of the matter, consented at Pierre's earnest request to send a party of Eries in pursuit to bring him back prisoner to the camp, when he would then satisfy the Eries that the Governor was not cognizant of his actions. It was only the day previous that he made his last attack on them, when he succeeded in gaining the main shore by taking possession of their canoes; the Eries were too disheartened at the time to follow him, but were preparing for pursuit at the moment when Manhitti and Pierre returned. The latter assuming the command of the party, the Chief advised him to wait for the following morning in order to refresh himself, as he would have time enough, even later, to overtake Lacoste before reaching the mouth of the Ottawa.

Accordingly before sunrise on the day appointed, Pierre had a band of forty stout Eries equipped for the war-path, who eagerly placed themselves under his command, and in their light vessels rapidly shot themselves across the river, on the mossy bank of which they found the trail of the French broad and wide.—They followed it without halt or rest until sunset, when tired and weary they threw themselves down on the stony cliff of a tributary river which crossed their path and emptied itself in the Ottawa a few miles on their right. A fire being soon kindled, every one broiled for himself such provisions as they happened to bring with them. Pierre though hungry, felt almost too weary to eat; he appointed scouts for the night, and cutting a few branches for a covering, laid himself down among some decayed brushwood—for the nights began to get cold and chilly—slight hoar-frosts whitening the tree tops at early dawn. Indications of coming winter were plainly discernable in the variagated hues of the forest—set forth in greater beauty by heavy patches, here and there, of dark green—the never-fading pines—and in the sharp bracing winds of morning. Pierre slept soundly, only waking at break of day by a sense of extreme chilliness. Starting up he heaved fresh logs on the fire, and throwing off his clothes sprang into the river, which strange to say was yet warm from the previous day's sun.

There is nothing so refreshing as a swim in the early part of morning to a healthy person. The body feels lighter afterward, the blood circulates more freely, and tingles warm in every vein—giving a buoyancy to the whole frame, and renewed vigor to the mind. So it was with Pierre,—the exertion of rubbing himself dry, drove away all remaining heaviness induced by sleep—arrousing him both physically and mentally. A breakfast was hastily prepared by several of the Eries—the rest of them in the mean time following the example of their

leader. After partaking of a hearty meal, they threw themselves with renewed strength and activity upon the trail of the French—steadily following it the entire day, and as twi-light began to deepen, found themselves at the Falls of Chaudiere, where from certain observations made on the way, conjectured truly they were close upon their enemies. In the course of the morrow they would certainly not fail to overtake them—indeed, they might be camping in their immediate vicinity. Pierre, therefore, selected patrolls of sharp-eared, lynx-eyed Eries to releave each other during the night, and made a small fire in a little deli, adjacent to the falls. Each individual cooked some venison for himself, which after partaking in silence, coiled himself away in the dry fern, anxious for the coming day, which might bring him revenge for violated hospitality.

Pierre extinguished the fire and stretched himself near the blackened embers—protected from the cold dews by the thick foliage of the trees. Though fatigued by the day's march, he in vain courted sleep; thought of what would take place on the morrow would suddenly rouse him from approaching slumber, and the solitude of night invited reflection. He was startled to find himself actually in arms against his own countrymen. When taking the command of the pursuit, he acted purely on the impulse of the moment, and impulse was what generally guided most of his actions—the impulse of a warm heart and a generous nature, which was alive to every noble trait of character, and alive to every sense of injury. His impulses though generous, frequently led him into many an embarassment, against which he guarded not, whilst more prudent of those passions which might induce him to do an unjust action—consequently his very generosity led him to that which he most wished to avoid. The reader must not think from thence he was fickle or irresolute; on the contrary wherever his impulses led him, there he remained,—carrying through any undertaking which he thought was just and right, being bold and couragous to a fault.

This was the first time he had an opportunity for calm reflection for several months back—the exciting play in which he was an actor, had kept his mind ever on the present, and the rapid changing of the scenes occupied all his attention. But now, responsible to himself alone for coming events, the solitude of night bid him hesitate. Against whom was he leading a band of Indians whose natures were arroused for revenge—(that revenge though just to them, was no excuse for him to be the instrument for wreaking it)—against his enemies?—no; against whom then?—his own countrymen—perhaps the very soldiers he had commanded when in moments of difficulty. Could he calmly witness their immolation?—he shuddered at the thought; yet these men deserved their fate for violated hospitality, and could he blame the Eries for their just resentment? What then? though he knew not fully the villainous purposes and doings of Lacoste, a feeling of deep, passionate resentment rose in his breast against him, for being the main cause of his present difficulties; his barbarous treatment of the simple Eries; and for his heartlessness in exposing his men to the danger which now threatened them. Again—what was the object of Lacoste's expedition, he

could not guess, though he concluded it was in some way connected with himself. Turn back he could not if he would; he must perform his duty—keep faith with his new friends; yet, alas, who could have forseen that those friends would ever come in contact with his countrymen; and those countrymen—what were they? They were a band of mercenary soldiers who deserved punisnment—led, too, by his own particular enemy. Were they his acquuaintances? no; were they his friends? no!—well, should an officer of their own brigade attack them? "but I am such no longer," ejaculated Pierre. He could not escape condemnation at home; but where was his home?—his home was with the Eries—with them to abide for the future. In what relation then did he stand with a band of mercenary soldiers?—as a traveler stands with a highwayman. Thus reasoned Pierre. If his home was pillaged, no matter by whom, he must defend it.

He reasoned himself at last to the determination of capturing Lacoste and his party with as little effusion of blood as possible; then go himself to Montreal, (for be it remembered by the reader, Pierre was quite unsuspicious in what relation he then stood towards the Government—to which he was, in fact, an outlaw,) and lay the matter before the Governor, whom he was sure had never authorized Lacoste to proceed to such extreme measures in the fulfilment of his mission, whatever it might have been; who would award such punishment to the men and their leader, as would satisfy the Eries, and convince Manhitti that the French Chief had never entertained aught but friendship towards him. This he and his warriors had a right to expect: and Pierre felt satisfied, from the well known policy of Governor Vaudreuville to attach all the Indian tribes to his person, he would from that motive, at least, comply with the just demands of the Eries. With a mind more at ease after conning over the above arguments, he determined upon making a speech to the Indians in the morning on the subject—lay before them his peculiar situation, submit to their approval his plan for capturing Lacoste, and he was sure they would appreciate his honest intentions.

When morning again dawned the Indians busied themselves with catching fish from the river, and preparing a hasty breakfast; they refrained from waking Pierre who had just fallen into a feverish slumber but a few hours previous—knowing that to the fatigue of a forest campaign, he was not so accustomed as themselves. Accordingly they prepared everything to resume their march at a moments notice, and threw themselves listlessly on the grass till their leader should arise. Pierre, however, no sooner felt the warm beams of the sun on his face, than he started to his feet, and giving himself a tremendous shake, proceeded at once to satisfy his appetite on the savory fish and venison hissing on the hot coals. Having breakfasted he called in the scouts; when they were all assembled he stood up and addressed them as follows:

"Brethren—listen a moment to what Broad Rifle has to say. When he first came to visit the Irinkas, he was a Chief among his countrymen at Hochelega. They appeared to him a brave people, well skilled in the chase, and cunning on the war-path; the summer nearly passed away, but he yet remained with them.

Why was this—why did the stranger remain with the Irinkas? why did he not go back to his own countrymen when even commanded to do so by the great Chief of the French? He will tell you. Broad Rifle when he first saw the Irinkas, was as a sapling, which, tender and yielding to the rough winds of the forest, could not grow to maturity without the support of its stronger brethren. They taught him the secrets of the forest; they taught him to track the deer, how to follow the trail of an enemy, and to read the sounds of the wilderness; they improved his vision and sharpened his ears; they taught him to wield the tomahawk, to bend the bow, to cross the wildest river, to paddle the bark canoe, and he said the Irinkas shall be his friends. Manhitti took him by the hand, saying, stop with us, but he did not reply to the offer of the old Chief, for the pale-face loved his countrymen. Coswenago came,—who liked not the white stranger, his haughty boastings sounded strange in the ears of the white-man. They met and fought in the forest beyond your village, where Broad Rifle vanquished the proud Chief of the Iroquois. Coswenago sought and was refused the hand of the Pale Lily—what then?—she was stolen from her cabin, and her captor bore off his prize in triumph. Broad Rifle was the friend of Manhitti, for the Chief had told him the secret of the Erie nation—that the Iroquois were the ancient foes of his race; his blood was fired at the story of your wrongs; he longed for another opportunity of fighting Coswenago to revenge the insult offered to his friend Manhitti. Could Broad Rifle then remain behind, when the Eries threw themselves upon the trail of the Iroquois? No!—from that hour the white-man became an Erie warrior; he has, with you, fought and vanquished the Senecas; he remains with his red brothers, and the foes of Erie are the foes of Broad Rifle also!" Here an audible murmur of satisfaction went round among his listeners, who with elated looks respectfully waited for him to proceed.

"Brethren," continued Pierre,"—"when we were away on the trail of our enemies, bad men and cowards came to our camp; they went away with their hands stained with our blood which calls loudly for revenge. But who is the leader of these men? I will tell you; he is Broad Rifle's particular enemy—a bad Frenchman unworthy of the name. The great Chief at Hochelega knows the Irinkas; some of you have seen him; he is friendly to you, who were always considered as allies of his people. He has purchased the skins of your hunters, and the game of your forests he has eaten, we must not then go to war with him. True, some of his bad men have dug up the hatchet, but their Chief has never bid them do it, wherefore then should we strike at our father in Hochelega? Who then shall attone for the blood of Eries shed at their own fires?—the bad leader of these soldiers shall attone for it; they shall be punished; we are now on their trail, and before the shadows of the trees turn shall overtake them. But, listen, your valor has not been in vain; go look on the banks of the Irinka Islands, you will find the ground stained red with the blood of your assailants. But it is not enough I hear the Eries say, then let them again listen. Coswenago punishes his disobedient followers, the red Chiefs restrain their young men from doing what is wrong, and will not the French Chief do likewise? will he not punish

these men for shedding the blood of his friends the Irinkas? He will. The Eries however, would like that their own eyes should see it done, and they are right. What shall we do, then? I will tell you. We will take some of these men back to our camp, the Chief at Hochelega shall be informed of the matter, —he will satisfy you by punishing them; what say my brothers? Is it not right that our Father should chastise his disobedient warriors, and shall we deprive him of that right? We must not then spill too much blood. Broad Rifle would see justice done to his brothers, but he must not offend his father at Montreal.

The Indians looked at one another for a moment; the new light in which Pierre had placed the matter appeared to satisfy them, and they replied that their new brother was a wise Chief, and were ready to do his bidding.

"It is well," answered Pierre, "we must now pursue the trail until we can put our eyes on our enemies—mark well the place where they hide, and wait for the approach of night. The Eries must then put forth all their cunning, and take away their fangs while they sleep, so that none may be bitten.

Accordingly with this understanding, the party again took up their line of march, which led them along the precipitous cliff of the river, where it abruptly terminated about three miles from the falls of Chaudiere. Here Lacoste, fearful of pursuit, must have crossed the river with the canoes brought with him from the Islands; the trail shewing a degree of cunning which the Eries would have hardly given him credit for. The Ottawa here was wide and turbid—too wide to permit of swimming, and too stormy to allow any clumsy float to be propelled across. Time was too precious to the Eries to construct a canoe—though swift and ingenious mechanics—and they were at a loss how to proceed. One of them represented to Pierre that about five miles lower down, the river, though broad and deep, was nevertheless sufficiently calm to allow a good swimmer to cross to the opposite shore, where he might find the canoes of the French hidden; but Pierre justly concluded that Lacoste would require them to pass the mouth of the Ottawa, though it was probable that having more than sufficient, he might have left one behind. He thought it too hazardous an experiment to try, and acted on the information of having smooth water beyond where the whole party might cross on a raft. The Eries consequently left the trail—marking well at the time the appearance of the country on both sides of the river, in order to find it again on the opposite shore.

The shadows turned and their anticipations of the morning were not yet realized, for their enemies were not yet in sight—on the contrary the day threatened to close before again falling on the trail. What was the surprise of the Eries, however, to come upon the same tracks close to the brink of the river, about ten miles below the place where they had lost them. Here was a degree of cunning which they never looked for in a whiteman, and which excited their admiration. Two of the party descending the bank, examined the flat rocks that lay extending into the river, partly covered by its rippling waves, and there cer-

tain indications were discovered of canoes having been recently landed. Pierre congratulated himself upon not attempting the passage of the Ottawa above, (as Lacoste expected would have been done)—thereby saving much amount of time and labor. The trail showed itself free, the broken twigs were yet green and juicy, and the Indians concluded that Lacoste could not be more than a few hours in their advance; much caution was, therefore, necessary in order to discover them, and at the same time remain undetected themselves. Pierre felt so confident of their vicinity that ordering a halt, he sent two of the Eries forward on the trail to mark the place where the French would camp for the night, which was fast approaching—the sun sinking low in the horizon. The remaining Indians threw themselves lazily down on the grass as the stealthy forms of their companions disappeared in the underbrush, and Pierre drawing the charges out of both barrels of his gun, carefully reloaded it. The Eries followed his example, and having seen that their weapons were fit for effective service, they again resumed their recumbent positions on the grass,—waiting impatiently for the reappearance of their companions.

As distant objects began to grow dim to the view in the deepening twi-light—the forest on the opposite side of the river assuming an indistinct and hazy appearance—a low cry reached their ears, and the Eries starting from their reclining attitude, answered it by a shrill whistle—fixing their eyes on the underbrush on their right—which slowly parting, the two scouts reappeared flushed and heated.

"What now," demanded Pierre; "have the French again crossed the river?"

The scouts replied that they had overtaken Lacoste and his party about five miles below, where they watched them while halting by the river, holding eager consultation; the result of which was that their canoes were launched—four in number, and the whole party embarked for the other side; upon witnessing which they hurried back as fast as their strength permitted them. Pierre waited awhile for the scouts to recover their breath; he then desired them to lead the way to the place of embarkation, which they readily undertook—avoiding the trail and taking an easier path along the cliffs of the river. Darkness closed over them and the light of the stars reflected from the water, alone enabled them to proceed. The scouts at last halted where the short crisp grass appeared trodden down for some extent round, and casting a searching look over the place, pronounced it the spot where the French had embarked but an hour or more previously.

The opposite shore loomed away broadly in an indistinct confused line; the river murmured hoarsly, and the reflected stars quivering dimly over its surface, rendered the solitude of the place peculiarly striking to a calm observer of the scene, but Pierre engrossed in the pursuit, took little heed of its loneliness or beauty. An embarasing pause occurred, and the Indians looked mutely at their leader for a solution of the problem which lay before them. The difficulty of crossing the broad bosom of the Ottawa at that part, destitute of the least means of conveyance, was apparent to all. To construct a raft out of the heavy trees

which grew adjacent to the place, appeared too tedious and noisy a proceeding—letting alone the difficulty when constructed, of managing it against the current. The only resource that offered to be available, was swimming, by that means to obtain one or more of the canoes of the French, and have themselves conveyed across in detachments; but who would venture on such a dangerous an undertaking. But dangerous as it seemed to be, a stout athlectic Erie stepped forward, ----volunteering to swim the river. Pierre after some hesitation signifying his assent, the Indian stripped himself of his slight clothing in an instant, and advanced a stout, brawny, herculean figure—in appearance fit to cope with the glancing currents. Swinging himself down to the edge of the water, he was about plunging in, when a quick flash of light spread among the trees on the opposite shore, while the faint report of a rifle reverberated over the river. The Indian drew back and listened; while hesitating, distant shouts reached his ears, and another rifle flashed from the opposite side. The Erie climbing up the bank, rejoined his companions, while Pierre laying himself prone on the brink, strained his gaze across the water. Nothing however, was visible, but in about ten minutes a small object loomed dimly to view, advancing directly toward the place where the Eries were assembled. Pierre kept his eyes on it as it continued to show itself larger and more shapely until he discovered it to be a canoe propelled slowly by a single occupant, who had, it would seem, made his escape from Lacoste. But who the individual was or could be, he in vain conjectured—whether Indian or white man, friend or foe, of course he could not tell. Two of the Indians hiding themselves behind the rocks at the edge of the river, waited for the coming of the stranger. The canoe moved swiftly toward the shore, and the Eries had short time to examine the appearance of their visitor before the vessel was swung broadside to the flat rocks. Its occupant jumping out, lifted it firmly to the dry land, when he drew a long breath as if relieved from some extraordinary exertion. He gazed eagerly across the river to see if he was pursued; being apparently satisfied he was not, he turned to ascend the bank, but at that instant the two Eries sprang forward, grasping him firmly by the arms—after a short struggle pinioning them securely to his side, when he was assisted up the bank, and immediately surrounded by the expectant Indians, who surveyed him from head to foot with great deliberation. The star-light was sufficient to show him a whiteman, but of what nation they could not determine, as he had not yet spoken a word. Pierre stepping up looked carelessly in his face, asking in French:

"How now, you travel late, my friend, though it seems as if 't were a matter of necessity on thy part; where from and where to?"

The stranger started, but remained perfectly silent, though Pierre imagined he heard sounds of suppressed laughter, and he again somewhat impatiently accosted his captive:

If thou dost not understand the French, friend, thou must, if not mute, speak some language. What art thou—English, Dutch, Swiss, or German? Which

of those nations dost thou represent? why escape from the French party on the other side of the river?"

The stranger burst into a hearty laugh and threw himself down on the grass. "*Pardi!-savez- vous ce que je pense?*—that you would make a capital inquisitor. Believe me, Pierre, you are a hero; thy own mother would not know you. These forests have made you quite a man, though they could not alter your voice so much as to deceive your friend Lefevre."

Before he had well done speaking, Pierre was kneeling by his side; he cut in an instant the thongs which bound the arms of Lefevre, who springing to his feet, the two friends joined hands with a grasp as strong as the friendship they expressed,

"What cheer, Lefevre; I expected to have met you at any other time and place than this. But this is very fortunate. Did you come from Montreal with the smallest expectation of finding me in these trackless regions! You were right however, for chance has befriended you; it sometimes does when we most need its aid, which is frequently given, and often not appreciated. You might have wandered for weeks along these shores without hearing anything of me. I can very well immagine you were taken prisoner by Lacoste on some pretext—is it not so?"

"Hold! most puissant and valliant; overwhelm me not with your questions, which, before I undertake to answer, *avec votre permission*, I must light a fire, and get something to eat, for I am hungry as a wolf."

"Softly, Lefevre, softly; something to eat thou shalt have, but to make a fire at present would shock the military tactics of my worthy allies, for, you perceive they scent their enemies across the water."

"Perceive indeed! I perceive nor see nothing in this star-light. Could I have saw or seen, thy worthy friends would not have made my worthy self a captive so easily. They scent their enemies, do they!—I scent something, too; it is not beef, mutton, or bacon—what have you got?"

"Excellent dried venison, biscuit, roast partridge and duck; here, sit down, eat your fill, and tell me something of how the world wags."

"Faith, the world's a wag sure enough, but silence for the present," and Lefevre commenced with a hearty will to discuss the simple fare before him. "I had not tasted a morsel previous," he resumed after satisfying himself, "for twelve hours; that rascally Lacoste had not even manners enough to offer me a biscuit. These are the Irinkas, thy red brothers," he continued, after gazing for a short time upon the group of Eries who lay stretched along the bank of the river, and who appeared in the light star-light like recumbent statues of marble, so still they remained, with their eyes fixed upon the opposite shore. "Fine looking fellows all of them. But now, Pierre, listen, and I will tell you of strange things that have happened concerning us two individuals since thy departure from Montreal—owing to the machinations of that scoundrel Lacoste."

Pierre disposed himself to attend, while Lefevre gave him a faithful narra-

tive of those particulars which had transpired during his absence; in what manner the Governor had received the letter intended for himself; how the two latter ones had been misdirected, thereby both falling into the hands of Vaudreuville. Lefevre repeated to him their contents, and with an arch smile asked if he had recited them correctly. That individual started hastily to his feet without replying---pacing back and forward for a few minutes, when he called to one of the Eries, who coming up, gave him a few directions. He quickly departed, and collecting three more of his number, the four descending the bank, launched the canoe, which moving off silently was soon lost to view in the dim light.

"What now, Pierre!" exclaimed Lefevre; "do you hope to take vengeance on Lacoste by the agency of those few warriors?---you ought to estimate French soldiers better."

"One hour or two will show," answered Pierre; "and now Lefevre let me hear the rest of your narrative."

"Ma conscience, yes; but thou hast not answered my last question---have I recited those letters word for word?"

"Lefevre, of course you must be aware that a more miserable forgery was never attempted; that not a word of that traitorous trash did I ever contemplate.---For thy curiosity, not satisfaction, will I inform thee of the contents of the right letter I sent to you by one of my faithful brothers." Pierre thereupon repeated to the best of his recollection the few brief lines he had written when near the Madawaska to the Governor and his friend.

"As I thought---as I of course imagined," rejoined Lefevre. "Your messenger must have been intercepted by Lacoste, who must have obtained possession of your papers, which he no doubt destroyed---substituting his own fabrications instead---thereby following up the plan he first contemplated at the time the snuff box was discovered. Hence, I, of course, was implicated in your treason, and on the strength of those forgeries summoned to a court of enquiry immediately. I explained the whole of the affair in the best manner I could to their Excellencies---making that scoundrel Lacoste tremble in his shoes; but malgre all my arguments and eloquence, the Court was so prejudiced they either would not or could not understand simple reasoning. I was, consequently sent back to confinement, there in durance vile to wait, chewing the cud of expectation until they could catch Monsieur Pierre. O! what a disgrace for myself and for you, to be pointed out as suspected traitors to the whole batallion. If I had been arrested on any other indictment, I might have borne it calmly, but to be suspected of treason---I who possess the friendship of General Montcalm!---pardi, it's too ridiculous. But that is past; I will proceed. Marched back to solitary confinement, there to await the issue of the expedition sent against yourself, my situation was not to be envied; but, when I learned that that expedition was under the command of Lacoste, whom I was sure had solicited the command merely for the purpose of thereby confirming his allegations against us, I cursed (which of course must be excused under the circumstances) the stupidity of the Gover-

nor. And, when I came to consider the probable results of his machinations, I found myself in rather a precarious position. Lacoste, I felt convinced, would return with some trumped up story, or take good care that his conduct should lead to resistance on your part and consequent defeat on his, thereby rendering my own condemnation certain; and, for an innocent man to await patiently the successful scheming of a scoundrel was more than could be expected of Lefevre. I made my escape from the prison, with the intention of lying hid till I learned the issue of the affair, but, unfortunately for my innocent plans, I was again captured by our vigilant governor, and treated more like a condemned felon than a gentleman suspected of treason. 'Give a dog a bad name,'—you know the rest. I should have died in my solitude had I not determined upon again releasing myself, make a general clear out affair of it,—joining my destiny with your venturous self. I imagined we should hunt very well in couples, with no drivers, and Canada has facilities for a tramp that no country in the world can compete with,—abounding in lakes, rivers, rapids, rocks, trees, valleys, mountains, fish game and Indians. Here, then, was a chance to satisfy my natural inclinations, it was my destiny—fate brought me into my present difficulty, destiny pointed out its removal. Charles Lefevre, said I to myself, enjoy the advantages of life while you have them, its diadvantages, try and hit upon the best means of removing. Well, I have enjoyed many advantages, certainly—I could enumerate many, but now I am *in* the disadvantages; what then,—why hit upon the best means of gaining the flank of misfortune. Accordingly, to carry out my theory, I bribed the soldier on guard, hired an Indian to convey me over the mouth of the Ottawa, and commenced the ascent of the river on the western shore. In three days I reached the place where you so obstinately persisted on leaving us in the spring; (by the by I could read thee a nice lecture on obstinacy but will defer it till some other time, as I see thou art already in the fidgets;) I knew the place by the pines on the opposite shore and a little turbulent river that emptied itself into the Ottawa near by. I was provided with a good rifle, ammunition, knife, a tolerable pair of boots, a bearskin and a small quantity of provisions; by some fatality, I had taken along my sword, which I found rather inconvenient in pushing through the underbrush, and calculating it would create some trouble and no service, I hid it under a log—about five miles as near as I can judge below this on the opposite side. I regreted parting with the thing too, as it was valuable and an old keep-sake of mine, that has seen service in its day, both public and private. However, some of your red friends will recover it for me—for it will not trouble them a bit I suppose to run five miles and back—nothing but a bit of sport I should conjecture for an Indian. This afternoon about five o'clock, disagreeably and unexpectdly falling in with Lacoste and his party, I was, of course detained, though under what pretext he sublimely refused to explain; the malicious scoundrel bound me hand and foot—took posession of my rifle and ammunition, (a very good precaution by the way, for, I believe I I should have shot him,)—and there I lay somewhat *infra dig* at the bottom of a hollow beech tree. I lectured myself pretty sharply for not keeping a better look-out—determining to act better for the future;—the future thought I, it's easy to

divine the future unless you manage to adjourn *sine die*; but, as I had certain cogent reasons for not doing so—to wit, the impossibility of moving either arms or legs, I determined to let destiny work out my deliverance, which, if it was to to be effected, would be, and with this comfortable assurance I fell asleep.—When I awoke the men were sitting round a small fire, they appeared exhausted, and were cooking their venison on the coals. Lacoste, however, came along and extinguished the fire, when it became so dark I could not distinguish the forms of the men as they stretched themselves around the warm ashes. I now managed to break some of the withes that bound my arms and by twisting myself into all manner of contortions, soon freed them altogether; then to regain the use of my legs was an easy matter. The canoes, I had seen hoisted on the bank a little to my left; after waiting an hour or so to let the soldiers fall a-sleep, crept away to the place where after some little difficulty, owing to the darkness, found the barks ranged side by side. Abstracting one—paddles and all—I threw it on my back, descending the bank in safety. When in the act of placing it on the water I heard a noise and bustle in the camp—produced I suppose by my unexpected absence. I shoved off in a terrible hurry, having barely time to give a few strokes with the paddle when a bullet whizzed by, passing through the prow of the boat, which I then urged with all my strength across the current; I could distinctly hear the soldiers flying about like bats in all directions. Lacoste kept shouting "stop the scoundrel," but no one seemed to think of taking the right way to stop the scoundrel, viz. giving chase in the other canoes, but I suppose they were afraid of falling in with your peaceable friends, as they resorted to the chance of finding me with a bullet in the dark, for another whizzed past though wide of its mark,—(there's rhyme in that last sentence, but I have a natural taste for poetry which I suppose accounts for it.) I soon put myself out of danger, though still apprehensive of pursuit, landing safe on this shore, only to be again seized by some unknown monsters as I thought, to be carried away to unknown regions. *Pardieu* but when I heard thy voice Pierre, I knew I was born for luck; so now thou hast an outline of my adventures for the last six months, and it is to be hoped thou wilt make a fair return, by leting me hear thine own."

"My adventures friend Lefevre, are too numerous and too lengthy to be related here; I will take up my narrative, however, a little back, and continue it with regard to Lacoste's departure from Montreal on his present mission. He arrived at the camp of the Irinkas' during the absence of their chief and myself, with more than half of the tribe, and were hospitably received by the remainder, on the pretence that he came on my invitation, to assist them to fight their battles. He contrived to pick a fatal quarrel, a skirmish was the consequence, the result of which was the loss of some half dozen soldiers, three or four Irinka warriors, and the village of that tribe laid in ashes. That people calling loudly for revenge, revenge on Lacoste for the mischief he had done, for the ruin he had wrought in their peaceful village, I, yes, even I, have led a bold party on their trail. I done it at first from an impulse of resentment, afterwards on reflection to save too much shedding of blood. The Irinkas, it left to themselves

would in their fury have annihilated the whole party, but I yet hope in spite of what I have just heard from thee of the double perfidy of Lacoste, to save the lives of the French soldiers, who are in some measure responsible only to their leader for what they may do; but that leader I will punish, offer his life to the manes of the murdered Irinkas, and the injuries he has done to myself and thee." Here Pierre made known to Lefevre his plan of capturing the soldiers and referring the whole affair to the decision of the Governor.

Lefevre quickly interposed saying: "Pierre, surely you could not do so foolish a thing, however plausible the plan might have seemed to thee, when unaware of the charges of treason established against you—it is the worst one you could adopt, both for yourself and your friends the Irinkas. The fact is, both you and I are considered as outlaws, the result of this campaign will make us so indeed—it is our fate, we must abide our destiny. My escape will only confirm the Governor in his opinion respecting us both; making prisoners of the very men he sent to apprehend you, he will consider as flying in the very face of his authority, and draw down his vengeance—not only on thee but on thy innocent allies.—However truly and justly you might represent the affair, he would listen to no terms but thy unconditional submission, then condemn thee on some trumped up story of thine enemies. Keep thyself free in the forest, let thy very existance be forgotten—no great hardship for you, but for me, *ma foi*, how am I to endure the hardships of a Canadian winter in these solitary regions—I unexperienced in such adventures. Well, whatever is, is right,—what must be must be; I dare say I shall fall in love with some of thy red beauties, for you know what an exciteable temperament is mine, and manage to pass away the time in love and thy society. Ah that villian Lacoste, what do we not owe to him."

"Lefevre," replied Pierre, "thou wer'st born for an orator, I cannot compete with thee in eloquence, and, next to courage, that talent will make thee rise in the ranks of the red men. Your arguments are conclusive, 't would be folly in me to do as I had determined on; but, shall Lacoste go unpunished for the mischief he has done to the Irinkas, to thee and to myself? Were I willing,—my friends are not—their nature is different from ours; I would forfeit their good opinion forever, were I to draw them back, now when their objects of pursuit are within their very grasp—no, I will not attempt to do so. If we are outlaws let us be so, this act of justice will make us no worse than we are in reality. I will punish the main author of our misfortunes, but will try and save the soldiers,—though, perhaps, they deserve punishment as well as their leader."

"Yes, it would be too bad to let that scoundrel go free, to be the means, you may depend upon it, of doing us yet further injury. My opinion is, that this war will soon be brought to a close, and the Canadas eventually ceded to England. though were I to mention the mere possibility of such a thing at Montreal, it were enough of itself to make men doubt the good faith of Charles Lefevre. If such turns out to be the event of the war between the two countries, of course we should be disbanded, those who could not afford to go home would remain residents in the country; I am one of the latter, and all things taken in consideration,

think we may venture to punish our enemy in spite of the Governor Vaudreuville."

"Thou art again right, Lefevre; after that pleasant operation is performed, we will away to the home of the Irinkas—there pass the winter pleasantly enough—and the Pale Lily will cast a chain around thee which thou wilt not care rudely to break."

"*Ma foi!* that is the name of thy charmer, is it?—a pretty appellation, too; I long to see this forest princess—faith, I'm half in love with her already By the by, you must find some opportunity to relate to me all thy adventures concerning her."

"They shall serve to while away an evening or two. The Pale Lily is not altogether of Indian stock; she is a half blood, as you may guess from her name—her mother being a French lady, who was taken captive by the Iroquois a long time ago—being recaptured by the Irinkas, the Chief of whom she married."

"Is the mother living? I feel quite interested in her fate, though I know not wherefore."

"No—she died about ten years ago." Here one of the Eries approaching, Pierre turning to him asked: "What is the matter, *Necantis?*"

"The canoes of the French are here," he briefly replied.

"So soon!—thou hast done well, Necantis. Lefevre, have you a rifle, for the sooner this business is over the better."

"No, indeed; Lacoste has all my weapons except my knife, which he thought I presume, an inoffensive article."

"Not in the hands of an Indian; take my rifle, however—you may find use for it; I will obtain another for myself. We must now embark, for the morning I believe, is pretty well advanced."

CHAPTER XIV.

Pierre summoning the Eries about him, cautioned them to use all their dexterity and cunning to surprise their enemy, that they might be taken without loss of life on either side. Four canoes lay stranded on the rocks at the base of the cliff; they were gently lifted on the water; being held steady by several of the Indians, they safely received their loads. They proved to be large and well made, holding nevertheless, with difficulty, ten able-bodied men each. Pierre and Lefevre were seated near each other.

"I must confess," said the latter, "I do not feel easy in my present position; you know I am but an indifferent swimmer; the chances are ten to one that we have wet jackets before we reach yonder shore."

"From rain or from a cold bath in the river,—which?"

"The river to be sure; the sky is clear—I see no appearance of rain at present; but see, the water is nearly up to the thwarts of the vessel—as the current foams up, it fairly reaches the bends, threatening to swamp us, poor souls."

"Trust thy soul to the Eries; they understand these matters too well to let the chances stand five to one—nay, they do not stand one to one."

"The Eries!" rejoined Lefevre, "who are they? I thought thy friends distinguished themselves as the Irinkas."

"Did I say Eries?—a *lapsus linguæ* of mine then; the Irinkas are the best sailors among all the tribes of North America."

"I dare say—they handle their paddles well; they appear a fine specimen of the aborigines. What is the name of their Chief?—you named him once or twice, but I have forgotten."

"He has several, but if you want to know the one by which he is most generally known, call him Manhitti.

"Are they numerous?"

"Not very; they are rather reduced at present, though once a powerful tribe But we must keep silence now, Lefevre, as I perceive we are nearing the shore Our plan of attack, as I before explained to thee, is in the first place to secure the muskets of the soldiers, then surrounding them, offer them quarter on unconditional surrender, and destitute of the least means of defence, they will be sure to do so without striking a blow. I shall then give them their liberty, excepting Lacoste, along with another man whom the Irinkas will point out, on a promise of representing the affair impartially to the Governor; the latter the Irinkas shall judge and condemn, the former *I* will undertake to punish. Not a whisper now, for the least noise is if possible to be avoided."

"I shall be silent as death—taking pattern from thy worthy allies."

All conversation for the present here dropped. The forest loomed broadly up in an indistinct line, as the canoes rapidly approached the shore; the tops of the trees began to appear distinct, the stars twinkling through them at intervals, tho' as the canoes swung to the grassy bank, the frowning woods appeared like an impenetrable cavern. The Eries cautiously disembarked; stooping low, they were guided along the bank by Necantis, who at length halted at an angle of the forest where it bent inward for about ninety yards—forming a small open space in the shape of a triangle—dotted here and there with a few beech and maples. Here a party of ten men were selected, who throwing themselves flat on the ground, crawled slowly over the grass,—disappearing from their companions as they mingled themselves with the trees. Pierre waited for their return at the edge of the clearing; as minutes slipped by, while even an hour passed away, getting somewhat impatient, he determined to creep forward himself to reconnoitre. Advancing cautiously, he stumbled over a prostrate body, gagged and bound hand and foot, which he ascertained to be a French sentinel thus disposed of by the wary Irinkas. While proceeding farther he perceived a group of men heavi-

ly laden, advancing towards him. Throwing himself on the ground, he lay still—letting them pass, when jumping up, followed them to the edge of the woods, where they deposited their burdens, consisting of more than twenty muskets, being all the Irinkas could safely take away undetected. Pierre, discovering himself, had them immediately hid in the underbrush. The Eries assembled together, and marching in single file, formed a circle enclosing the sleeping soldiers, when they raised their startling warwhoop. The soldiers jumped to their feet in terror, while another piercing cry broke upon their startled senses; they stooped, hastily groping for their weapons, which before resigning themselves to slumber, they had laid near them handy to their grasp; but the stealthy Eries had taken them from their relaxed hold, and they found themselves entirely at the mercy of their enemies. A few, indeed found their muskets, who had taken the precaution to lay them under their knapsacks, more for the purpose of securing the priming from damp, than apprehensive of being taken by the Indians. These rashly fired into the circle—charging home with the bayonet. The Eries enraged at some severe hurts they sustained, shouted for their companions on the opposite side to lay down, while they poured in a deadly fire against these desperate few, and three of them dropped to rise no more. The powerful voice of Pierre was now heard, on which silence immediately ensued, broken but by the cries of the startled inhabitants of the woods. The soldiers stood in a confused group, anxiously waiting for some further demonstration on the part of the Indians.

"My lads!" cried Pierre, "it is useless to resist—you are surrounded; make but a motion to escape and you die. Surrender, therefore without delay, for it will save the lives of some of ye."

"*Pardi!* you had better do as he tells you," cried Lefevre.

Lacoste who was standing in the midst of his men, hearing the voices of two persons he had most reason to dread, was no way solicitous for the soldiers to do their bidding, while there yet remained the remotest chance for an escape. He went round whispering to them to make a bold push for their liberty—that if they suffered themselves to be taken the Indians would scalp them on the spot. The men looked furtively round, irresolute whether to attempt any resistance, but seeing dimly a formidable array of rifles on every side, and not knowing the number of their assailants, they thought the chances of life too small in an attempt to face them. They were about signifying their assent to Pierre's demand, when Lacoste forseeing their intention, called out:

"Is Monsieur Pierre there?"

"He is," replied that individual, sternly.

"Have a care what you do Monsieur,—I have the Governor's authority for what has been done; do not suffer us therefore, to be massacred by these savages. Thy well known love for thy countrymen would surely prompt thee to do this; leave us, therefore, unmolested; I will report the thing favourably at head quarters, laying the blame for what has happened on the Indians."

"Liar that thou art," rejoined Pierre, "blame thyself for what has happened,

—for the murder of innocent Irinkas—for the death of those that have fallen under thy command; last, though not least, for thy treachery to myself and Lefevre, seek to make no terms with me. What say you my lads," turning to the soldiers, "do ye surrender? take my advice and do it quickly as it will prevent the death of more of ye."

"We are willing Monsieur, on condition that our lives shall be spared,—if not, we may as well make a fight of it, and die here as elsewhere."

"I cannot guarantee that condition to all of ye—to most of ye I can—decide at once lads, I give ye three minutes; make up your minds in that time."

"We surrender Monsieur, trusting to thy protection from the savages." "Advance, then, three at a time—not more." Accordingly three volunteering stepped forward to the circle, where they were firmly pinioned, and in like manner they were all secured, except Lacoste, who was detected endeavoring to sneak away on his hands and knees towards the river. Lefevre, running forward threw him back on the grass, and two of the Eries [illegible] hand and foot.

As the expedition was now over, Pierre caused a large fire to be kindled,—which, soon flaming high threw its beams of light amongst the trees, lighting up the scene of the late skirmish. Five dead bodies lay on the ground, their muskets and uniforms showing them to be French, while two wounded Indians were seen supporting themselves against a tree which grew near the centre of the clearing; the prisoners were either standing or lying down under a group of maples with their arms pinioned behind their backs. The rest of the Eries gathered round the fire; while Pierre and Lefevre took short walks back and forward, between the prisoners and the wounded Indians.

"This," said Lefevre, "is like what we have witnessed among the hills of Scotland, when you and I were in that country helping to fight the battles of the brave and chivalrous Prince Charles Stuart, eleven years ago; for I think a certain degree of similarity exists between these Indians in their picturesque costumes, and the wild men of the Highlands. We might almost fancy these prisoners the English taken at Prestonpans, you the Prince, and myself the chief of one of the clans."

"Thy fancy brings to mind sad, yet pleasant recollections—for those days were pleasant during the time of our success, while defeat made us participate in the grief of the beaten adherents of the Prince. What a spirit of chivalry exists throughout all the highland clans,—a devotion to their chiefs, equalled only by the red men of America; yet, unorganized by the jealousies of their leaders, they offered but a feeble resistance to the well trained armies of England. 'Tis the same with the natives of this country, who, born under the same climate, educated in the same manner, sprung from one common stock, they are, like the Celtic race, divided into tribes and bands, speaking different languages, and hostile to each other. Had they but united in one common nation—had they but struck a bond of amity and confederation, to uphold the rights, dignity and existence of their origin, no European could have ever gained a footing on the soil of America."

"True enough," replied Lefevre "but Providence for a wise purpose has ordained it otherwise. A question in my mind arises, though, that however confederated or organized the Indians of all America might become, they could not offer a successful opposition to Europeans, for this reason—that unskilled in military duties, unprovided with weapons, equal in their efficiency for taking life as their invaders, they would be obliged to yield to the superior skill and attacks of their enemies."

"There, Lefevre, I think thou art somewhat wrong in such a supposition: true, most of them are unacquainted with the European mode of warfare; as much so as whites were unacquainted with the subtilties of an Indian war-path, which are far better adapted to the difficulties of forest fighting, than the drilled motions and manœuverings of a company of regulars,—suitable only for an open country: that the English have recently found to their cost in the defeat and total rout of General Braddock's army, in the frequent ambush and consequent massacre of some of their companies. Regarding their confederation, the Indians would find *it* more available than all their skilful cunning. Our government know the fact by past experience; the occurrence of 1689, when this colony was nearly extinguished by the fatal attacks of the Iroquois, who are five confederate nations—(though still known as such, are at present rather divided)—is still fresh in their remembrance. No, believe me, the aborigines of this country might have sustained defeat for a time, but experience would have taught them how to avail themselves of the ignorance, as well as of the superior acquirements of their enemies. Myriads would have poured in from the back countries, offering such a front in point of numbers as would daunt the small forces of their invaders."

"Well—well—thou art a redman now thyself, Pierre," replied Lefevre, laughing—"an Irinka in name—a warrior by profession; it becomes thee to hold up the rights of thy countrymen against us pale-faces. Thy plan of co-operation looks well enough in theory, I grant, but reduce it into practice, and I am afraid the practice would not sustain the theory." Thy interest in these tribes, however, hast led me away from mine of Scotland—the Highlanders of that sterile, mountainous part of the country. Do you recollect the battle of Culloden, which I think is the name of the place where it was fought?"

"Yes, Lefevre, I recollect it with shame and sorrow. You and I were very young in our profession then—mere boys; notwithstanding we were better men than our leaders, whom I must say were a disgrace to French valor and chivalry. Never boast of having fought at the battle of Culloden; we witnessed it—witnessed the overthrow of poor Prince Charles Stuart's high hopes, the massacre of brave Scots, the total rout of the clans, while we never helped by word or deed to turn the tide of battle or assist the failing strength of the exhausted Chiefs.—Let shame forever rest upon the heads of those who had the command of our battalion for their pusillanimous conduct on that day—entrusted as they were with the control of brave men, for the soldiers were brave, though their leaders made them appear cowards."

"I never intend to boast, mon Pierre, or even to say I was there, for all men

I believe, are acquainted with the history of those times; it would never redound to my honor to have it known I was one among those who calmly rested on their arms while gazing on the immolation of the Scots. I agree with thy opinion regarding that transaction, but why I referred to the battle of Culloden, was merely to bring to thy recollection my heroic performance in saving the life of a sweet little girl from one of Cumberland's fierce soldiers. I cut him down when in the act of carrying her off, while at the same time I was about being cut down myself for my trouble, when thou, mon Pierre, interposing, saved my life. We managed to bring her with us to France, where old General, (I forget his name) took possession of her, in order as he expressed it, 'to afford the young lady more discreet guardians,' until the arrival of her father, to whom he had written. I then learned she was an only daughter of Colonel St. Hillaire, who had entrusted her with her brother to the care of one of the wealthy Chiefs of the Highlands, who had daughters of nearly the same age as his own."

"Indeed, yes—I remember her very well; she was nearly terrified to death, poor thing; she was very handsome. Didst thou ever hear how she happened to be on the field of battle?—she may have told thee for I left her almost entirely to thy charge."

"Also leaving me to disburse all expenses; I will tell thee all I know about her. The Scottish Chief fighting bravely for his Prince, was slain toward the close of the fight near his own castle. His daughters anxious to learn the issue of the struggle, and ascertain the fate of their father, left their secure retreat in the castle—ascending one of the high pinnacles of the mountain, from whence they witnessed the overthrow of their countrymen. Shortly after several horsemen spurred by the base of the cliff, pursued by a party of Cumberland's cavalry.—Among the pursued they recognized their father, whom they saw shortly after cut down from his horse. Miss St. Hillaire had accompanied the Scottish girls, either from sympathy, or fearing to stop alone in the building, and when they hastened to their father she followed them. You will recollect that after retreating from the field, we were drawn up, secure from the pursuit of the troopers, on one of the high cliffs ranging north and south. A young ensign observing the girls, rushed out from his secure position to their assistance, which before he could tender, poor fellow, he was cut down. That young man was Miss St. Hillaire's brother. You may also recollect that two young men witnessing the occurrence, sprang out from the ranks—avenging the death of the brother and rescuing the sister."

"Thou hast a good memory, Lefevre; thou mayest take credit to thyself for that action—one worthy of a chivalrous spirit like thine. But these things are past and gone; why do you bring Miss St. Hillaire to my remembrance?"

"Faith, I do not know," replied Lefevre, coloring; "this scene some how or other reminded me of Scotland, then of Prestonpans, when comparisons drawn between the Indians and the Clans put me in mind of Culloden, which place, as a matter of course, is connected with a little incident in the life of Miss St. Hillaire."

"No doubt—very plausible, indeed, but I fancy there are some other little incidents in the life of that young lady which thou hast forgotten to mention."

"Why,—no—except—the fact is, Pierre, thou knowest I am a very susceptible young gentleman—more so at that time than now, having since then roughed over a good deal of the sentimentality of youth. Miss St. Hillaire was a beautiful young creature, (which of course you know as well as myself)—about fourteen years of age I should think. We were thrown together a good deal during the time she remained under the protection of that confounded old General, who was as jealous as a miser of his fair ward. We nevertheless, to make a long story short, fell in love; at least I fell in love with her, and I think—nay, I am sure she did not hate me, for when about going home to her father, we exchanged rings, with the understanding that I should see her again in two years, when I would claim her and my ring together. Two years—yes, nearly eleven years have passed away, and I have not claimed either. You naturally ask why—because three thousand miles and more have been continually dividing the space between us; but why should that distance intervene?—because Charles Lefevre was unexpectedly ordered abroad on the Continent—lastly out to Canada, where he met with his friend Pierre, which somewhat compensated him for leaving sunny France and the girl he loved behind him. Immediately on arriving at Quebec, I wrote to her, lamenting my hard destiny—the unavoidable circumstances which have always prevented me from clasping her in my arms according to agreement. No answer came, but I heard accidentally some time since that she was married to another. I felt down hearted enough at the time, but as I before said, I have roughed over the squeamishness of youth, though on nights like the present, when stars stud the sky like diamonds set in jet,—in a scene like this—in the solitude of the forest, I sometimes think of and revert back to the time when the careless joys of youth were tinged with those of love."

"Ha! Lefevre, I thought there was some sentiment at the bottom of all this. I am sincerely sorry for thy disappointments, though. Didst thou ever see Colonel St. Hillaire?"

"Never—but I heard he was unemployed—having retired on half pay—and in rather poor circumstances."

"It appears to me," replied Pierre, "I have heard his name mentioned out here—though in connection with what subject I have forgotten."

"Talking about sentiment," said Lefevre after a short pause—"how dost thou feel thyself on that score—a singular feeling of sad-pensiveness, is it not? Dost thou not often think of the Pale Lily during some of these midnight excursions, when everything around you is in repose; when thou art left alone in the solitude of the forest, with naught but the stars to gaze on thee, or with naught but the moon, slowly parting the clouds, to shed her pale silver light on the scene,—does not the image of thy mistress sometimes rise before thee in all her numerous charms? A laugh, perhaps, a peculiar intonation of her voice, a smile, a look, a motion,—eyes bent on thee, dark with expression and interest—do not all these sometimes occur to thy imagination—remaining oblivious to all else except thy own happy contemplations?"

"Ah, Lefevre—thou art an adept in the poetry of love, I perceive. If I have not felt exactly what thou hast so ably portrayed, I have in the deep solitude of night watched the hosts of heaven twinkling in myriads ever steadily, ever intensely. I have felt my own insignificance, when at such times I endeavored to comprehend the vast works of the Almighty. I have let my imagination wander beyond this sphere to revel in the boundless space of our planetary systems.—What immensity!—what infinity!—what vast never ending space! Those stars our astronomers and learned men have pronounced worlds—most of them larger far than our own Earth; some of them suns, giving light to other systems, while are suns beyond those again, which we see not with the naked eye, round which revolving other spheres, gives one an idea so vast of infinity that one cannot comprehend it in a single view, but he must take space by space, sphere by sphere, and suns by themselves before he can have a faint idea of the grand whole. One must feel their own littleness, while awe and fear so pervade the mind that one is ready, involuntarily to bend his knee in adoration to HIM, the Creator of all. When under the influence of those feelings, I have often wished the atheist or deist in my situation, and fancied how soon his theoretical sophisms would be shaken. Alone with nature, in solitude, perhaps in danger, he would feel the existence of a God—of an over-ruling power which could crush him—and his coward heart would shrink, his coward spirit would tremble, as in deep humility ackowledging his own littleness, he would wonder at his former idle folly. If sudden danger then menaced him, he would involuntarily wish for the protection of that Providence, he when, surrounded by dissipated, reckless, fashionable folly, formerly despised. Believe me, there is no school for the conversion of atheism like the forest, none for that of deism like solitude—none for the correction of vice in any shape, than for its votaries to wander alone amid the grandeur and beauty of Nature. It is only in the dissipation of society supported by thy friends, in the pleasures of the cities, the impunity with which crime is often perpetrated, that your freethinker, your atheist or deist is created."

"Being neither the one or the other Pierre, thy able and convincing lecture applies not to me."

"I did not intend it, Lefevre, though I knew thou wert an admirer of the profane writers; so was I, myself, previous to coming to America. I know thou hast, (as have alas too many of our countrymen,) a partiality for these blasphemous scribblers so much in vogue—though perhaps not exactly concurring in their doctrines; but when speaking of atheists I never for a moment thought of thy predelictions."

"I am sure of it Pierre, though as I said before, neither an atheist or a deist, I am something of a Predestinarian. I believe that the events which befall us during our lives, are so ordained at our birth—that our weak minds and passions cannot frustrate the designs of Providence."

"Of course not—the idea would be silly and blasphemous—arrogating to ourselves power equal with the Almighty. But Providence never, I believe, designs

the events which befall us during our lives; He sometimes in his mercy interposes—those who seek his protection will find it—those who trust in him will not be deceived; but that all things are Predestined I do not believe. Man is a perfectly free agent—upon himself depends whether he be good or bad, rich or poor; there are various paths open to him, of which he is free to choose."

"Not entirely," replied Lefevre; there are many difficulties which often occur to prevent men from choosing that which they most incline to—being consequently forced in a direction contrary to their wishes. There are predisposing causes which strengthen or develope the character of men; some are born rich, some poor, some are intelligent, some stupid. The rich have not the same inducements to commit crime as the poor, for they have time to study, reflect and refine themselves, which the latter have not. The *talented* find it harder to resist temptation to do evil than the *stupid*, provided any advantages to themselves or friends offer to be the result, while those of obtuse minds may be virtuous for this reason—that their dull intellects will not permit them to do a bad action undetected. Your thorough bred villain is generally a talented man, capable of being made a saint, did not some predisposing cause induce him to take the former character—thus was he predestined from his birth to a career of evil. That man is a free agent, I must deny—for instance to prove it—take myself. Was it my inclination to leave France?—why am I here now upon the banks of this wild river, talking on these subjects with thee, when one little week since, I was under lock and key in Montreal. Why art thou and I outlaws? have we committed any crime to make us so? Are we free agents then, when we are placed in a position farthest from our inclinations, and repugnant to our feelings?"

"I do not see what all this has to do with predestination; but, Lefevre, I perceive from the weakness of thy arguments, that thou thyself hast some little doubts as to the truth and weight of what thou hast advanced, or are conscious that thy arguments are not exactly to the point. Thou sayest the rich man has not the same inducements to do evil as the man who is poor; he has more—his wealth opens to him a wider field of pleasure, and fashionable pleasure is folly, while folly is crime. With resources at his command to purchase all the follies of the day, he finds it hard to resist that which he is conscious is evil. The temptations to which he is exposed are more various and numerous than those of his poorer neighbor. Born rich, he is generally well educated, while if education refines pleasure, it also adds to the perception of distinguishing right from wrong, and if with his eyes open he commits the latter, then the consequences thereof rests with himself—not with fate. 'The talented are likely to make as great saints as vilains;' very well—then, according to thine own argument, he is a free agent—free to make himself one or the other, and the consequences of his choice, be what it may, rests with him and not with fate. Again—thou sayest that the talented, being so, find it harder to resist evil than those of duller intellects, because the former has in perspective the certainty of working out his designs with impunity, while the latter does not care to commit crime, because he does not know how to do it with no risk to himself. Such may be the case, but if thou

arguest therefrom that he is not a free agent---owing all the incidents of his life as so predestined at his birth, thou art much mistaken. If, being more talented than his fellows, he is induced to do a bad action for the foregoing reasons, they also offer him inducements to do good;—then it is surely not predestined for him to be a villain or a saint because he happens to be either the one or the other. He may happen to be a harmless though not a religious man, but as he soweth so shall he reap. To support thy argument, thou goest still farther, and asketh if it was thy inclination to leave France? I reply that according to the circumstances in which thou art placed, so must thou be governed. Thou supposedst it was destined that thou shouldst come to Canada; that thou and Miss St. Hillaire should meet—to fall in love. No such thing; if such a thing had been ordained, thou mightst have frustrated fate at once—by throwing up thy appointment in the detachment ordered out to this country—to the detriment of thy prospects to be sure, but thou chosest not to destroy them; it was in thy power to do so however. Why then blame fate for sending thee out to Canada and parting thee from thy mistress. If thou hadst not entered the army as a soldier, a profession thou chosedst in preference to others, thou wouldst probably have never seen Scotland, consequently perhaps have never seen Miss St. Hillaire. Thy own free will has been exercised in almost every instance of thy life, and yet thou presumest to say that destiny is what governs thee. Thou questionest why thou shouldst be here on the banks of the Ottawa instead of being in prison at Montreal if it was not so ordained. I presume that if thou hadst chosen to stop there, thou wouldst be there still, or hadst thou not bribed the jailer, or hired an Indian to convey thee over the river, thou wouldst not be here now. Thou also questionest why we are outlaws while innocent of any crime to make us so. The reason is simply this: If I had not, obstinately as thou persisteth, separated myself from thy hunting party some five or six months ago, I should not have afforded Lacoste such a fair opportunity of maligning me, or left him devoid of an excuse to accuse me of treason. Again, if I had not provoked his enmity, he never would have went such lengths to injure me, and yet thou sayest destiny governs us all."

"Ma foi, Pierre, what a long-tongued chap thou art; but I think thou hast fallen into a trap in which I will hold thee fast, until thou canst release thyself.—Admitting all to be true about the results of thy obstinacy, if thou provokedst the enmity of Lacoste, then he is innocent; admitting Lacoste to be malignant, treacherous, passionate and revengeful, has not nature made him so? was he not destined from his birth to the influence of those passions? therefore it is destiny. What he was in childhood, he was in boyhood; what in boyhood, he is in manhood, only his character being more strongly developed at every change of life."

"'Tis easy to jump out of thy trap, Lefevre,—'I shall visit the sins of the fathers upon the children of those that hate me, even unto the third generation,' hath the Lord said unto Moses; the threat, and promise of mercy unto thousands of those that love him, has been fulfilled. Parents indulging in their youth in vicious and criminal pursuits, gradually degrade and brutalize their minds. Passions engendered by habit are transmitted to the child, and even as hath been

prophesied, the effects of the sins of the fathers, to the fourth generation, have been transmitted to their sons. Probably thou wilt call this predestination; if it were so, then would the most hardened villain be innocent of all his crimes to both God and man. Free their parents were to choose betwixt good and evil.—Even supposing that causes did exist which tempted them more strongly to sin, they will be taken into consideration, and duly weighed on the day of the last tribunal. Those causes, however, were never predestined to happen; there are only two things I can perceive ordained by God, and those are, that man shall die and be born again. However, we will pursue this subject farther some more convenient opportunity—I perceive the Irinkas are turning over the bodies of those poor fellows. We must bury the dead."

So saying, Pierre stepping up to the spot, ordered a grave to be scooped out of the sandy soil, large enough to contain the five bodies. The Indians pointed out one among the dead, as the man who was the first to commence the fray by wantonly assassinating an Erie.

"Ah, then, he has atoned for his crime," said Pierre; "there is only one now whom we may detain."

The grave was dug, the dead buried, and a prayer said over them by Pierre, who drove in a stake at the head of the mound to mark the spot. The wounded Eries were cared for by their brethren, while sentinels and scouts being thrown out, the whole party stretching themselves round the fire, betook themselves to sleep.

The morning that dawned a few hours after, was fine as usual, as nearly all September mornings are. The Indians started to their feet simultaneously, counting over the prisoners, as they stirred up the fire. None had escaped; the scouts were called in, fresh logs heaped on the coals: two Indians launching a canoe, moved it a little way from the shore and then suffered it slowly to float down the stream. Fishing lines were thrown out, and the rapid bending of the hickory stalks as they were slowly raised in the air, evinced the quantity and weight of the fish that were caught. In about a quarter of an hour, sufficient were taken to provide a meal for the whole party. Expert hands soon depriving them of their scales, the fresh fish were laid on heated stones, which quickly baked them to the various tastes of the cookers.

Lefevre was the last to awake; stretching and yawning, he rose slowly on his legs, and staring vacantly round, perceived Pierre undergoing a plentiful ablution; springing down the bank to the edge of the river, he threw off his clothes to perform the same operation.

"This is the very essence of rural felicity," he observed: "I have not underwent such an enjoyment this long time; it is really refreshing, though I must confess the first immersion is rather chilly. What may you dry yourself with, pray?"

"A hickory branch," replied Pierre, laughing. "It is the only towel we can afford in the woods."

"Rather too rough a flesh brush for me; I prefer the easier method of evapo-

ration," and Lefevre gathering up his garments, dressed himself near the fire.

"What a splendid appetite those fish have," he observed to Pierre; "to my palate though, they are rather fresh—a little salt would improve them."

"There is not much of epicurianism here," answered the individual. "Hunger gives a zest to every dish; a good appetite is not very particular about condiments and sauces. I find meat now almost as agreeable without salt as with it."

"Portions of fish and venison were distributed to the prisoners, and the Eries having finished their breakfast, put out the fire. The canoes were placed on the river, and moored to the bank with lines of bark. One of the largest being loaded with the muskets and bayonets of the French soldiers, was towed to the opposite shore, where they were thrown up on the cliff; two Eries were left to guard the weapons, that no wandering hunter or voyageur might make off with more or less of them. The canoes then returned to the western shore, where the remaining two had been already filled with Indians, whose weapons glanced in the rays of the sun, while keeping their vessels stationary in the current, by a few motions of their paddles. Lacoste was seated among them, while the other prisoners remained in their former positions on the bank. Lefevre suddenly cried out, "my sword, Pierre, I must not lose that precious keep-sake; send one of the Irinkas after it, before you release the prisoners."

Pierre calling one of the Eries from under the tree, Lefevre gave him directions where and how to find it, and the Indian started off at a rapid pace along the bank of the river.

"How soon will he be back, Pierre," enquired Lefevre.

"In about an hour. It is a pity thou didst not think of thy sword sooner; however, having the day before us, we need be in no very particular hurry."

"Take it easy Pierre, there is nothing like a good conscience; have you pipes, cigars, or tobacco?"

"No, the Irinkas never carry these things when on a war-path, though when at home, they smoke as comfortably as a white man."

"Well, it is fortunate I have both, replied Lefevre, though only one pipe; we'll take a whiff about, hoping it is not against the military etiquette of thy friends, now that the war-path is concluded."

"O, smoke away, and cloud the sun if you choose." Accordingly, Lefevre produced a German Mereschaum, put it together, and filled it with the appropriate weed; soon curling clouds of incense rose on the air, wafted away slowly by the breeze. Pierre partook of the soothing narcotic; while the Indians chatted away by themselves, until the arrival of the scout with Lefevre's sword, which was one of the usual military rapiers of the time, with additional ornaments.—The Indians looked curiously at the weapon which Lefevre drew out of its scabbard, to see that no rust had obscured the brightness of its polish, commenting on it under the name of "long-knife." The thongs of the French prisoners were now cut; they stood forth free on the sward of the little area; while the remainder

of the Irinkas were embarking in the two empty canoes, Pierre stood up and addressed them as follows:

"Lads, it was only last night I was made acquainted with the charges preferred against me at Montreal; also, the object of your visit to the Indian country. I shall merely say, that I have been falsely and untruly dealt with. You were sent out here by the Governor to apprehend me, and finding I was not where you expected to take me, you took up your abode with the Irinkas to await my return. So far all was right, and I should on my arrival have peaceably submitted myself to your authority to apprehend me. But it seems, you must need provoke a quarrel with the Irinkas, on whose hospitality you were living; presuming on your strength, you wantonly murdered one of their people; afterward when fleeing from your numbers, you uselessly fired upon them, thereby killing and wounding men and women, for which detestable act you were justly though unexpectedly punished, by the courage of those you had dared to injure. You have lost nearly a dozen of your number, you have left unperformed the mission on which you were sent; lastly, you have been obliged to surrender yourselves into the hands of the Irinkas, who were they to follow up the usages of their race, would put every one of you to death, letting your scalps hang by the door-posts of their lodges, to remind them of the revenge they had taken for the violation of their homes and friendship. But concurring with me, that perhaps your captain was more to blame, who is responsible for your actions, I have prevailed on them, not only to spare your lives, but grant you liberty to return to Montreal. You can relate to the Governor what has happened, and out of gratitude, if you feel any, tell the story impartially, faithfully and truly, even, if by so doing, you criminate yourselves. Also, tell him from me, that hearing yesterday for the first time, of what I am accused, that knowing my own innocence thereof, I have traced the calumny to the right source; that knowing myself prejudged by him and others, I do not deem it safe without conclusive proof of my innocence, to entrust myself to his power. You are free now to take the easiest and best method of proceeding to Montreal; that you may not go unprovided, here are six muskets and some provisions. It would not be safe to give you back them all. Now one last word of advice: never wantonly in the discharge of your duty injure those whom you may imagine incapable of defence or resistance."

So saying, Pierre handed to them their muskets; the men drew up and gave him a military salute, as he passed them to step into his canoe. The word was given, and the four vessels, turning simultaneously, danced over the current to the opposite shore, while the soldiers stood in mute silence on the bank, watching the retreating Irinkas, until they reached the other side of the river, where they disappeared with their canoes among the uneven ground.

CHAPTER XV.

We left Manhitti with the remainder of his people encamped on the small island opposite the one on which lay the ruins of their village. Now that all danger was over, he determined upon moving back to his old position, to rebuild the village on its former site. Accordingly, the next day, the canoes were deeply laden with the goods and chattels of the camp, which were conveyed to the large island. The Eries were in possession of European axes; these wielded with nervous arms, soon felled a number of trees, the branches of which they lopped off, cutting the trunks into equal lengths, and smoothing them on two sides. The foundation logs of a cabin were soon laid over the site of an old one; the smooth sides of the beams joined together, were secured at the corners by being scarfed. In two days, they had a spacious and commodious building completed for their chief. Four windows let in the light of day—one on each side of the walls, which, in imitation of the block-houses of the French, were loop-holed for firing. Stout shutters made out of strong bars of wood, served to protect the openings. Like the door, they were swung by one of the upright frame pieces projecting on either side about six inches rounded to a point, which were inserted into holes, corresponding to their size in the frame of the building, where they swung easily to and fro. The inside of the cabin was divided off into four compartments, of different and convenient sizes. The one fronting the door, being the largest, as intended for a general reception room; the others were sleeping rooms for for himself, daughter, and Pierre. A comfortable flooring of clay, beaten smooth and hard, burnt almost to the durability of brick, served all the purposes of planks, keeping the inside of the cabin free from moisture. A large hearth, made from smooth stones taken from the beach, was laid near the lower wall on which was built a fire-place extending up to the ceiling. The chimney made of clay, projected above the roof about six feet. A fire was only built in these places in winter for the purpose of warming the cabin, but seldom used for culinary purposes, —the Indian women preferring to cook in the open air. The roof was ingeniously thatched with long strips of bark, laid on rafters, woven and lapped together so thickly as totally to exclude the rain. The chinks in the walls were filled up with clay, so that not a speck of daylight peeped into the cabin except through its proper apertures.

The whole body of men, women and children, working together to the number of a hundred and twenty souls, finished the lodge inside and out, on the third morning, and the chief moved in the same night to sleep under its sheltering roof, while the rest of the tribe camped in the open air.

The next morning, the same scene of bustle and activity was renewed, to erect houses for the remaining families, all working at the same building; another was finished before sunset, smaller than Manhitti's, but fully capable of keeping out the frosts of winter. Nor were the means to render them capable of a stout

defence overlooked—the windows were strongly secured, while the walls were loop-holed for firing.

The Pale Lily looked round the rooms of her new house with delight; she had a fire immediately kindled on the hearth, to thoroughly dry the damp walls.—The household furniture being brought in, she proceeded to decorate the different apartments. Manhitti had a collection of costly and beautiful furs of the black and brown bear, of the moose, the wolf—both red and grey—of the black and red fox, the panther and wild cat. Skins, well dressed, of the prairie buffalo, were not the least conspicuous among them. Some of these she hung over the walls, completely covering those of the principal apartment, round which she had here and there the bushy tails of the foxes arranged in fantastic festoons. Wooden stools, covered with soft furs she placed about the floor, while mats of native manufacture were piled indifferently for seats or couches. Weapons of war and of chase she depended on the walls:—the heavy, ancient stone tomahawk, the broad headed arrow, the short effective bow, together with the javelin and slender spear, ingeniously pointed with bone and decorated with feathers, ornamented one side of the room. Opposite were hung the modern but deadlier weapons of the times:—rifles, beautifully inlaid with silver, and etched with various devices; convenient to them were laid their usual accompaniaments, powder horns of various sizes, cleaning rods and cases. The sharp steel tomahawk glistened in the light of the fire, long knives, sheahed in tough deer-skin, were placed ready for use, the tough spear, pointed more effectively with steel, than its ancient opposite, lay near them. In one corner of the room, were piled snow-shoes of different dimensions, calculated for light or heavy snows; belts of wampum and deer-skin worked with various coloured threads, ornamented with devices and hieroglyphics, by the fair hands of the Pale Lily herself, hung in another. Garments of fur, and clothing of European manufacture, calculated to keep out the cold winds of winter, were heaped carefully together; Deer-skin moccasins, with those of the tougher hide of the buffalo, ornamented on the instep with beads and worsteds and leggins worked in the same manner by the fair mistress of the habitation, tied in bundles were laid securely by, along with the dresses. Over head were stretched on the beams which crossed the cabin, implements for fishing rods, lines spears, baskets, and netts. This constituted the entire wealth of Manhitti, which would bring him, did he choose to sell in the French market, over five thousand crowns. He had no wish, however, to turn his furs into money or other commodities, for he found them sufficient for his own simple wants and those of his daughter, whose tasteful hands had rendered his stock the means of comfort, even of elegance.

The Pale Lily stepping back after she had her task completed, viewed with delight the tidy and ornamental appearance of the room. Her father's pipe, made in the Indian fashion, she hung up near the fire, ready for his use, while the large calmut or pipe of peace, used only on state occasions was suspended near it. She sighed that Pierre was not near her to partake of her admiration. She next proceeded to fit up the sleeping apartments, the floors of which were strew-

ed with mats—her own being the last that was furnished, the materials of which for comfort and ornament, being principally manufactured by herself, with a few articles of French virtu, made her room a fit abode for innocence and beauty.—Her bedstead was made by a fishing nett, stretched over two wooden bars, that ran across the narrow apartment, about three feet asunder, and two from the floor. On them were laid the soft furs of the chase, and cailco quilts made a neat covering. The thatch of the sloping roof, she decorated with branches of the spruce, cedar, and pine, formed into arching festoons. The small window that looked out into the forest, was darkened in the like manner; large mats, dyed in various colours, covered the floor, giving it a warm and comfortable appearance. A small table stood in the centre; in a corner was another, on which stood a large fancy basket with curious divisions, which served to contain the Pale Lily's working materials, beads, wampum, shells, stones, threads, knives, worsteds, needles, &c. Another basket held her own beautiful dresses and ornaments.

After finishing the decorations of her room, stepping to her work basket, she took out a small packet, folded carefully in a piece of deer-skin, which being unwrapped, proved to contain a miniature painting of a beautiful girl, perhaps eighteen or twenty years of age; the portrait was set in a frame of chased gold, protected by a glass. The Pale Lily threw herself down in a half reclining posture on her bed, and supporting her head with her hand, gazed long and fixedly upon the picture, which a spectator would have immediately pronounced a correct imitation of herself. A second look, however, would have convinced him that the features were slightly different; that the miniature, if not intended for herself, represented some near connection of its beautiful owner, whose expressive countenance was about the same. The only difference observable was, that the hair, dark auburn in the one, was black in the other, the complexion, a fair and delicate blonde, was of a ruddier and more healthy hue in the Pale Lily.

"And this was my mother," murmured the girl; how beautiful she must have been! Manhitti must have loved, yes, must have loved her well. She was the daughter of a white man; to her I owe the difference of colour and appearance from my companions of the same blood. To her influence, I have heard, that our people are somewhat different in manners and customs to other tribes; yet Manhitti has never told to me her entire history. I must ask him some time when Pierre is present."

Here she was interrupted in her audible reflections by the entrance of one of the Erie girls, having handsome dark eyes, with a step as light as a fawn, and every motion as graceful.

"Ah! Waubishk-naung," the Indian words for Pale Lily, meaning white flower, "as the sun gladdens the birds of the forest, so dost thou gladden the heart of O-on-yay-stee, by thy return," and she wound her arms round her friend in a tender embrace. "I could not see thee before. I have just returned to the Island; I have been watching the troubled spirit of Pennauguma, my brother."

Here her voice trembled with emotion, which she in vain endeavored to suppress, and throwing herself down with her face on the bed, sobbed convulsively.

"O-on-yay-stee, is thy brother dead?" enquired the Pale Lily, as she raised her companion in her arms, tenderly embracing her amidst tears of sympathy. "Why did not O-on-yay-stee tell me of this before, that I might have mingled my sorrow with her's—with her have watched the soul of the handsome Penauguma depart for the land of spirits?"

"Necantis said the news would grieve thee too much; that Waubishk-naung wanted repose, so I did not care for that reason, to disturb her; but now the handsome and brave Penauguma has left us; my brother is gone to the happy hunting grounds of the souls of the dead. O-on-yay-stee shall weep for him for ever."

"He was a good young hunter," answered the Pale Lily, soothingly, "his eye was as that of a hawk's; his spring quick as the panther's. Was he killed by the French that came here?"

"He was wounded when they fired upon us in the water. He is now gone."

"I must look once more upon the young hunter, for I loved Penauguma," cried the Pale Lily after a short pause.

"Come then," and O-on-yay-stee threw her arm round the waist of her companion. They walked down to the river, where stepping into a canoe, they paddled it over to the opposite island. Stooping low, O-on-yay-stee led the way thro' the cedars, till she came to the place of the late encampment. Here were assembled several of the chiefs and warriors, standing round the dead bodies of a youth and two men, laid out for interment. A solemn silence pervaded the group, broken only by the low sobs of O-on-yay-stee.

Manhitti laid his hand kindly on her head, and soothed her with a few expressive words of sympathy. Several young girls, relations of the dead, were seated near, weaving garlands to decorate the bodies of the departed warriors; these, the Pale Lily and O-on-yay-stee joined, to assist them in their task. The chiefs, to the number of twelve, now sat down, forming a circle, and producing a small earthern pot, each threw in some aromatic herbs and narcotics, into which a few coals being dropped, a cloud of incense rose slowly in heavy masses over their heads. A slow and solemn chaunt was then commenced by one of the chiefs, the others gradually taking up the strain until it rose into a prolonged and startling chorus. The swelling notes reaching the opposite Island, caused the Eries there at work to cease their labor. They rushed to the beach, seized their canoes and men, women and children embarking, the vessels were impelled over the water with a slow and stately motion; sweeping round the promontory, they were grounded among the pebbles on the beach, and the warriors formed themselves into procession; while the women took up their position in the rear. A word was passed round, and as the loud chorus of the old warriors swelled on the breeze, the new comers commenced a low sad requiem as they advanced slowly to the spot where lay the dead; gathering round the circle of chiefs, who still

continued their monotonous dirge, they formed a larger ring by joining hands; the females locking their arms together, circled these again, thus forming three distinct rings one within another, while the earthern pot in the centre, continued to send up its wreaths of perfume. As the lament of the old chiefs waxed louder the second circle, which included the younger portion of the community, gradually increased their chorus until they completely drowned the voices of the latter, upon which the song suddenly ceased, and silence for a moment predominated.—Soon, however, the junior portion again commenced in low plaintive tones, the subject of their song being something like the following:—

"We heard a sound like the music of
Falling water; it came with the breeze to
Our ears, and we said listen, and we listen'd.
We then heard the wailing song of sorrow.
We said, let us go and see. We have come.
Why doth warriors and chiefs now lament?
Wherefore cry they aloud so strong that their
Voices have even reached our village.
Tell us chiefs and warriors what sorrow
Hath come upon our land?"

To which the old men replied:

"It is well thine ears have heard, for now thine
Eyes shalt see. Our lamentations are loud
For our sorrow is great. We sing for the dead—
For the absent souls of the young dead. Three
Erics have gone to the land of spirits.
We mourn their departure, but envy
Their joys."

They pointed to the corpses, which were decorated with their war paints and dresses, their weapons being placed by their sides. The young men opening their circle, marched to the right—passed the bodies successively—casting a look upon them as they went. They again resumed their positions, commencing anew the song, which soon died away in faint cadences, when advancing one by one, threw into the pot some fresh herbs, saying something appropriate at the same time referring to the dead. A volume of incense now ascended, which partly obscured the faces of the mourners. The young girls then took up the song, which consisted of the same apostrophes and questions. They were answered by the men of the second circle, on which they divided, marching slowly round the bodies, each casting on them some peculiar plant of the season, until they were half concealed by the offerings.

The corpses were now borne in a litter by a few of the young men on their shoulders to the river side, and deposited in a canoe. The whole of the community immediately embarked; the canoes three abreast, took a direction up the river. The setting sun by this time threw its beams aslant upon the water as the vessels slowly crossed in a long procession, until they reached about midway the shore of the main island, where landing they proceeded in single file through the trees, till they came to a small amphitheatre, enclosed by dense cedar bushes, through which the solar rays even at noontide, scarcely pierced.—Here were scattered about a few mounds, not more than a dozen: this was the

burying-ground of the Eries. Enclosed in the centre of the forest island, few would have found the spot unless by accident; here a a large grave was scooped out, into which, the bodies enclosed in coffins, their lids tied with bark according to the usual custom of the Indians, were lowered. The chiefs advancing, threw in the weapons of the dead warriors, and four young men, deposited on the top of these, the goods belonging to them when living, consisting of fishing rods, lines, nets, snow-shoes, spears and bows, along with such trophies as they had won in the chase. The girls next stepping forward, threw in their garlands, raising a mournful song the while. The grave was then filled up, and sealed with large heavy stones.

O-on-yay-stee was the last to linger on the spot, who, as the Eries filed through the forest, and the last straggler disappeared behind the trees, threw herself on the pile of stones, sobbing in the bitterness of her heart. The feelings of the Indian girl were strong and deep; her sisterly regret for the loss of a beloved brother, could no longer be controlled; alone, as she thought with the dead, she took the opportunity to relieve her overcharged bosom by copious tears.

A light step rustled the leaves among the tombs, and the Pale Lily stooping low, caught the mourner in her arms, while in her soft tones, rendered softer yet, by the language in which she spoke, she said:

"Come, O-on-yay-stee; the dews of night are falling, the shades of evening are abroad; thy brother has received the honors and burial of a brave; he is now happy in that land where dwell the souls of those who are good. Weep not, therefore, too much, O-on-yay-stee, it might anger Manitou. Console thyself with the thought that thy brother is now with the spirits of those who inhabit an unknown and mysterious world. Come, O-on-yay-stee, the night hawks, are already abroad; tarry not longer—it is time to go."

"The Pale Lily is right," observed Manhitti, who had returned unnoticed on observing the absence of the two girls. "Come." And he laid his hand gently on her head.

The girl looked up with a grateful glance, and with cheeks pale from emotion, followed the Chief to the river, who placed her and the Pale Lily in his canoe, which sped swiftly down the stream, until he turned its prow up on the sandy strand beneath the bluff cliff of the lower point of the Island.

The Pale Lily conducted her companion to her own apartment, who threw herself on the couch—soon sobbing herself to sleep. The Pale Lily fearful of waking her, stepped lightly into the other room, where she found her father smoking his pipe—apparently absorbed in deep meditation. She drew a stool towards him and sat herself by his side, laying her hand gently at the same time on his knee. He looked down, and patting her on the cheek, enquired:

"How is little O-on-yay-stee—are her eyes yet dim with sorrow?"

"She sleeps, my father, but dreams of her brother, for her lips keep murmuring the name of Peenan-guma."

"We must find her a young husband who will console her," replied the Chief

after a pause; "whose smile will make her forget her tears. For Waubishk-naung we must also find a mate. Are there none among all my young warriors whom thou couldst fancy for a husband? It is time now thou hadst a skilful hunter to provide furs and venison for thy lodge."

The Pale Lily blushed, and after a little hesitation replied:

"Surely my father knows that I love Keenwau-ishkoda; he is the handsomest as well as the bravest hunter among all our people."

"As for being the handsomest my daughter is the best judge. So she loves the white hunter?—has he any regard for the Pale Lily?"

"Ah! I am sure he has," she replied, her eyes sparkling with animation.—My father must surely know it."

"He has long known it; his heart is very glad that such is the case. Keenwau-ishkoda is his friend; he would have him more—he would have him for a son. We must speak to him on this matter when he returns. What says my daughter?"

"She cares not to leave her father; she loves the Broad Rifle, but Manhitti better,"

The Chief smiled as he replied: "Keenwau-ishkoda though a white man, is an Erie and a Chief. But listen, my daughter, thou art partly of his race; thou must have been aware of this. Now the time has come that thou shouldst know everything which I can tell thee about this matter; thou canst then satisfy the curiosity of thy lover. Hast thou that beautiful painting I gave thee a few summers since?"

The Pale Lily drawing the miniature from her bosom presented it to her father, who holding it before his face, looked long and sadly upon it, when he suddenly turned his gaze upon his daughter.

"See! Waubishk-naung, thou must have noticed thy resemblance to this picture; thou art like it very much. Thy mother is to be seen in thee, notwithstanding thy Indian blood. She was a French girl, from which nation she was captured by the Iroquois when on a journey to the settlements on the east side of the St. Lawrence, accompanied by a few of her countrymen, and detained by Canassatego: from him purchased by Coswenago, who was but a boy at that time. He was for a time at the pains to induce her to stop with him in his lodge, for thy mother was very beautiful. But her gentle spirit, even gentler than thine my daughter, abhorred the fierce Indian chief, who consequently determined to put her to death. I, at that time, had experienced but twenty-two summers of life; I was at the head of a powerful band of Erics and Shawnees, who camped along the banks of the Ohio. Being out hunting one day with a few chiefs, we came near to a party of Senecas under the command of Coswenago, who was about sacrificing thy mother to the stake. Her helpless beauty fired the heart of a young warrior with love and pity; I rescued her from the Senecas, and conveyed her to our village. She wept for her home and friends, whereupon I would have restored her to them at any risk, did not love, that burned only the

more fiercely from never before having experienced the passion, delayed the journey from day to day. After a few months she seemed to take an interest in our forest life—weeping no more for her home and friends. I made known to her my love; she did not refuse the offer of an Erie chief—she became my wife, and our fierce natures were partly subdued by her gentleness; there was not a warrior among all our tribe who did not adore her. She made many things known to me that I before was in ignorance of;—the existence of nations beyond the salt water whose people were as numerous as the sands on the lake shore; the uses of plants and metals, the beautiful art of painting, which I had already some conception of—that being practised to perfection as I thought among our people; —but what was my surprise and delight when she produced this beautiful likeness of herself, enclosed in an unknown metal. It was then I began to think that our people were very ignorant. By and by I began to comprehend the real differences which existed between the whites and the red men. I found myself happy, notwithstanding, [illegible] inferior knowledge compared with that of the former sometimes weighed upon my heart and threw a cloud upon my brow, but it was quickly chased away by the smiles of thy mother. I made myself master of many things which were unknown to our people, and of which I availed myself to partly reform their manners and customs. They the more readily received instruction as they thought the great spirit had permitted thy mother to partake of its divinity. She was the daughter of a French chief who was then living in his own country; she had come to Canada with her brother, and was captured soon after, along with a few of her countrymen, (who were put to death) by a party of Onondagas, as I before stated, while on a journey to some of the French Forts on the east side of the St. Lawrence. I heard, indeed that inquiries had been instituted and ransoms offered for her recovery, which I never let come to her ears, for she was then my wife whom I loved too well to part with. This was a long time ago, and I often wonder that an old man can remember these things, but they are pleasant to think upon now that all such joys are past. We dwelt happy for a time on the bank of the Ohio, when came our second great battle with the Iroquois, from whom we were obliged to flee to the Mississippi, where were born to me three sons, but who died very young and I burried them in the valley of that place. We had a quarrel with the Daheotas our ancient enemies, against whom our small band of remaining warriors could not contend; we were obliged to cross the country again toward the great lakes. Travelling north of them to avoid the Iroquois, we reached at length the camp of the Nippissings. I was, formerly, acquainted with these people, who sheltered us awhile, but fearful of the power of the Cayuguas, who were fickle allies, we were obliged to leave their village. The Ottowawas next gave us food and clothing until we moved farther down the river, and built our village on this Island where we have remained ever since. Thy mother died about seventeen summers ago in this place, and she securely rests beneath the forest trees in that spot where thou hast so lately seen Peenau guma burried."

"My mother!—ah! thou must have missed her much, my father."

"I did miss her child, for we had almost grown old together, and the memory of our love even to this day is balm to a broken spirit."

"I have often heard thee mourn for the loss of thy father's power—I have heard thee sorrow for thine own; but we may increase our strength, whilst thou, my father, mightst take thy place once more as Sachem of one of the Indian nations." And the Pale Lily looked enquiringly into the eyes of Manhitti."

"Not while Coswenago lives," he replied; "not while the Five Nations remain powerful."

"But why are the French our enemies?" suddenly asked the Pale Lily, after musing a little. "Our people have traded with them at Hochelega; we have received presents from them—why then should they burn our village?"

"Possibly Keenwau-ishkoda can explain when he returns; he has gone to obtain information. Some of the tribes of the Iroquois are now allies of the French; they may have instigated them to destroy us."

"Oh, were it not for our enemies," she despondingly murmured, "we might yet be happy."

The weather still continued warm though at so late a season of the year, being near the latter end of September, and though the nights were frosty, the sun with his yet powerful beams dispelled the chilly blasts, enlivining the forests, which seemed to sleep in the hazy mists of early dawn, as if anxious to relieve itself of its gorgeous foliage, that seemed to burden it in the distance. This in fact was the most cheering and invigorating season of the year to the lovers of nature.—The clearness of the atmosphere during noon and evening, combined with the bracing air, made the step of the hunter more elastic and his senses more alert. The river, swelled by some heavy rains in the north, rolled down murmuring and dancing round the uneven shores of the Island, near which, falling into deep pools and gulphs, its surface became calm and tranquil, as if ashamed of its previous boisterous gaiety.

The Indians on the following morning were again early at work; the resounding blows of their axes could be heard amidst the noise of falling trees, and the merry voices of children mingling with the hoarse shouts of the men. This is not a usual picture of Indian life, where the women generally attend to the construction of lodges, and gathering of fuel. But these lodges were built after the European fashion, being made for permanent residences—the Eries having discarded entirely the use of bark tents for their village—using them only when traversing the wide tract of country between the Ottawa and Ontario. Consequently the strength of the women were not sufficient to wield the heavy axes, and the hunters had too much manly feeling to permit them. They took the unusual office upon themselves—the result was that the cabins were well and firmly built. Voyagers accustomed to the habits and manners of the northern and western tribes, were sometimes astonished to witness the incipient marks of civilization exhibited by the Eries.

The Pale Lily rose later than usual with the noise of the workmen ringing in

her ears. She met O-on-yay-stee at the threshold of the lodge, busily preparing the morning meal; she hastened to assist her, and while the two were busy with their culinary preparations, a low cry came floating on the breeze from the western side of the river. The Indians ceased their work—listening the while; it came again twice repeated with peculiar modifications, which they seemed very well to comprehend, for two canoes were immediately despatched to the shore, from whence soon returning, landed the party of Eries who had been left behind by Manhitti when descending the Madawaska, to watch the trail of the Iroquois. These men seemed much astonished at the different aspect of things in the village; they turned their eager gaze to the newly erected lodges, then on the heaps of ashes and blackened logs which lay scattered about. However suppressing all inquiries they might have wished to make, waited until their leader had made his report to Manhitti, which was to this effect:

That after escorting the canoes to the Ottawa, they had retraced their steps until they fell upon those of the Iroquois, who had pursued Manhitti as far as the head of the lake, where, as it seemed, being undecided which route to take, had evidently, unwilling to divide their party, turned back by way of lake Simcoe—launching their canoes on the waters of the Huron.

This appeared satisfactory to Manhitti, as it argued well of peace being preserved during the coming winter. On a sign from him, the men dispersed, who divesting themselves of their weapons, war paint and dress, mingled with the rest of their brethren. O-on-yay-stee, who was conversing with the Pale Lily near the lodge, found herself clasped round the waist and kissed on both cheeks. She submitted quietly to the caress, while the soft tones of a young 'brave' whispered a few sentences in her ear. Blushing, she glanced furtively at the Pale Lily, and placed her hand within that of her lover's, who respectfully saluted the former as he turned to depart with, as he figuratively expressed it, the joy of his heart,'—O-on-yay-stee.

CHAPTER XVI.

THREE days after the occurrences of the last chapter, about noon, four canoes rounded the little promontory of the Island opposite the village,—those in them calling the attention of the workers by the same peculiar cries which had so lately resounded from the western shore. The Indians flocked toward the cliffs, from whence they saw the return of the party who were sent against the French. Pierre urged his canoe ahead, and was the first to jump on the sandy beach, where he was welcomed by many an out stretched hand. Forming his men in column, he led them slowly across the clearing—Lefevre walking by his side.—Lacoste was conducted as a prisoner in the centre, and with the grave dignity that became warriors, they entered the village. Manhitti was ready to receive them; he saluted Pierre with great courtesy, then turned an enquiring glance

upon Lefevre, who was duly introduced. That worthy individual lifting his cap from his head, stepped forward—shaking the Chief heartily by the hand—who appearing highly satisfied with the frank bearing of the young man, in his turn presented him to some of his principle warriors.

The Pale Lily with her companion, sheltered from observation by the half closed shutter of one of the windows, curiously watched the new comers, wondering who the handsome stranger could be.

"What beautiful eyes he has," murmured O-on-yay-stee."

"Keenwau-ishkoda's is more so," faintly replied her companion.

The girl laughingly answered: "O! yes, we admit it, but the stranger is handsome notwithstanding, though he does not appear so strong a warrior as the Broad Rifle."

"Look at the prisoner!" suddenly cried the Pale Lily pointing to Lacoste; he is a white man."

"O-on-yay-stee's pretty face settled into a frown. "Ah, that is the leader of those bad Frenchmen who killed Peenau-guma," and with a sudden transition of feeling, she retired with a sob as she pronounced the name.

The war party was formally dismissed, and Manhitti, Pierre, and Lefevre, along with a few of the chiefs, entered the lodge. They took their seats in ceremonious silence, for business was not yet over. The pipe was passed from hand to hand, and smoked with grave decorum. Lefevre notwithstanding the dignified demeanor of those present, could not help casting a glance round the apartment—observing its neat and orderly appearance—the rich furs and costly dresses—wondering at the refinement indicated in everything he had yet seen appertaining to the Eries. The Pale Lily kept close in her own room, knowing well that the business transactions of the Chiefs were not yet closed. Manhitti opened the conversation by enquiring:

"Did the French leave a long trail? Has Broad Rifle fought with his countrymen?"

"He has. A white man has taken captive one of his own race and nation.—What will the Irinkas think?"

"They will think that thou couldst not do anything unbecoming a warrior and a chief. We will hear what thou hast to say.

"Then let Manhitti and those present listen. My story will be somewhat long, but all here must hear it, that none may say Broad Rifle has killed a countryman without a sufficient cause."

Pierre then commenced a narrative of his life, dating from his first arrival in Canada up to the time he visited the Irinkas. He exposed the character of Lacoste—his mischievous plots against Lefevre and himself—explained how far he had succeeded—how his friend had been imprisoned by the Governor of Montreal, who believing the statements of Lacoste had sent him with a party of soldiers to apprehend him, (Pierre) without designing to make war upon the Irin-

kas. But for the further accomplishment of his plans, (and here Pierre fully explained them) availed himself of the opportunity of creating that feud which had terminated so fatally to his own party as well as to the Irinkas. Pierre then entered into the particulars of his excursion:—how he had met with his friend Lefevre escaping from Lacoste—from the former obtaining his information of the villainy of the latter, and the transactions that had taken place during his absence from Montreal. Where and how he had overtaken the French whose capture had resulted in the death of five of that party. That considering blood enough had been shed to satisfy the manes of the Irinkas who had fallen, he had pardoned the rest, except Lacoste, whom he considered as at his own disposal, and therefore had brought him a prisoner to the village.

The Erie chiefs had listened attentively, and when Pierre unfolded to them the infamy of his prisoner, they expressed their abhorrence of his character—so beneath what they conceived should belong to that of a warrior—and they looked with sympathy upon Pierre and Lefevre.

"My young friends," said Manhitti, rising,—"our hearts feel strongly for the unjustly accused as well as for the unjustly condemned. We know that ye speak the truth; we know that thy hearts are good and honest. That the forked tongue of a coward hast prevailed against ye we sincerely grieve for; we will endeavor to set this matter right between ye and thy father at Hochelega. We will travel to that place and speak with Yonoido, so that the cloud which rests between ye and him may be dispelled forever.

Pierre interposed, saying: "Manhitti must not do so foolish a thing; I know our father better than do the Irinkas. The cloud between Yonoido and myself must remain, nor can the Irinka Chiefs remove it; the forked tongues of bad men would prevail against them, for they would say the Irinkas had raised the hatchet against the French, and Yonoido would keep them as hostages for the return of myself and my friend."

As Pierre spoke this dialogue in the French language that Lefevre might understand it, that individual stepped forward, confirming the truth of Pierre's argument by saying with his characteristic bluntness of manner, without minding the figurative style of speaking observed among Indians on state occasions:

"It's true, Chief, mon dieu, thou wouldst find thyself in hard quarters before the snows fell if Yonoido could put his paw on thee. The Chief at Montreal is not the Yonoida proper, General Montcalm is the father of Canada. If mice would not let the cat catch them, the cat would not eat them. Keep in the woods, Chief, and do not show thy face in Hochelega."

"The advice is good," returned Pierre; "let the affair be forgotten. We intend to build a lodge in thy village, and hunt the deer with thy people."

"The Broad Rifle," answered one of the chiefs, "hath spoken wisely, and his friend knows his countrymen."

Hereupon the council broke up—the chiefs taking their departure with the exception of Manhitti, who conducted Pierre and Lefevre into one of the sleeping

rooms, where they proceeded to put their toilete in order. The former changed his moccassins, and leggins for dry and new ones; also donning a new deerskin hunting frock, made by the fair hands of his beautiful mistress. The latter was dressed in pantaloons, boots, a military coat and cap; the boots which were rusty and wet he drew off, replacing them with a pair of dry moccassins, that set his feet off to much better advantage. He refused however to don the leggins; but retaining the other portions of his dress, adjusted his sash, buckled on his sword, and strode up and down the room with a slightly foppish air put on for the occasion.

"I'll astonish the Irinkas, Pierre; I'll make love to all the pretty girls—they cant help but admire such a handsome warrior."

"Thou art as vain," replied Pierre, "as if thou hadst twenty scalps hanging at thy belt. Take care that the Irinka girls do not laugh at thee."

"Be under no apprehension, mon Pierre; I am not afraid of such a casuality."

Having now finished his toilette, Pierre stepped into the other room, looking anxiously round for the Pale Lily. Lefevre went over the apartment admiring its furniture, and finding that Manhitti could understand the French, he commenced a conversation with that person, who explained to him the various species and value of the different furs, the manner in which the different animals were caught and their skins dressed. Going round the room in this manner, he picked up a sword lying in a corner, which he drew from its scabbard, and found it of the same size and shape as his own. The Chief on being questioned how so unusual a weapon came to be found in his possession, replied that he had kept it as a trophy of a victory he obtained over an English officer many years ago near the Ohio.

"See here, Pierre," cried Lefevre, as he fastened the sword to his belt; "thou shouldst wear this—it sets off thy appearance amazingly."

"It may do for an ornament, but the Irinkas despise so inefficient a weapon—incommodious on a war-path, and troublesome to the wearer. They prefer the heavy tomahawk to the long knife of the whites.

"Ah, that is easily accounted for—they know not how to use it. What says the Chief—does he not think this a better weapon than the axe?"

"It may be so in the hands of a white man," replied Manhitti; "the red men prefer the tomahawk because they know how to use it; thy people prefer the long knife because they know not how to handle the other. I see no difference; for the same reason thou mayest prefer the one, we prefer the other."

During this conversation the Pale Lily had entered the apartment with a step so light, that it was unheard by those present; as she came forward behind Pierre she looked indeed a fairy queen of the forest. A kirtle trimmed with the richest furs, reached as far as the knee, while her small feet and ancles were encased in moccassins with leggins decorated with colored worsted and beads; round her shoulders was thrown a scarf of red Parisian silk, which crossing over her bosom,

and, passing round her waist was tied in front. A chain of beads and small shells confined her hair, keeping it from flowing about in its wild luxuriance. She placed her hands playfully over the eyes of Pierre, who was standing with his back toward her, and he, knowing the soft touch of those delicate fingers, caught them in his own, at the same making prisoner of the other hand, and turning round, ravished a kiss from her pouting lips.

"Ah Pale Lily," said he, "the clearest water is not more pleasant to the thirsty hunter, than to me is the sound of thy voice and the light of thine eyes."

She smiled and turned her eyes on Lefevre, who had been surveying her with all his admiration expressed in his countenance.

"Waubishk-naung," said Manhitti, "this is the friend of Keenwa-ishkoda, bid him welcome to the lodge of thy father."

She answered with ease and dignity, saying: the friends of Broad-Rifle will always find a welcome in the home of the Irinkas, and she offered her hand to Lefevre."

That individual raised his cap from his head, and with a low bow, caught her hand in his own, but as he did so, his countenance underwent an immediate change—from an air of simple gallantry, it settled into one of earnest and serious expression; he held the hand of his fair hostess firmly in his grasp, as she endeavored to release herself—her eyes at length sinking in confusion beneath his ardent and enquiring look.

"Mon dieu, sweet girl," said he, "I have seen thee before or thou hast appeared to me in dreams. Ha! I have it." He plunged his hand into the breast pocket of his coat, drawing therefrom a small case of red morrocco, which unclasping, he held before his eyes for one or two minutes.

Pierre looked at him with astonishment, and Manhitti thinking that his visitor was performing some ceremonious rite pertaining to his caste, appeared to take no notice of his proceeding. He at length turned his gaze from the morrocco case again upon the Pale Lily, who had retreated to the side of her lover.

"A perfect counterpart!" he exclaimed. "Look here, Pierre, what dost thou think of this extraordinary likeness?" He handed to him the open case, which proved to contain a minature painting of a beautiful young woman, to whom the Pale Lilly bore a striking likeness. It was in fact, an exact counterpart of her mother's likeness which she then had in her bosom, attached by a string of beads, round her neck. Pierre's glances wandered rapidly from her to the picture, and the Pale Lilly began to grow uneasy under the scrutiny, while an undefined sensation of alarm arose in her bosom.

"Her mother," said Pierre to Lefevre in an under tone, "was a French lady who was captured by the Iroquois a long time since; so was your aunt. Now may not the Pale Lily be her daughter? she has a miniature of her mother that I have seen, which is the same as this; the setting only being a little different.—Lefevre the search goes no farther, and it is strange that notwithstanding, all the

conversations we have had on the subject, this idea never struck me before."

Lefevre answered not, but springing forward clasped the Pale Lily in his arms crying out *ma charmante cousine*, as he kissed her on both cheeks.

The maid half angry half laughing disengaging herself from his embrace sunk blushing on a pile of mats. The chief appeared amused at the vivacity of the stranger, and enquired the reason of so sudden a display of gallantry.

"'Tis a long story chief," replied Lefevre; "this has all been predestined to happen. Allow me to present myself to thee as thy most loving nephew and thou to me as my most respected uncle," he made him a low bow, and skipped round to the Pale Lily who retreated behind her father, where she kept gazing on him, her eyes expanding with wonder and mirth—being undecided, whether to think him a being afflicted by the great spirit, or under the influence of strong waters, having heard of the effect produced on others of her race by its use.

Manhitti appeared to be of the other opinion, for he asumed a grave and dignified demeanor, as if offended at the levity of the young man. Pierre seeing that some explanation was necessary, handed to him the miniature without saying a word. No sooner did his eyes rest on it than his wonder equalled that of his daughter's, who standing on tiptoe, had peeped over his shoulder, and on seeing the painting, exclaimed, 'my mother!' Turning pale, she put her hand in her bosom to see that her own keep-sake had not, by some witchcraft, been transferred to the stranger, but finding it safe, drew it forth. Manhitti took it from her hand, comparing it with that of Lefevre's, on whom he cast a glance—noticing that a slight resemblance about the eyes and forehead existed between him and the pictures. Looking at the Pale Lily, a dawning perception of the truth came upon him. He beckoned to Pierre who came forward and the three compared the portraits together. Lefevre was astonished at the production of one the same in every respect as his own. No doubt in his mind now existed that he had found in the Pale Lily a daughter of his lost Aunt; that the object of his search, to which his Uncle had enjoined him, was at last found. The same conviction influenced his friend, who determined to prove the fact beyond dispute, by comparing dates, incidents and stories.

"Is the light strong enough for Manhitti to perceive the truth?" he enquired.

"It is rather cloudy," replied the chief. "Let Keenwa ishkoda speak."

"That portrait," taking it from his hand, "represents thy wife—the Pale Lily's mother—as she appeared to thine eyes when thou didst marry her in the prime of her youth and beauty." Manhitti nodded assent. "This one," Pierre continued, taking from Lefevre's hand the miniature of his Aunt, "represents the sister of my friend's father, and yet these two pictures are alike!—there is no difference between them. Is there now not light enough to perceive that my friend's Aunt, thy wife and the Pale Lily's mother are one and the same person!—that these pictures representing the one, represent the others also. The sister of my friend's father arrived in Canada with one of her brothers about the year 1710 (that is just forty-six summers ago,) and was carried away into captivity by a

band of Iroquois; since then, though many inquiries were made, she has never been heard of by her friends. Thou knowest thy wife was a French girl who was taken captive by the Onondaguas about the same period, and that people are one of the tribes of the Iroquoi nation!—that she was sold to the Senecas, from whom thou didst rescue her. Now thy wife had a miniature of herself the same which thou hast produced Here it is! My friend's father's brother had a painting of his sister who was lost in the Canadas; he sent it out to his nephew.—Here it is—and here stands the son of her brother. What then?—what farther proof canst thou want to the fact that my friend's Aunt was thy wife!—He therefore is, in our language nephew to thyself and cousin to the Pale Lily,—that is to say he is kindred to thee in this way, as being the son of thy wife's brother.—This fact is not only proved by the similarity existing between the pictures, and the resemblance of my friend himself to his cousin, but by the coincidence of dates and stories."

The Chief readily comprehended the chain of almost positive evidence to the above facts, and he smilingly offered his hand to Lefevre, who shook it warmly in his own, calling him by the familiar name of Uncle. The Pale Lily had listened with all-absorbing interest to what was being said, and with a fluttering heart she felt convinced she had found a near relation in the handsome boisterous stranger, who advanced again towards her, and this time she shrunk not from his embrace.

"Proud am I," sweet girl, said he, "to have found a cousin in such a beautiful princess of the forest."

Pierre translating this into the Indian tongue that she might more fully comhend it, the Pale Lily smilingly acknowledged the compliment.

The two young men now walked out—strolling through the village—where they found the Indians all busy at work erecting their houses, of which six had already been built. As they passed through the busy groups, the children flocked round them curiously examining the long knife of the stranger, from whom they were only called away by the premptory command of their parents.

"What thinkest thou of the Eries?" enquired Pierre, "are they not ingenious mechanics for red men?"

"Eries! again," replied his companion; "if thou dost mean the Irinkas, as I have always understood this tribe to bear that name, I think they are a noble race; the marks of civilization already begin to appear, without derogating in the least from their natural character; the men seem brave, and the women, not only virtuous, but handsome—from the few specimens I have seen of them."

"You may depend upon the existence of both those qualities in full perfection I need hardly ask thy opinion of thy fair cousin."——

"My cousin! *mon Dieu!*—she is perfection itself. If Pierre had not fallen in love with her Lefevre would."

"What! and forget Miss St. Hillaire?"

"It's quite possible," cried Lefevre, laughing. "But, Pierre, it seems to me as if I have been in a dream for the last three or four days; these sudden events have quite unsettled me for sober thought. A short time since I was a lieutenant among our gay fellows at Montreal, to day, I am a blood relation of an Irinka or an Erie Chief, (there appears to be some mystery connected with those names,) and cousin to an Indian Princess, who appears on the scene, like *Pocahontas* did to Captain Smith, only she is not instrumental in saving my life, but upsets all my sober fancies. I can hardly realize the fact, that the daughter of my lost Aunt is the daughter of an Irinka chief; yet so it is—I being, consequently a nephew of that respectable person. I must write to my Uncle in France, and astonish him with all my strange adventures—telling him I expect soon to send him a present of twenty scalps."

"Faith, Lefevre, "thou hast some what to be proud of, for as thou art connected with this tribe by blood, thou hast the advantage of myself in that respect."

"Which I fancy I shall not long retain, to judge by appearances. Mine is a curious position; who would have prophesied that Pierre would become a son-in-law to one of my respected Uncles—especially as to-day I was only aware that any of them had daughters. I must assimilate myself with the Irinkas, and already I begin to feel a sort of savage animosity against their enemies. Who are they? who was the impudent scoundrel who carried off my cousin?—I shall scalp him for the insult."

"If thou doest that, the whole tribe will thank thee," replied Pierre. "He is a Seneca chief. Their most determined enemies are the Five Nations, and as you are an *Erie* by blood, it is fit that thou shouldst, know something of their history —partake of their feuds and support their dignity."

"And so *Irinka* is only a fictitious name—their true cognoman being Erie.—By the by, that is the name of the lake beyond Ontario; I have heard that a great battle was fought between them and the Iroquois about the year 1654; when the former were defeated and almost exterminated, though some calendars which I have seen, report that about fifty years after, they assembled on the banks of the Ohio, where they were again defeated by the Five Nations—the few survivors being driven as far west as the Mississippi. I thought there was some mystery connected with the name Irinka, as thou didst frequently confound them and the Eries together. Why did they drop their ancient title and hide under the present one?"

Their history which thou dost seem partly acquainted with, though where thou didst get thy information is more than I can tell, will explain the reason, which, however now exists no longer, for they have recently been discovered by their enemies. Manhitti will tell it to thee better than I can, and my own adventures will let thee into some of their secrets."

"The story will do to pass away some of these long evenings. I got my information of the name and date of their defeats from my Uncle. He was indefatigable in his inquiries after his sister, and his emissaries brought him the

names and pedigrees of almost all the tribes, inhabiting the country from the gulph of the St. Lawrence, west to the Mississippi. It is strange, notwithstanding all the trouble he took that he did not hear of the marriage of his sister to an Erie chief. But he made use of the information he acquired in the search to publish a small book on the biography of the Indians, which, I dare say, is as correct a one as is to be found."

The two young men continued to wander about the Island till twi-light set in —conversing earnestly about their affairs and future prospects. It was nearly dark before they returned to the lodge. The P[illegible] and her companion had a plentiful supper prepared to which they all did ample justice. Lefevre kept up a rattling conversation with the Pale Lily [illegible] smiles, O-on-yay-stee—joking with both. The old Chief sometimes smiled [illegible] the sallies of his nephew, and the latter endeavored to look demure, while the gay laugh of the former rang musically through the cabin. The evening [illegible] on in this desultory manner, until the two girls retired to their room, when Lefevre pulling out his merechaum, smoked away until drowsiness compelled him to retire with Pierre to his apartment.

CHAPTER XVII.

The following morning presented the same scene as the previous one,—the fires burned brightly in front of the houses, and brass kettles were swung on poles over the blaze, to which girls and women were busily tending—stirring up the contents of the pots, while boys circled round them half naked, with feathers stuck on their heads, wrestling and tumbling, throwing mimic darts and tomahawks, and bending bows adapted to their strength.

Pierre and Lefevre seeing every one so busily engaged, laid aside their swords and coats, and each seizing an axe, assisted the Indians in shaping their logs—giving them at the same time such directions as their better experience prompted. Both having been often at the superintending of raising block houses, knew how to frame and joint their sticks—also to choose those best adapted for certain parts of the buildings, which under their instruction and assistance, rapidly appeared again on their former sites during the course of the week. Thus they both labored with the Eries until the village was completed; they lost nothing of their dignity in being so occupied, for the inclement season was fast coming on, and it was necessary that the different families should be housed to protect them, not only from frosts and snows, but from roving bands of hostile Iroquois.

The Eries were charmed with the off-hand, merry disposition of Lefevre, whom they named *Meno-odaiyun*—meaning 'strong heart.' He soon began to pick up their language, in which his mistakes were a constant source of merriment

among the girls, for he had always something to say or some compliment to offer them. It soon began to be whispered round that he was connected by the ties of blood with themselves, and some of the old warriors waited upon Manhitti to learn the truth of the report, who, however, for some reason of his own, gave them an evasive answer---saying he would satisfy the tribe on that head at some future time. Content with this assurance, they regarded both Pierre and Letevre with peculiar interest---the former from the well-known fact that he was to take to his lodge the only daughter of Manhitti, as well as from his known dignity and bravery on the war-path, though in the village he was almost as carelessly gay as his voluble friend; the latter, from the mystery attached to his appearance, as well as from the report of his relationship to the family of their Chief.

After the labors of the day were over, their evenings were generally past in the society of Manhitti, the Pale Lily and O-on-yay-stee, or in grave conversation with some of the warriors.

The village when completed consisted of twenty-four cabins arrayed in a semi-circle; their roofs were strongly thatched with bark, and the walls, averaging from seven to eight feet high, were loop-holed, while the windows were capable of being strongly barred up. At the suggestion of Pierre, a ditch was dug round each dwelling, about four feet deep, that served, not only to keep the floors dry, but consequently increasing the height of the walls, offered a further means of defence against assailants. The Indians were well pleased with their edifices and their tidy wives kept the ground swept clean before the doors. They cleared the plain of the ruins of their former village, and the Eries began to resume their wonted occupations. Canoes again dotted the surface of the river, and the hunters went abroad for deer. The fishers laid in a sufficient supply of the finy tribes for the coming season, and venison was laid out to dry or preserved by having it well smoked over the fires.

September passed away, and the cold winds of October set in, striping the forests of their bright plumage---leaving the naked branches of the trees open to the frosts. Snow, however, had not yet fallen, though the beams of the sun scarcely melted the ice on the crisp turf, or thawed the slightly frozen ponds; but the weather though cold was invigorating to the hardy hunters, and they scoured the forest with light hearts and lighter steps.

But how fares Lacoste, naturally enquires the reader. Lacoste was permitted to roam at large in the village, but more narrowly watched on that account; though in apparent freedom, he was as secure a prisoner as if confined between stone walls. He, himself, became convinced that such was the case after two or three attempts to slip into the line of forest that stretched behind the cabins---being always intercepted by the vigilant Eries, who motioned him back with significant gestures. At night he was placed in one of the houses, from which at sun-rise he was released by his guards. He attempted several times to enter into conversation with some of the natives, but none would hold communion with him; his treachery to them was too recent, and he was avoided with angry

frowns. With the two women who were appointed to supply him with food, he attempted to ingratiate himself, but they put their fingers on their lips in token of silence, nor would they answer a single question. He understood at length he was not subject to the caprice of the Eries, but under the authority of Pierre, and to him he applied one morning when they accidentally met near the out-skirts of the village—demanding that he should be held subject to ransom as a prisoner of war.

"As a prisoner of war thou art not considered," replied Pierre, "but as a robber and a murderer taken in the act. Dost thou think that I know not of thy diabolical calumnies against Lefevre and myself, owing to which we have been branded as traitors in Montreal, and durst thou ask *me* to put thee to ransom.—But follow me; I will see if I can grant thee thy liberty on one condition, which thou mayest fulfil."

Lacoste followed him with a lowering brow, and with ill-concealed rage flashing in his eyes, to the lodge of Manhitti, where Pierre having summoned that Chief, Lefevre, and several other warriors to his presence, told them he had called them to form a council. Accordingly a council was opened in due form, to which Pierre proceeded to explain the deep cause of grieviance he had against his prisoner, who had destroyed his fair fame among his countrymen, for which he had detained him (Lacoste) a captive, to be dealt with according as he thought fit.

The Eries nodded in token as having understood him, and drawing forth a sheet of paper, Pierre proceeded to write out a confession to the following effect:

That, whereas, Henri Lacoste being a prisoner in the camp of the Irinka Indians for certain acts of cruelty and wanton attack against them; for having burned their village, and caused the death of several of their members, which was done in order, the more fully, to substantiate the purpose he had in view, which purpose was the conviction of Messeiurs Pierre and Lefevre of having acted traitorously towards the present government of France in this colony: now know all to whom it may concern that he (Henri Lacoste) believes the said Messieurs Pierre and Lefevre to be innocent of all intention of acting otherwise than as became subjects and soldiers of France; that having, wilfully and maliciously, caused spurious letters to fall into the hands of Governor Vaudreuville and having falsely accused them of intriguing with the English, they now unjustly lie under sentence of outlawry.

This confession having read aloud he requested Lacoste to sign, while the Erie Chiefs would witness his signiature by placing their *totems* along side of it. Lacoste, however stepped back, and with a show of indignant innocence, refused—asserting his right to be released on parole or on ransom—that what had been done to the Irinkas was in the fulfilment of his duty.

"Liar, that you are!" exclaimed Lefevre jumping to his feet, "for such a poltroon as you to be considered as a prisoner of war would be ridiculous. By the laws of the Irinkas you ought to be burnt at the stake, and for once your ac-

customed cunning has failed you. What hinders such a wretch as you from signing that paper, and then perjure yourself in Montreal by swearing that you were forced to do so by threats of immediate death? Pierre deals too sincerely to match your deep villainy."

Lacoste's eyes sparkled with fury. Lefevre's suggestion was an idea he would have acted on had it not been so promptly exposed. Truth more often excites the passions than falsehood, and even Lacoste's hardened nature felt severely the deserved terms of opprobrium applied to him. He sprang forward and plucked a tomahawk from the belt of one of the Eries—hurling it with all his force at Lefevre, but sent by an inexperienced hand, the weapon struck him on the forehead over his military cap with its whirling handle, knocking him down on his back, but producing no serious injury. One of the Chiefs half drew his knife from its sheath to punish Lacoste, but put it back again when he saw Lefevre jump to his feet and rush at his assailant; but Pierre interposing, held him back with his hand.

"Stop! Lefevre," he cried; "I will settle this matter to thy satisfaction."

"It is very easy," replied that person, somewhat peevishly, "to say to a man who has been knocked down—'be quiet,'—but naturally restive under such treatment, he finds it hard to obey."

"Listen, Lefevre," said Pierre as he tore up the written paper, while he turned to Lacoste—addressing him: "To you, sir I again make another offer, (it will be the last,) reject it, and I hand you over to the tender mercy of the Irinkas.—You know their laws; it has only been my protection that has preserved you from their vengeance. I again offer you a chance of obtaining your liberty, and of saving your life, and this is the only chance you can expect to receive: I challenge you to the combat—giving you choice of weapons—the rifle, sword or knife. Accept my offer, and we meet to-morrow at sunrise. In doing this, I act as if we were among our own people, where according to the laws of honor, you would be obliged to give me satisfaction in the usual way, if I demanded it. In doing this, it is because I would not have you put to death by the Irinkas, whose hospitality you have outraged, and whose laws you have set at defiance—to set you at liberty would be unjust to them, Lefevre and myself. You had, probably a less dangerous chance of obtaining your freedom—namely—merely asserting the innocence of those whom you have so grossly maligned—which you have refused In doing this I put you on an equality with myself, and for the time consider you in the light of a gentleman. In doing this, I seek to obtain satisfaction for the many injuries I have sustained at your hands. (None know better than yourself that they are deep and many.) Accept my challenge, and if fortune favors you by my defeat, you are as free as air—free to go where you listeth—nor would the Irinkas here prevent you. Manhitti understands what I say:" turning to that person. The Chief nodded. Then, looking sternly at Lacoste, Pierre continued In thus putting you on an equal footing with myself, it is in order that you may afford me satisfaction in the usual way. What weapons do you prefer—the sword

or the rifle? Or perhaps," seeing Lacoste hesitate, "you imagine there is not sufficient cause of quarrel between us! if so I will make one. If liar and poltroon be not sufficient terms of offence, I can say no more. Have I insulted you, sir?—or do you wish for an apology?"

Lacoste was not naturally a coward, but a bad conscience often makes the bravest tremble, and he turned pale for a moment; but knowing that if he did not accept the challenge, he would have to abide by the laws of the Irinkas;—also knowing himself to be a good swordsman, he determined to avail himself of the chance offered him of obtaining revenge on his hated opponent, whose scornful and contemptous manner roused his savage nature and sinking courage.

D——n you!" said he, brutally, "your heart's blood shall attone for your insulting language. I will take the sword; I am master of the weapon, so look to yourself—the rifle I am not acquainted with; and for the infinite pleasure it will afford me to kill you, I expect these d——d red-skins to see me safe back to Montreal. Ha! ha! very good, indeed; I am much obliged to you, Monsieur, for your very liberal offer, that affords to let me cut your throat. (the very thing I am most desirous of doing,) and for which satisfactory affair, I can walk home at my leisure. Do not tremble, Monsieur—I accept your challenge."

Pierre replied with a contemptous look, "the conditions of the combat shall be observed. To-morrow at sun-rise I shall furnish you with a weapon, the same in every respect as my own, and then let the best cause and the best arm obtain the victory."

"Not so, Pierre," interposed Lefevre, who had been impatiently listening to this dialogue; "the scoundrel does not deserve such fair treatment; but if you must use him like a gentleman, I have the best right to obtain satisfaction. This affair belongs to me; give my claim the preference."

"I can see no reason for so doing Lefevre, so I shall not even give way to thee. You can go, sir," he continued, turning sternly to Lacoste, who was leaning against the door post, eyeing the young men with a scowling glance.

"I'll be revenged on ye both," he muttered, while walking away; and he kept strolling up and down the village with his eyes bent, sullenly, on the ground,

Manbitti understood the import of the recent dialogue, and he thought it somewhat strange that a captive should be placed on a footing, whereby he might revenge himself fairly on his conqueror; but he admired the noble feeling that prompted Pierre to the combat; however, for his own part, had the prisoner been under his control, he would have put him to death without hesitation; but as Pierre arrogated to himself the right of disposing of Lacoste as he saw fit, Manbitti, nor the Eries never interfered.

"And so Keenwau-ishkoda fights with his prisoner to-morrow?" inquired the Chief. Pierre nodded assent.

Lefevre walked gloomily up and down the apartment, debating with himself whether he had not better blow out the brains of Lacoste, and so end the matter at once.

The morning came bright and clear; the sun rose in an unclouded horizon. A slight breeze ruffled the river, and shook the icicles from the branches of the naked trees; the long shadows of early morn threw themselves across the plain, on which were assembled the whole population of the village, for the news had gone abroad that Keenwau-ishkoda was to fight his prisoner with the long knives of their nation. It was well known that Lacoste had proved a faithless friend, and deeply injured Pierre. The latter person soon appeared on the scene, followed by Lefevre bearing his sword. Lacoste pushed himself roughly through the crowd from an opposite direction, and on arriving at the place, drew off his boots and divested himself of all his clothing, except his shirt and pantaloons.—He was accustomed to these affairs and he prepared himself for the combat with a sang froid, as if he was already assured of victory. Pierre, on the contrary had never been engaged in a rencontre of this nature except once, and that was with the very individual before him. He showed himself, however, as cool as his adversary—merely taking of his hunting frock and cravat, and took the sword which Lefevre handed to him. But before unsheathing it, he turned to Manhitti, in whose ear he whispered a few words. That Chief immediately calling his people around him, addressed them to the following effect:

That Keenwau-ishkoda having deep cause of quarrel with his captive, had this morning given him his liberty, in order that they might fight according to the custom practised among their countrymen. That in case Pierre should fall, they would not prevent Lacoste departing for Montreal or wherever he would wish to go.

Lefevre muttered: "all very fine my friends, but should that scoundrel earn his liberty, there is another gentleman here will put a veto upon his departure, and revenge his friend's defeat."

The Eries fully comprehended the terms of the combat, for such affairs were not unusual among the chiefs of the different tribes; though after conquering an opponent in a general engagement, it is entirely against their ideas of propriety to give the captive again all the advantages of freedom, that he might have another chance of revenging himself on his conqueror. But they admired the feeling that prompted Pierre to this generosity, and they looked upon the combatants with redoubled interest—all their sympathies being engaged on the side of their young chief, Keenwau-ishkoda. The men formed themselves into a sort of semi-circle, while the boys and some of the women ranged themselves in a like manner opposite, and a few of the young girls looked on from a distance. The Pale Lily unaware of the tragedy that was about to be enacted, (for she had been kept in ignorance of the purposed meeting,) observing the crowd of Eries assembled on the plain, stepped out of the lodge, and accompanied by O-on-yay-stee, she advanced towards them to ascertain what was the matter; but Manhitti espying motioned them back with his hand, whereupon they returned in some alarm to the cabin.

All preparations were now completed, and Pierre, drawing his sword, advanced

towards Lacoste. That individual having nothing to hope from the clemency of his adversary—also knowing the coolness of whose courage, sought to ruffle his temper before crossing his weapon.

"I do not see the Pale Lily," he said, sneeringly; "I fancy she will have no paramour to night."

"Cowardly liar!" muttered Pierre, as the blood mounted to his forehead; draw your sword."

Lacoste unsheathing it, threw the scabbard in his face, while he rushed at him with a heavy lounge at the same time, which was parried with some difficulty.—Both were well acquainted with their weapons, and rapid passes were exchanged for a time without effect. The clashing of steel was music to the Eries, who kept noticing every lounge and parry with increasing interest. Lacoste's passion somewhat got the better of his judgment; he pressed forward, endeavoring by the weight of his arm, to get within the guard of his opponent, whom he found, however, as muscular, if not more so than himself, and his heavy passes being turned aside with untiring skill, he fell back suddenly on the defensive—content with parrying in his turn. When endeavoring to beat down Pierre's guard at the commencement of the fight, he had laid himself open to being disarmed by a slight wound, and though Pierre saw his advantage, he did not avail himself of it, being determined on a more decisive termination to the combat. He, in his turn, seeing Lacoste simply acting on the defensive, pressed on with vigorous lounges—his superior strength bearing his opponent back from his position, who retreated step by step as Pierre incautiously closed up. Lacoste, though not able to maintain his ground, parried with skill and precision, and his adversary happening to slip in his mocassins on the frozen grass, he found an opportunity to pass his sword through his left arm, and the blood soon died the shirt of Pierre, while it trickled slowly to the ground. The women uttered an exclamation of pity and apprehension, while the men pressed closer up to the combatants; Lefevre's eyes danced with wild excitement. Pierre resumed his former position where the ground was more level; his parted lips shewed his teeth locked firmly together, while his gaze was fixed steadily on Lacoste, who elated with his success, rushed forward with a yell of triumph, thinking that Pierre was sinking from loss of blood. But his fierce lounge, contrary to his expectation, was firmly met, and the passes continued to be exchanged with equal skill on both sides.—Lacoste making a feint known but to the most practised swordsmen, Pierre was again pierced in the breast by the successful weapon of his adversary. He staggered slightly back, while his eyes gleamed with a terrible resolution on his foe; froth gathered slightly about his parted lips, and the blood flowed down to his feet, staining the mocassins that he wore. Lefevre seized a tomahawk from an Erie beside him, with the intention of hurling it at Lacoste, but seeing Pierre firmly parry a furious lounge, and drive the latter back a second time, he let his arm fall to his side. Pierre's sword now grated steadily against Lacoste's presented weapon for a moment, and playing quickly round it, the point was dropped like lightning, and as quickly raised, when the strong arm of Pierre, bearing

down the hesitating guard of his opponent, (who knew not how to meet the feint,) the weapon passed through his body, and Lacoste fell his full length upon the ground, the blood gushing in torrents from the wound. He turned over once or twice—muttered a curse—his eyes glared round upon the spectators for an instant, and with a convulsive shudder, thus died.

Pierre gazed vacantly on his prostrate foe, staggered forward a few paces, and dropped on his knees. The supporting arm of Lefevre was instantly round him, who, untying his sash, bound up his arm, but the blood still continued flowing from his breast, and Lefevre tearing open his shirt, found a deep wound near the right shoulder. One of the Indians stepped forward with a bandage—this was placed over the wound, and passing it under his arm, was tied on the left side of his neck. Manhitti and Lefevre attempted to raise him on his feet, but he resisted their efforts, murmuring faintly for some water. He hastily swallowed a little out of a basin that was offered him, when after a minute or two, he rose slowly to his feet, and was supported back to the lodge by his companions. The Pale Lily screamed and sunk half fainting on a pile of mats, as she met the pale and bleeding form of her lover on the threshold.

"Do not alarm thyself, my fair cousin," said Lefevre; "he is not much hurt; he will be well in a few days. Thy smiles shall perform half the cure."

He endeavored to give his voice a confident tone, though his heart sank within him, when he cast a look upon the pale and sinking form of his friend. O-on-ya-stee ran for a basin of water—Manhitti washed and dressed his wounds—applying some healing herbs, whose virtues he was well acquainted with. Pierre was conducted to his couch, and lay half stupified with pain until evening, when he sank into broken slumber. A crowd of Eries were gathered about the threshold, anxious to hear the extent of his injuries, when Manhitti, who was an experienced surgeon, informed them, that his hurts, though severe, were not dangerous. On hearing this, they dispersed—conversing in groups about the occurrence of the morning. They never had witnessed a rencontre of this kind before between two whitemen; they were astonished at the length of the combat, as well as with the skill which the 'long knives' were handled. Lacoste was found to have been pierced through near the region of the heart—severing one of the main arteries, which caused death immediately. He was taken up and stretched on a mat; when the sun went down, he was put into a rude coffin, and conveyed to the opposite Island, where he was burried deep in the sandy soil among the cedars.

The Pale Lily sat by the couch of her lover—watching his every motion—anticipating his every wish. During the long hours of the night she cooled his fevered brow, and clasped his hot and burning hands within her own. [illegible] the stars paled before the light of coming morn, O-on-yay-stee insisted upon supplying her place, when she retired to her chamber, where overcome by [illegible] and the conflict of her feelings, she sunk into deep slumber. The [illegible] constitution of Pierre, assisted by the [illegible] cares of friends, overcame the [illegible] blood and the threatened inflamation. In three days, to the infinite relief of his nurses, he was able to sit up; in three more to leave the house.

When night would begin to fall, the occupants of the lodge would gather round the fire that burned cheerily up the wide chimney, and pass away the evening either smoking their merechaums, or engaging in some animated discussion—Manhitti frequently proving himself the most able expositor.

It was on one of these evenings, about the period when Pierre was able to stir through the village, that Lefevre requested his Uncle to relate to him the history of his tribe.

"I thought thy friend had told thee," answered Manhitti; "he knows the principle incidents."

"No, indeed," returned Lefevre. "He did tell me, though, or rather I found out that the ancient name of thy race is Erie."

"True, young man, and as thou hast a right to be informed of all that relates to my people. I will tell thee."

The Chief here informed Lefevre of all that the reader is already acquainted with regarding the history of the Eries. In his turn Lefevre gave Manhitti an insight into the particulars of his own family, and related to him some of his adventures abroak. The Pale Lily listened eagerly to tales of European wars and feuds—in which her family, on her mother's side, had conspicuously borne a part.

"Whom dost thou consider," enquired Manhitti, "the most influential and powerful nation on thy side of the salt water?"

"Oh, the French," readily answered Lefevre; "the English come next—the Russians are the most numerous, though not the most warlike; then come the Austrians, Prussians, Germans, Spaniards, Turks, Swedes; and after those come a number of small confederacies not worth mentioning."

"Do these include all the nations beyond the salt water?" enquired his uncle.

"Not one quarter, Chief, they are the principal nations of the country we call Europe." And Lefevre here explained, as well as he could, the geographical position of the earth; how it was divided into continents, those continents into countries and states—comprising empires, kingdoms, principalities, and republics.

The Pale Lily wondered much at such a variety of countries, nations and languages—having thought that the whites were all either French or English. She lamented her ignorance to Lefevre, who replied that he was equally so with regard to the number, power, influence, and names of most of the Indian tribes of America.

"O, yes," she answered smiling; "we have our traditions, histories, and victories as well as the whites; and though we possess no books as you call them, they are preserved in our memories by the assistance of paintings."

"Indeed my fair cousin, I knew not that divine art was practised by the natives of the woods; but I should imagine that not even paintings were necessary to assist thy memories, for if all the daughters of red-men were as handsome as thyself, it would take a life of a thousand years to forget thy beauty."

"My relation must not say so," she gravely answered; "the lips should never utter what the heart does not sincerely dictate."

"Ah, cousin, thou philosophical, and yet so young!"

Manhitti smiled, and drawing forth a basket from a shelf near, took out of it several bundles of smooth, thin bark, on which were painted rude imitations of men, birds, beasts, and almost every animal of the forest; these he spread on the table.

"Behold, young man, here are the paintings my daughter re'erred to; they are rude, but plain; they serve as well the purpose for which they were made, as the most elegant of thine."

"Put them to the test, Chief."

"Observe then this slip of bark, on which are painted birds and beasts to the number of five; it represents the 'united people," or in thy language Iroquois—in ours *Aquanuschionis*—in theirs *Ongue-honwe*—a people surpassing all others. Those three lines above, indicate that three of their tribes came from the North—or the land of Snow, which is represented by these masses of ice near the naked tree; the two lines below indicate that the other tribes travelled from the setting sun, or rather from South of the West, as the stroke inclining this way would show.

"When did they form their notorious confederacy enquired Pierre."

"I will tell thee replied Manhitti; I know their origin and history better than their wisest chiefs; the traditions of our people are correct, for they are kept in our memories by these little slips of coloured bark. A long time ago—before the white-men were heard of; before ever our priests prophecied of the coming of strange races from beyond the salt water; when the red men cooked their vituals in earthen pots of their own manufacture, when their weapons of war and of chase were made by their own hands, the Eries came from the West, and pitched their tents by the shores of those inland lakes where now dwell some of the tribes of the Iroquois. For two generations, our people there peaceably hunted the deer, trapped the beaver, and drew fish morning and evening from their beautiful lakes, when they engaged in a war with the *Adirondacks*, whom they obliged to sue for peace. They were then known among the different tribes as Eries—signifying in our language '*lakes*'—in that of the Adirondacks, '*cats*.' After humbling a few inferior tribes in their vicinity, our people moved farther out, and built their village near the shore of a large lake to which they gave their name, and which to this day is known over all the country as the 'lake of lakes' or lake of Erie. As summers and winters passed away, the Eries began to be known by the tribes far and near, as the most powerful people among the nations of the West. Delegates came from tribes dwelling near the salt water, with wampum belts to the chiefs of the Eries. About this time there came a small tribe calling themselves the *Tewaptowanos*, or as they were afterwards named *Senecas*, accompanied by a kindred tribe of *Quatoghies*. They solicited and obtained permission to settle among the inland lakes, where after a while,

the kindred tribes quarrelled, and the *Quatoghies* were driven to the other side of Ontario. Previous to this quarrel, a few other tribes from the North, settled near the *Senecas*—calling themselves respectively the *Wabingies*, *Onayauts*, and *Onondagos*. It is not true that the Mohawks settled first on the land—some of thy countrymen have told me so, but I know better. They were a very poor people, to whom the Eries offered no opposition to their hunting among the lakes. They were constantly quarrelling with the Teuontowanos, until our people interfering made peace between them. It was about this time we became kindred to the Teuontowanos. Our chiefs married into some of their families, and since that period they have been known under the name of Senecas. After a time another tribe calling themselves *Cuiuckguas*, joined the Wabingies and Onayauts. These tribes confederated together about the time of two generations, before the whitemen appeared on the waters of the Caduracquoi; after a while the Onondagos joined them. Thus was a confederacy formed by three tribes, increased to four by the latter—gradually acquiring strength. Sixty summers after, the Senecas, to the surprise and indignation of our people, also joined the confederacy—which then first began to be known as the Aquanuschioni. It was not until after our defeat they assumed the name of Ongue Honwe. Our people were not aware of the extent of this combination, until long after it was formed and strengthened; to which their eyes were at last opened by a quarrel with their kindred the Senecas, whom the Eries undertook to punish. The Senecas summoned to their aid their confederates; two out of the three obeyed them, and the Senecas, Onondagos and Wabingies or Mohawks met the Eries for the first time in battle. Our people soon proving their superiority, the three tribes sued for peace which was granted; but from that time our connection with the Senecas was severed for ever. This battle was supposed by thy countrymen to have resulted in our defeat—no such thing. Thy missionaries confound dates or perhaps the Iroquois have lied to them. The Eries soon after took up the hatchet against the distant *Docohtas*; that war took away their attention from their immediate neighbors, who were exerting every means to increase their number. They engaged in war with the Adirondacks and Quatoghies to test their strength; over whom they obtained a great many victories. About this time wonderful stories reached the upper lakes, of strange white-men who appeared on the river below Hochelega in large canoes; and who were kindred of the Great Spirit; that they used the swift lightening and loud thunder for weapons of war; that trees beasts and birds fell before their fatal power. These stories were circulated by the Adirondacks, and for a while the adjacent tribes considered them as lies; but soon these strangers appeared with the Algonquins—taking their part against the Iroquois, with whom they were at war; and the Iroquois had to fly before the thunder of the white-men. The Adirondocks or Algonquins, as your countrymen named both them and the Quatoghies, by the assistance of the strangers, defeated the Five Nations in almost every battle; they were almost in danger of extermination. They entreated the Eries to join their confederacy, but our people refused the offer with scorn, for they considered themselves by right sole masters of the soil they hunted on; and our people were well pleased to see the

growing power of the Aquanuschioni humbled by their enemies. The Eries about this time had enough to do to fight their own battles with the Dachotas, who were a powerful nation. Another settlement of whites on the river, (they must have been the English,) supplied the Iroquois with fire-weapons—the same as had the Adirondacks, in exchange for their furs, and the five Nations soon regained their former power. The Algonquins in their turn gave way; the Iroquois drove them from the St. Lawrence to take refuge among the hills beyond the large lakes. They conquered their kindred the Quatoghies and the Attowawas; obliging several smaller tribes to sue for peace. From that time the confederation grew stronger, and they assumed the name of Ongue-honwe. Their neighbours the Eries grew jealous of their growing fame. Our people fought them and were defeated; they were driven to the Mississippi—from whence after about twenty summers they emigrated to the Ohio; for twenty more they dwelt in peace on the banks of that river. There was I born, and when at an early age I became chief of that nation, the remembrance of my father's wrongs came heavily upon me, and I hazarded a battle with our ancient enemies. It is an old story—you have heard how we were defeated when we emigrated to the Missouri.

"Thy history is interesting Uncle" said Lefevre; "I knew something of the Iroquois confederation, but never thought it bore so ancient a date. And so Adirondack is the true name for Algonquin.

"Thy missionaries" replied Manhitti included most all the tribes east of the St. Lawrence under that name, though some of the races are totally different. Thus—the Quatoghies are the people you sometimes call Huron, sometimes Wyandot, and are kindred to the Senecas of the Five Nations; some of the Adirondacks hide near the Nipissing, and are sometimes called by the name of that lake. The Attawawas reside further back; and the Irinkas have been known but lately among thy countrymen as a small tribe residing on the banks of the Grand River, near the Alumets.

You see that our paintings are of some use," said the Pale Lilly to Lefevre; "they are almost as good as books."

"Not quite my cousin," they do very well to represent striking and important events, but minor transactions you lose altogether, while books can preserve the most trivial incidents.

"Yes, interposed Manhatti," thou hast in books or writings, the nature of which Pierre hast made me acquainted with—superior means of acquiring knowledge, than we poor Indians of America can ever hope to obtain."

INTRODUCTORY SCENE CONTINUED.

Your tale is rather interesting, Charlie, I must admit; it seems to increase in interest as it lengthens—your characters develope themselves admirably; notwithstanding which, I see the rest are asleep—but at that I wonder not so much when I come to think of it, (not because your work is wanting in merit—I could never think of such an insinuation,) but for this reason, that it is impossible for them to understand what is above their comprehension. You must know, Charlie, that we two are the only real geniuses here; though Squintum pretends to write a history, and has foolishly wasted his time and money upon the subject, yet he is not capable of the task, for that which he has commenced, requires extensive information,—a general knowledge of every incident that has occurred in the country, (the history of which he wishes to publish) to carry it through, and I fear poor Squintum has not the talent he fancies he possesses. You and I, Charlie, are the only two who have arrived at the ultimatum of what we profess; for you must be aware, after reading those poems which I gave you, that the genius of Byron lives in myself; and though *you* cannot equal Cooper in the peculiar style of his characters, I have no doubt you will improve as you write;—your talent requiring some cultivation, a little more application will perfect you in your profession. As for me, ahem, I believe all admit that I am superior to Squintum as regards true genius. Midnight is on the wane; where is my hat?" [*exit Dick.*]

"Whew! sensible Dick, thy bump of self-esteem prenologists would not surely write down medium. Poems! pah,—trash; Byronical!—the devil; it is strange what a singular fatality some men have as to the good opinion they form of their own merits. Well, it's consolatory that he allows me a share of his genius, but at the same time, it is—— "

"Ah, is that you, Charlie; what's the matter?—where's Dick?—gone, eh!—I thought as much. In fact, Charlie, between you and I, Dick is a poor writer and notwithstanding his pretensions, he has no powers of description. I have listened with delight to *your* graphical pictures of forest life; in fact, I can peculiarly appreciate them; and though you may have been somewhat chagrined at the inattention of the rest, let me assure you that your story is not without interest. Chilly, isn't it? Good night." [*exit Squintum.*]

"There's another; flattery is pleasant when it is sincere, but it requires a peculiar degree of refinement to render it acceptable to a discerning mind; but then the evident opinion they entertain of their own superiority over myself, as evinced by their patronizing compliments, is somewhat galling."

"Yah, ah,—allow me to say, Charlie, that you've brought that tale to a very nice conclusion, in fact, it terminated as I expected, and the manuscript is well worthy of publication. In my researches of Greenland, you will find a good many historical events, and I give you leave to plaguarize a little, for young authors like you cannot expect to have that freedom of style, which those like me possess.

"No, it's not to be expected, Greenland, it's not to be expected; but allow me to say that the story which I have been reading for your instruction and edification, is not yet concluded, therefore, I think, from your remarks, you have been as inattentive as the rest."

"By no means; though I'm a bad critic, for my memory is not good, else I could call to your attention some passages in the work which might be improved. Late, isi'n't? good night." [*exit Greenland.*]

[3d night.]

"So Charlie's not come yet, for a wonder; he's generally the first here in order to entertain us, as he so pertinaciously asserts. It is true he's talent, but he's rather vain on the strength of it. By the by, though, with regard to myself, were my poems to receive that attention which they merit, I would be a second Byron. I——"

"What were you saying, Dick?"

"Ahem, O! you've come, have you. What was I saying? I was saying nothing, I was only remarking—remarking that, ahem, that the river Saguenay, below Quebec, is a very remarkable river; a river that would repay navigators to trace to its source. It is one of the boldest features in the country of Canada; it has been traced upward only to Lake St. John about one hundred and forty miles from its mouth. That expanse, Charlie is estimated at one hundred miles in circumferance, and was found by M. Bouchette receiving large rivers from various quarters, but as to their source and relative magnitude, nothing is known. The Saguenay is navigable for vessels of great bulk, two leagues above its junction with the Chicoutimi. To the point where it falls into the St. Lawrence, its banks are bold, steep and rocky, shooting up sometimes into precipitous cliffs two thousand feet high, thinly clad with fir, birch and other trees of a northern climate. The breadth, unless when it spreads into small lakes, seldom exceeds half-a-mile; but the depth is very extraordinary, varying from six hundred to nine hundred feet. Upon joining the great river I've mentioned, here eighteen miles broad, it changes for some space the direction of the stream, and presents the remarkable circumstance, that while the St. Lawrence at this place is only two hundred and forty feet deep, the Saguenay above the junction approaches to a thousand. Now what a splendid prospect for the navigator who would venture to explore the unknown sources of those rivers which empty into lake St. John; and the main stream itself, from whence does it rise? Think of the magnificent scenery its cliffs must present, rising as they do two thousand feet from the river, which rolling between them, in depth one thousand feet more, throws itself over its basin into the St Lawrence. Think of those heights covered with snow, and the stunted pines that grow on their declivities, drooping with icicles

sparkling with a thousand hues as the sun illumines their chrystal clothing.—Eh, Charlie! wouldn't you like to be there?—what a splendid scene for a romance! what ideas would flow from the pen! and yet that part of the country is little spoken of or little thought of, though—— "

" Latterly it has come more into notice, for settlements have recently been made in its vicinity, by enterprising companies from Montreal, yet the winters are so rigorous, that the settlers find it difficult to exist; but "——

" Squintum, I wish you would observe that I am not at all fond of being interrupted, and notwithstanding my many hints on the subject, you still, in a manner that is far from agreeable, interlere, distracting my attention to the subject on which I speak. Once off the track, I can never resume it without an additional supply of steam; if you had kept silence I would have proceeded to give Charlie an admirable description of such remarkable parts of the country as lie on the north-east side of the St Lawrence. He's disappointed, I can see by his looks, but he has to thank you for it, that's all; and if I was "——

" I perfectly agree with Dick on what he has just said regarding your meddling disposition, which has frequently spoilt a plan or destroyed a scene; and though something must be allowed "——

" I must say that I agree with Greenland, in regard to his remarks upon the observations of Dick upon your conduct, Squintum; though I seldom say much, I cannot keep silent when so flagrant a breach of etiquette is committed, and when the subject "——

" Gentlemen, I must protest "——

" There! he's interrupting again, Antiquity; he's incorrigable; I told you so; there's no use lecturing him."

" But, Dick, I must protest that I had no intention "——

" There, never mind, Squintum—I forgive you—Charlie wants to say something."

" I now come near the conclusion of the 'Last of the Eries,' and as none of you know anything about Indian character, before I proceed any farther in the story, I will endeavor to give you some idea of their peculiar style of oratory. The language of the Iroquois is even held to be susceptible of an Attic elegance, which few can attain so fully as to escape all criticism. It is figurative in the highest degree, every notion being expressed by images addressed to the senses. Thus, to throw up the hatchet or to put on the great cauldron, is to begin a war; to throw the hatchet to the sky, is to wage open and terrible war; to take off the cauldron, or to bury the hatchet, is to make peace; to plant the tree of peace on the highest mountain of the earth, is to make a general pacification. To throw a prisoner into the cauldron, is to devote him to torture and to death; to take him out, is to pardon and receive him as a member of the community. Ambassadors coming to propose a full and general treaty, say: " We rend the clouds asunder, and drive away all darkness from the heavens, that the sun of peace may shine

with brightness over us all." On another occasion, referring to their own violent conduct, they said: "We are glad that Assarigoa will bury in the pit what is past; let the earth be trodden hard over it, or, rather, let a strong stream run under the pit to wash away the evil." They afterward added: "We now plant a tree whose top will reach to the sun, and its branches spread far abroad, and we shall shelter ourselves under it, and live in peace." To send a collar under ground, is to carry on a secret negociation; but when expressing a desire that there might be no duplicity or concealment between them and the French, they said that, "they wished to fix the sun in the top of the heavens immediately above that pole that it might beat directly down and leave nothing in obscurity." The treaties between them and the French were conducted in the highest style of oratory, and their beautiful similies were indicative of a life accustomed only to the forest."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Let us wander now a little back in our story and some new scenes and characters shall be introduced to the reader.

It was on a sunny day in the month of September, in the year 1755, that the little village of Cataraqui, situated near the mouth of lake Ontario was in an unusual bustle, by the arrival of an indian chief with a train of warriors. The new comers looked tired and dispirited; no resounding cry of triumph announced their coming, and the squaws gathered round them as they advanced, remarking upon their sullen, dejected appearance. The chief stalked gloomily through the crowd till he reached a large tent situated near the centre of the village, where he was met by a tall warrior with waving plumes in his scalp-lock, and bright feathers in his dress, who saluting the new comer with the courtesy peculiar to his nation, conducted him inside his lodge. It was plain that the visitors were not inhabitants of the village, or of the same race as its residents, though not strangers to them. They were received hospitably and kindly, but the villagers appeared not to share or sympathise with the disastrous results of their war path—for it was evident by the paint and dress of their guests, that they had been on a hostile expedition, from which they returned defeated.

The Indians inhabiting this village, were of the Wyandott tribe, or called by the French Hurons; they lived under the protection of a Fort opposite, named after its founder Frontenac. It was situated on a rocky hill, where it was first commenced in 1672 by M. D. Courcelles, then governor of Canada, as a barrier against the Iroquois. Count Frontenac completed it in 1673 giving to it his name, and there in 1755, the French had a strong garrison, to guard that frontier against the incursions of the English. A small company had recently arrived from Montreal with presents for the Indians, to induce them to hasten to augment the force of the French at Trois Rivers, who were besieging the English in a fort near that place. The secluded garrison at Frontenac was thrown into a bustle by the arrival, and excited by the news they heard from the east.

A brief description of the place would not come amiss, for though many may be well acquainted with the scenery about modern Kingston, at that date it presented a far different appearance from what it does now. Fancy the hills clothed with the evergreen pines, intermingling their branches with those of the beech and the maple, and the wide mouth of the bay where it met the waters of the St. Lawrence, not covered with trading vessels, or disturbed by revolving wheels of Steamers, but dotted here and there by light birchen canoes, or perhaps a sotita-batteau or barge, propelled by vigorous oarsmen could be seen,—the rowers singing the while some ditty of *la belle* France. From the mud and wooden fortifications that appeared on the brow of the hill, rose the tri-color of the country

waving proudly in the breeze; while on the green sward outside the fort, might be seen interpreters, traders, trappers, hunters and soldiers dressed in their different costumes, lounging lazily about. The mouth of Lake Ontario, when viewed from the hill, appeared stretching away into the broad distance, like some never ending sea, and the large island opposite loomed in a long line upon the river, clothed to the water's edge with a dense forest till its furthermost point terminated in the lake. A few other smaller islands dotted the surface of the river, and the bay stretching inland in an easterly direction for nearly two miles, was then met by an island, which divided it into two channels for a short distance when uniting they formed a narrow though deep stream beyond, while the tall bull-rushes bent their downy heads to the wind for a wide distance on either side, till their growth was interrupted by the grassy banks of the bay. This island, in the summer season, was covered with the wild sweet-briar, the honey-suckle, and the branching thorn. The wild grape vines twined themselves among the young elms, or embraced the trunks of the nodding pines. The robin, the grey-bird, and the blue-jay resorted to its cooling shades, while the wild ducks revelled in the rushes beyond, where they and the cranes rose in flocks from their secure retreat when disturbed by a passing canoe, and the bullfrogs, there, commenced a concert when the dews began to fall—their hoarse voices reaching even to the Indian village, which was built on a point of land that was washed by the intermingling waters of the bay and the river. Fires blazed at day-light and at even along the shore, and the spearing of fish at such times was a sport all engaged in. Near the fort, on the declivity of the hill, were built several neat residences, inhabited by the families of the garrison, or by those of the traders; in one, superior to the rest in its appearance, dwelt the Commandant of the Fort, with his only daughter, a girl of about twenty-five years of age. On the day in question, she appeared on the verandah, where shading her eyes from the sun with her hand, she took a long look at the Indian village, noticing the arrival of the new band of warriors. Few would have expected ever to find in so secluded a place as Catorocqui then was, so much beauty, dignity and refinement, as was personified in the daughter of the Commandant. Her figure was about the middle size—perfectly symetrical; her auburn hair fell curling to shoulders, which, white as alabastor, were slightly protected from the sun by a thin handkerchief of gauze, that did not altogether hide a bosom of the same exquisite fairness. Her eyes were of a dark hazle color, and a sweet, though sad expression pervaded her features.

"Who can those strangers be," she murmured; "they are received by the Hurons; they must be friends."

Her father was an old Colonel of the army, lately arrived from France—being induced by pressing poverty to accept a command, at his time of life, in the Canadas—his daughter accompanying him to his solitary post at Frontenac. He was now in the Fort, reading a letter which he had just received from the Governor of Montreal, to the effect that he was to collect all the Indians in his vicinity, and by either bribes or promises, hasten them to the last mentioned town,

from whence they would be forwarded to the army. The Colonel read this epistle with a frown, for he was averse to having Indians employed in civilized warfare—knowing well the wanton massacres they perpetrated when on the trail of a vanquished enemy, and he could hardly bring his conscience to take the necessary steps in the affair. However, after listening eagerly to the news that the English were preparing to invade Canada at all points, he fixed upon the following day for an interview with the Indians.

Consequently preparations were made early on the appointed time; the government barge was floated, manned by about twenty soldiers, who laid their arms along the thwarts of the vessel on hooks made purposely for their reception, and seizing the oars, held them poised over the water, ready for the starting signal.—The visitors from Montreal embarked, two scouts and an interpreter placed themselves in the bow, and the Commandant stepping to the stern, the soldiers plied their oars, and the boat rounding the point on the south side of the fort, started off for the opposite shore—a small flag trailing on the water in its wake. The Hurons had been apprised of the intended visit, and were drawn up in state to hear what the French chief had to say. The Commandant upon reaching the shore, left two men to guard the boat, and with the remainder of his party, entered the village, where he was met by a deputation of warriors, who conducted him inside the council. The soldiers stood leaning carelessly on their arms on one side, while the Indians sat attentive on the trunks of some fallen trees on the other. The pipe of peace was duly smoked, when the Commandant rose, and adopting the Indian style of speaking addressed them as follows:

"Brethren, our Father has sent to you, his red brothers, rifles that they may live and not die, and that their foes may fall, whilst they see not the hand that strikes them. He has sent them blankets to keep them warm when the snow is on the ground and the leaf is off the tree; he has sent them paint that they may be terrible to their enemies; he has sent beads for their women, and fire-water for brave warriors that their hearts may be glad. The long-knives, they that ploughed up the graves of thy fathers and left their bones to whiten in the sun; who burnt up thy hunting grounds and drove ye into a strange country, are gathering their warriors together to drive our father from his strong-hold; to chase the beaver from his dam, and the deer from the woods; to send pestilence among thy braves that they may melt like snow beneath the summer sun, and to lead thy squaws into captivity. Will our brothers strike the tomahawk deep into the tree?—will they break in two the pipe of peace, and go to the Trois Rivieres? The Great Spirit will smile on their efforts, and drive their enemies before them like leaves before the wind."

Silence reigned around during this brief speech, succeeded by a low murmur of approbation, which was instantly stilled as Kanhawa, the Huron chief, rose and said:

"We are not women that we should fear. When the deer is abroad, the wolf stops not in his den, nor the wild cat in his nest. The Hurons are not fools that they should forget; does not the voice of our fathers cry unto us from the hunt-

ing grounds of the Great Spirit, bidding us strike our knives deep in the hearts of our foes. We will go and return with the scalps of our enemies, so that our chidren may live in our hunting grounds and sleep in the graves of our fathers."

These speeches were duly interpreted, and the Commandant appeared satisfied with the answer, and he fixed, upon a day for the distribution of the presents, whereupon the Indians escorted the white chief back to his barge, which was shoved off, and, in silence, rowed to the other shore.

At sunset the bugle sounded the recall, which hastened small parties of loitering soldiers toward the fort. The Commandant sought his dwelling which was inhabited during times of peace, and though war now raged between the two colonies no attemps had yet been made to surprise the garrison at Caterocquoi, and hostile Indians rarely venturing near, the old man thought he was not risking too much in living in the more private and comfortable apartments of the house, rather than in the confined rooms of the fort.

"Well, Eloise," said he stepping on the floor of the verandah, "how dost thou find thyself to-day?—getting tired of thy solitary seclusion, eh, and wishing thy self back again among the sunny fields of France?"

"Nay, father," she replied, "New France is as dear to me as Old France, for thou art here. As for solitude, when nature shows itself so beautiful and grand as it does even now, I hardly feel it. To see the sun setting as if in a ball of liquod fire behind the rising ground of yonder Indian village; the shadows of the tall trees faintly mirored in the river; to feel the breeze gently fanning the brow as it shakes the colored leaves from the trees—strewing for thee a carpet upon the ground; to see these vast forests stretching away unbroken as far as the eye can reach on every side; to see this vast sheet of water tinged, by the beams of the retiring sun, melting away in the horizon, affords the mind food for much contemplation."

"It may be, it may be so, Eloise," answered her father yawning; "it is all very beautiful no doubt, and may to thy young fancy afford many attractions, but give to me what I have always been accustomed to—the crowded streets, the elegant comforts of a city—the familiar faces the well known roads and churches of the old country, in preference to all the savage beauty of the Canadas. Do not think too much, Eloise, it is hurtful. Please God, we shall all see France again when this war ends. But now to supper."

So saying he took the arm of his daughter and conducted her inside the house, where was laid ready by the servants the evening meal. It was at such times the Commandant most enjoyed himself—after supper conversing with his daughter, or smoking his pipe on the verandah in the deepening twilight. The fair Eloise amused herself during her liesure hours in reading, working some piece of embroidery, or pondering on some of the former scenes of her life. Hers was a fanciful and meditative disposition, delighting to let the imagination roam at will, in the past and to the future. Sometimes she attended the festivities given by the wives of the non-commissioned officers and traders, when she would enter

into their sports with all the vivacity of her younger years, but when the excitement was over she would sink back to her former silence and meditation.

About this time all the inhabitants of the country were preparing for a rigorous winter. When October set in, fuel was collected for the garrison, and the Indians brought in provisions, receiving in exchange rum, beads, blankets, &c.. The traders collected their furs and barricaded their houses, while the Hurons, themselves laid in a stock of fish to last the coming season, and put their snow-shoes in order. The leaves began to fall rapidly from the trees,—the fine sunshiny days were now no more, for gloomy looking clouds filled the heavens,—the winds rose and the frosts set in, scattering the remaining herbage of the forests, nipping the grass of the fields, and bending the vines to the earth. Small shallow ponds began to be crusted over with ice,—the woods were laid bare,—the trees intermingled their naked branches, except where groves of pines dotted the hills and valleys with their green foliage. The equonoctial gales began, and the mouth of lake Ontario appeared lashed into fury, rolling its waters in spray and foam against its rock-bound shore. Yet notwithstanding some venturous light canoe could be seen rounding the point of land near the village, half burried in the surf—rising like a gull on the top of the billows—skimming across the bay. At last after frosts, rains and winds, a calm succeeded; the clouds partly left the heavens; the sun appeared dimly through the hazy atmosphere; his faint beams melted the ponds; the frozen turf thawed beneath the influence of the warming air, and the Indian summer set in. Again the song of the birds might be heard faintly in the distance, again they appeared fluttering at long intervals from tree to tree, while flocks of quails appeared on the hills, and the snipe rose from the streams, flitting across the path of the hunter. The crows floated lazily round the tree-tops, while the small chipmunks chirruped merrily among the naked branches, and the angry bays and lakes again sunk to their wonted repose.

It was on one morning in this season that the Commandant had his barge manned, and loaded with presents, and he proceeded across the bay to visit his Indian allies. The visiting chief and his warriors were assembled with the inhabitants of the village, to witness the distribution of the presents. The fair Eloise accompanied her father, for she wished to witness the ceremony that ensued, and as she stood back talking with some of the Indian women, Kanhawa looked upon her with evident admiration, and she covered her face with her veil from his rude and piercing gaze.

"Are all here Hurons?" enquired the Commandant, observing the strange chief standing by the side of Kanhawa.

"Not so," answered the latter, "*we* are Hurons, my brothers here are Senecas. They are our kindred; the same blood runs in our veins, and the quarrel between our fathers has terminated forever. My brothers are willing to assist our great Father against the warriors of Corlear."

"Very good, then listen to what I say. I have presents here for the Hurons and for those who wish to go on the trail of the English. Our father expects

them to hasten their steps to Trois Riviers, and not delay that the snows may overtake them before they get there."

"Our father is right," replied Kanhawa; "we are not so foolish as to stay behind when our enemies are before us; our young warriors are impatient for the fight."

Hereupon the Commandant ordered the presents to be brought forward, when rifles were presented to the chiefs, and blankets to their warriors; different kinds of paint were set before them,—also knives and tomahawks—beads and worsteds were given to their women. Last of all a keg of rum was brought forward and rolled to the feet of the chiefs. This appeared especially gratifying to all present, and Kanhawa testified his approbation of the generosity of the French in a long speech to the Commandant who replied briefly, when the interview closed. The Indians courteously escorted the French to their boat, and with mutual good feeling expressed on both sides, they separated. The Commandant took his way back to the fort, and the Indians to their village, where they made great preparations for a riotous feast. The presents were respectively examined by their different owners and then carefully put away, and the keg of rum was rolled to the cabin of Kanhawa. They gave up all their weapons to the women, who carrying them off, secreted them in the forest—knowing well from past experience the furious scene that would presently ensue. A small hole was bored in the keg, and a tin can held to receive the flowing liquid—every warrior present partaking of the contents of the measure, and on the instant their features became animated, their eyes flashed as they felt their blood circulating with increased rapidity through their veins. The can was again replenished and handed to the women, but to their credit be it said, they partook not of the draught, except a few old hags in whom a long life of hardship and toil had eradicated every womanly feeling. The young girls laughed at the offer, also at the merry antics of some of those upon whom the liquor had taken effect, and who were unused to the fiery draught. The keg was then tipped up on end, spiked and put away till the evening should arrive. Large fires were kindled, and when twi-light set in, the keg was again rolled out, when without reserve every warrior partook freely of its contents. The fumes of the liquor soon mounted to the brains of the drinkers, and the little village of Catorocqui shortly became the scene of one of the wildest orgies that it ever witnessed. The fires shot up their forky tongues among the trees, round which danced the swarthy figures of the Indians, bedaubed with paint and shouting with phrenzied cries of joy, interrupted only by fresh draughts of the maddening liquor. The squaws betook themselves to a distance, and with fearful glances watched the mad carousal. Disputes and quarrels arose, blows were struck, and a rush was made to find the weapons, which, however, were too securely hid for the inebriated seekers to find them, and they returned from the woods, shouting, back to the fires. A general rush was made for the keg of rum which was overthrown in the struggle, and rolling in one of the fires, it exploded with a loud report—shooting a bluish flame high into the air. Several of the Indians were hurt by the fragments of the keg, and the rest stopping their loud cries, looked with stupid astonishment upon the wounded, and they one

after another sunk down, overcome by the liquor they had drunk, senseless to the ground.

The fair Eloise was leaning out of one of the windows of the cottage, gazing upon the fires as they shot their forky tongues high into the air—shedding abroad their fitful light about the place, and rendering the gloom beyond deeper to the eye. She was terrified at the discordant yells of the infuriated savages, that, in the stillness of the night, resounded across the bay with startling wildness, and calling to her father, he, too, listened at the window. Never having witnessed the effect of liquor upon the Indians, he was also alarmed at the fearful cries that every now and then broke upon his ear. Thinking the Hurons might have been attacked by some hostile tribe, he was about hastening to the fort to order out the guard, in order to acquaint himself rightly of the matter, when one of the interpreters who was staying in the house, informed him of the true state of the case—apprising him at the same time of the danger whitemen incurred when appearing among them on such occasions.

The Commandant was shocked, and so, too, was the fair Eloise, that such noble looking warriors as she had seen in the tribe, could so degrade themselves.—She had heard tales of savage cruelty and revenge; at that she wandered not so much, as such deeds were inherent to their nature, but that they should sink those virtues prized by themselves, such as dignity, gravity, courtesy and courage, in scenes of drunken debauchery, depressed her ideas of savage nobility.

The noises at last died away, and the inhabitants of the cottage retired to rest.

About noon on the following day, as the Commandant was about sitting down to dinner, a soldier came to the door of his apartment and desired to speak with him. The old man gruffly desired him to enter for he liked not being disturbed, when the soldier informed him that a body of Indians had appeared on the hills to the east, approaching toward the fort. The Commandant hastily jumped from his seat, and ascended to a little cupola on the top of the roof of the house, followed by his daughter and the soldier, who pointed out an advancing body of Indians, distant nearly a quarter of a mile,—appearing at intervals as they emerged from groves of pines that dotted the vicinity. They appeared well armed, though not in their war paint.

"Look!", exclaimed Eloise, "they have women along with them, and unless my eyes deceive me, two whitemen accompany them. Surely they do not intend to attack the fort"

"Let me see; they number thirty-two warriors; their force is too small to be hostile, for if they were Indians in the pay of the English, they would not appear here in broad daylight. They must be friends."

"Be not too sure of that, Pa," replied Eloise, laying her hand on his shoulder, as she bent forward to get a closer view; "recollect what strategems they practice to get possession of fortified places—equal in their boldness and cunning to the wild men of the Highlands of Scotland in days of yore."

"Pshaw, my dear girl," replied the old man, impatiently, "there is no similarity between the two races. Baptiste," turning to the sergeant, "order out the

guard, and let them wait further orders. It is as well to be prepared," he muttered as the soldier departed.

Eloise remained—watching the advancing party, which kept vanishing from her view every now and then in the hollows. They came along leisurely and in good order, and when within three hundered paces of the fort, they halted, resting on their arms. Eloise could now perceive that the whitemen, by their dress, were of her own nation, though one of them was equipped partly in the Indian costume. She also noticed that the two women were both young and pretty, at least she concluded so by the style of their dress and the grace of their attidues, for the distance was too far to distinguish their features correctly. A consultation now appeared to be held by a group of four persons who stood a little in advance of the rest of the party—among whom were the two whitemen—the others, a noble looking old man in the dress of a chief, and a strong built, hardy looking warrior. After a few minutes, the former three turned and commenced the ascent of the hill leading to the fort, when the other turned back to his companions. They met the French guard drawn up at the entrance of the draw-bridge, and the Indian Chief demanding a parley, the Sergeant stepped out from the rank, and enquired the nature of the talk. The chief replied that he had something to say to the Commandant of the fort, which he alone should hear. The Sergeant looked keenly at the two whitemen, one of whom was dressed in the frock of a French officer, the other in the apparel of a hunter, half Indian and half voyageur, but apparently without discovering familiar faces, and he sent off a soldier to the Colonel to inform him of the chief's request. The man returning in a few minutes, bid the party to follow him. They did so on the instant, and the soldier led them to the cottage, where stepping into the hall, he threw open the drawing room door, signing them to enter. The old chief took precedence and stepped into the room, when the Commandant who was seated at a table in expectation of the interview, rose and courteously replied to his salutation. Both the whitemen bowed with such an air of ease and good breeding, that Eloise who remained in the apartment, looked upon them with no little surprise. The Colonel requesting them to be seated, the two latter obeyed, but the Chief remained standing leaning on his rifle, looking inquisitively at his companions as if expecting them to open the conversation; upon which one of the young men rose, and advancing toward the table, near which the master of the house was standing, said:

"Colonel, in the first place, allow me to introduce myself as *une bon voyageur*, who has for some time been strongly attached to the daughter of the chief of the Irinkas, who now stands before you. Let me present him to you as the Chief of a race, who are strongly attached to the interests of the French," and as he turned half round to the person alluded to, the Commandant slightly nodded. "This person," motioning with his hand to his other companion, "is my friend and fellow adventurer whom I have enticed from the sports of the woods to accompany me on this expedition."

"And what may be its object?" enquired the Commandant, seeing that the other paused.

"I will explain, Monsieur," was the reply. I have been residing for a time with the Irinkas; I have went with them on their hunting excursions and war parties; I have won the regard of the only daughter of this Indian chief—a mutual attachment exists between us. We heard that a missionary was stationed at this place, and we have travelled from the Grand River to see him. We want his services to unite a whiteman and an Indian women in wedlock, according to the ceremonies of the Christian Church, and to such a proceeding agrees the Chief. Soon as our business is accomplished, we shall turn our backs on the St. Lawrence on our return to our village upon the Ottawa."

"You are not of the class of voyageurs," replied the old man; "your speech betrays your caste. But are you fully determined upon marrying this Indian girl?—have you considered well upon the consequences of uniting yourself irrevocably to the red-men."

"All this has been considered and decided upon long since. If it were not so we should not have undertaken such a long and tedious voyage at this season of the year. Notwithstanding my speech, I am *une bon voyageur*, whatever I may have been; my companion here is one like myself."

"Does he, too, marry an Indian women?—I perceive two among your party."

"Not so," replied the individual alluded to, laughing; "I accompany my good friend in the quality of submaster of the ceremonies."

The fair Eloise started at the sound of his voice, and the young man noticing her for the first time, for the room was rather darkened, gazed upon her with a bewildered kind of look, and as he attentively scanned her features, his countenance expressed astonishment mingled with doubt, while his hand trembled as it hung over the back of his chair. The young lady glanced at him for a moment, but meeting his fixed and continued stare, she reddened at its rudeness, and changed her position.

"Young men," said the Commandant, looking at both alternately, but seeing one apparently unheeding him, he continued turning to the other in the hunter's dress—"you have been rash, foolish and I may say mad—rash and foolish for coming here, while your previous conduct almost proves the latter assertion. I will explain. About two weeks since, several men arrived here from Montreal with presents for the Indians. I received two letters from the governor of that town, in one of which he stated that two persons, formerly lieutenants in the battallion lately there, had absconded to the Indian country, where they were supposed to be instigating that people to revolt that they threw up their commissions, making it a pretext for alienating themselves from their allegiance, that they might more safely carry on an intrigue with the English. The Governor felt certain such was the case from the resistance which a party sent to arrest one of them, unexpectedly met with—resulting in the death of several of their own countrymen. The former supposition I can hardly believe, for no French gentleman and a soldier could so far forget himself as to act the part of a traitor, and I think some unfortunate misunderstanding has caused the Indians with whom these two persons associated, to resist their capture. He has

sent me a description of their persons, and furthermore says they have been and no doubt are still residing with the Iinkas. Now your appearance corresponds with the description sent to me by the Governor, and your own story confirms my suspicion that ye are the two individuals referred to."

At this part of the conversation, Eloise rose up to leave the room, for she felt annoyed at the fixed stare of the young man in the military undress, who started from his chair as she advanced to the door, which he politely threw open for her egress, but as she passed by him with a slight inclination of her head, a low voice whispered gently in her ear—

"Eloise." She turned quickly round, when her eyes again met those of the young man bent earnestly upon her.

"Eloise," said he, "am I so entirely forgotten?"

Her glance wandering over his features, she quickly blushed with surprise and pleasure.

"Charles Lefevre!" she exclaimed, holding out her hand, "forgive me—I could hardly recollect the boy in the man."

He took her hand in his own, and pressed it to his lips. "And I," he replied "in the beautiful woman before me, could scarcely recognize Miss St Hillair, of former days. [illegible] parted last in old France, I never expected that our next meeting would [illegible] the wilds of Canada."

The Colonel [illegible] an abrupt stop in his lecture, and looked upon his daughter and the young man with wondrous astonishment. As the latter led Lefevre back to the other end of the room, he querrously asked—

"Eloise, who is this man?"

"He is, my dear Father," she replied, "Monsieur Charles Lefevre—who rescued me from those cruel soldiers in Scotland—who avenged the death of your only son, and of my only brother—who conducted me safely out of that barbarous kingdom—owing to whose noble efforts I was restored to thy home, my father. He whom thou hast so often wished to see, in order to personally thank him for his chivalrous conduct, stands before you."

The old Colonel strode forward and grasped the hand of Lefevre, saying:—"My dear young friend, for so let me call thee, notwithstanding this thy first appearance—what an extraordinary meeting. Eloise has long since informed me of the generous service thou once didst render her in Scotland and in France, for which I shall ever remain thy debtor."

The Chief looked curiously upon the proceedings.

"Then, dear Sir," replied Lefevre, "as you offer me your friendship, allow me to introduce my friend Pierre, who has also borne some share in the events concerning Mademoiselle Eloise, who does not appear to recognize him."

"Indeed," said that young lady, "so many years have elapsed since last I had the pleasure of seeing Monsieur Pierre in France, that they must serve for my apology."

"Miss St. Hillaire," rejoined Pierre taking her hand, "no apology is necessary—rather, if one is needed, let me be the person to make one; and let this be it—that in thy splendid beauty now, I failed to perceive the girlish attractions of Miss St. Hillaire eleven years ago."

"A very nice compliment!" exclaimed the old Colonel. "I perceive that thy life in the woods has not obliterated thy *politesse*. Give me thy hand, my lad—I have also heard of thee in connection with Lefevre. We can think of arresting ye just, yet, and in the mean time, as ye must all be very hungry, we'll take some dinner. By the by, where is thy fair *demoiselle?*"

"She is with the Irinkas on the hill, waiting my return. We intended to claim your hospitality in the Fort for a few days, until the ceremony, for which we came here, was arranged, but"——

"Yes, yes," interrupted the Colonel, somewhat impatiently. "What is the name of thy mistress?"

"Pale Lily is the French of her Indian appelation."

"Here, Baptiste," said the Commandant, calling to the Sergeant in the hall, "go to the Indians yonder, and say to them that the Pale Lily, their Chief's daughter, is wanted here. Let two of their number conduct her."

"But," interposed Eloise, "there are two girls, Pa; I saw them from the roof."

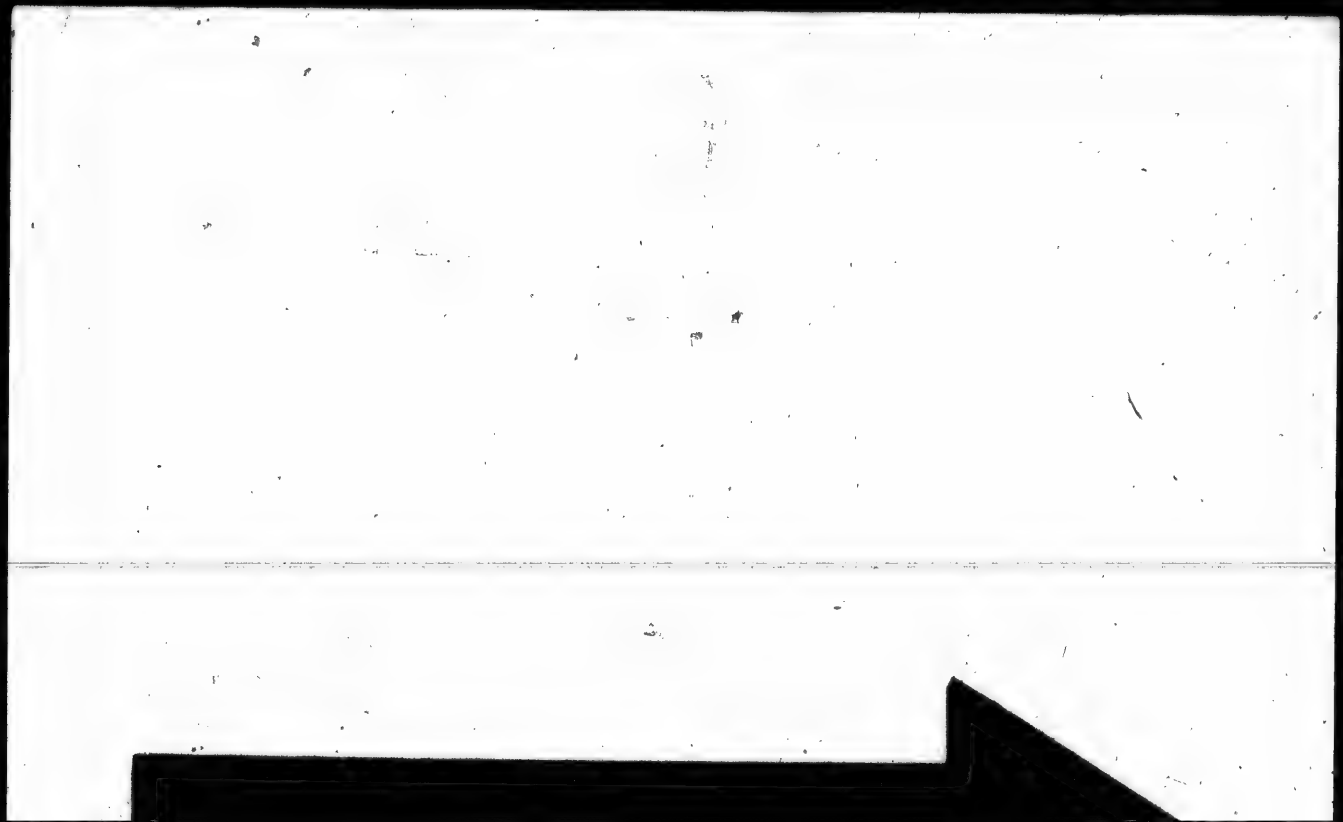
"Tell them that both the young women are wanted; you understand Indian enough for that, I believe."

The soldier was about departing when the Chief laid a hand on his shoulder and gave him a bracelet off his arm, saying: "The Irinkas are very cautious—they would not resign my daughter unless they knew I sent for her."

"Go, Eloise, and prepare a room for the young ladies," said the Colonel, after considering a moment; "and, gentlemen, come this way—you can arrange your toilette here." And he threw open the door of an adjoining room.

Pierre and Lefevre deposited their arms in a corner, and stepped into the room indicated, and the Colonel conducted the Chief to his own apartment, which he refused, however to occupy, and with a courteous inclination of his head, thanked his host for his attention—merely requesting that a basin of water might be placed on the verandah—which was accordingly done. The Colonel was surprised at the purity of the French which his Indian guest spoke—so much superior to what he had heard from the Hurons. Manhitti washed his face and hands from the stains of travel, put on a new pair of moccesins, threw off his rough deer-skin frock, and replaced it by one of cloth, trimmed with fur. A mantle of the same material he threw round his shoulders—clasping it under his right arm. He put away his heavy weapons, only retaining in his belt a curiously ornamented hunting knife, and he stepped back into the room where the table was laid out for dinner.

In the mean time the Pale Lily and O-on-yay-stee had arrived, accompanied by two of the Erics, who stationed themselves on the veranda, while Eloise conducted the girls to her own room. She was struck with the peculiar beauty of



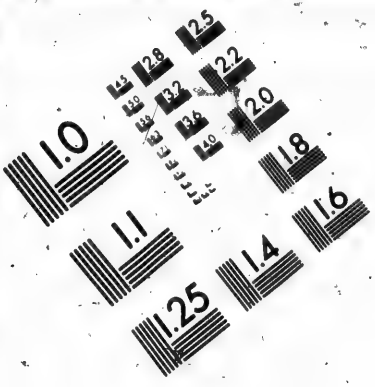


IMAGE EVALUATION
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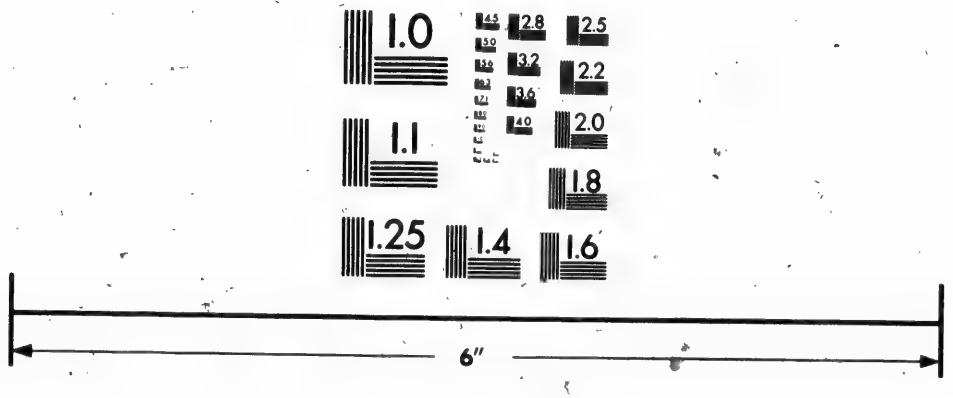

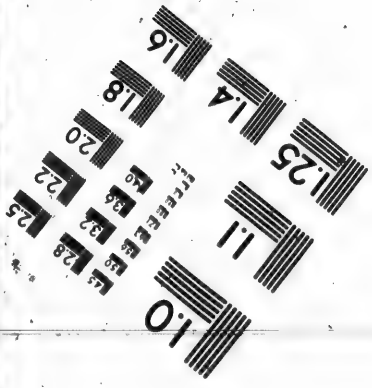

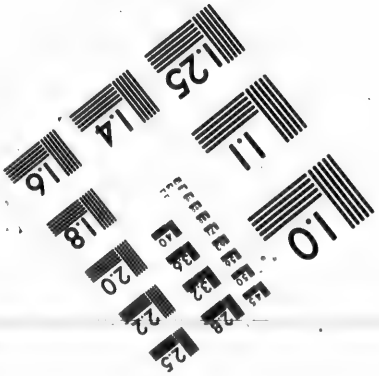

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the Pale Lily, the clearness of her complexion, and the ease and dignity of her movements; and she now not so much wondered that Pierre should select her for his bride—Indian girl though she was. Her favorable impression of the aboriginees of North America was revived, despite the riotious proceedings of the Hurons the preceding night, and she retired, leaving the two girls to finish their toilette, who, which after completing, found their way into the hall, where Eloise meeting, conducted them to the dining room, where the Colonel, Manhitti, Pierre, and Lefevre were assembled waiting their appearance. When they entered Pierre stepped forward and presented his intended bride to the Commandant, who gallantly kissing her conducted her to the table. O-on-yay-stee cast a furtive look around the apartment, and though astonished at every thing she saw, with a reserved deportment peculiar to her race when among strangers, she controlled her emotion and retired behind the stalwart figure of Manhitti. The dresses of the two girls were picturesque in the extreme—half civilized, half savage—showing off their finely developed figures to perfection. Eloise seated O-on-yay-stee next to herself at the table. The Chief, though unaccustomed to the refinements of civilized life, observed the rules of etiquette with a dignity that surprised his host. After the meal was over Eloise conducted the girls to her own room, where she endeavored by her conversation to win them to familiar confidence. O-on-yay-stee understood her language very imperfeetly, but the Pale Lily acted the part of interpreter, and won by the ready smile and kind look of their hostess, they soon threw off their reserve—expressing their admiration of every thing that struck their fancy. The sketches that Miss St. Hillaire too of the surrounding country were examined with delight, and the plates of a large family bible next occupied their attention—the nature of which Eloise endeavored to explain, and she found in the Pale Lily an attentive listener, for she had readily caught at Pierre's lessons of the truths of Christianity, but O-on-yay-stee, indifferent, did not seem to comprehend. This ignorance was accounted for in the fact that, Manhitti, though understanding the principles of the christian religion, from some prejudice or reason he never explained, would not consent to Missionaries taking up their abode in his village—hence they remained almost unknown to the French as a tribe. A large mirror hanging on the wall was a peculiar source of gratification to O-on-yay-stee, who, with pardonable vanity, examined her figure in i- several times and her musical laughter was heard at intervals through the house. The Pale Lily when examining a portrait of Miss St. Hillaire's clapped her hands with delight, and detaching her mother's miniature from her neck handed it to Eloise, who took it with some surprise as she unclasped the cover. She saw at once that though very like, it was not intended for the Indian girl. Astonished at the beauty of the painting she asked:

"Pale Lily, where got you this?"

"From my father," she replied sadly; "it once belonged to my mother. See! —was she not like me?"

"And is your mother now living?"

"It is nearly eighteen summers since she died."

"But this," continued Eloise, again looking at the miniature, "represents a whitewoman of my own nation. Your mother was then a beautiful pale-face, and you are not wholly Indian?"

The Pale Lily nodded, and stretching out her hand took back her miniature, saying with a little reserve: "Perhaps my father might tell you more.

"I should certainly like to hear your history," said Eloise, "though not if the chief your father has any objection. I must take an interest in everything that relates to you, especially as you are connected with my countrywomen by blood."

The Colonel in the mean time had brought out some wine which he offered to his guests; the two young men freely partook of it, but the Chief could not be prevailed upon to taste it. He and the Colonel, however were gradually led into an argument, which was sustained with pleasantry on both sides—the latter upholding the advantages of civilization—Manhitti assenting thereto, but endeavoring to show how impossible it was for Indians to adopt the manners of the whites, without destroying their nationality and independence. Pierre and Lefevre took the opportunity of retiring, and they found the ladies in an adjoining room. There old scenes were recalled—stories and adventures related, until the setting sun warned them it was near even.

The Colonel had given orders to admit the Eries into the Fort, and have them supplied with provisions, as Manhitti had expressed a suspicion that he would not meet with a very good reception in the Huron village. Pierre and Lefevre, after all had retired to rest, sat up late with Colonel St. Hillaire relating their mutual adventures, and explaining the position in which they stood with regard to the Governor. The old man felt convinced of the innocence of their intentions, but condemned them severely for their folly and rashness. "However," said he, "what is done cannot be helped though it may be mended—and, as it would be a poor return for what ye once done for me, I cannot obey my instructions to arrest ye. I shan't do it," and he struck the table with his fist, as if further to confirm his intention; "but, nevertheless, ye should be punished for disobedience, for it was nothing less when ye threw up your commissions in the manner ye did, and at a time, too, when I, myself, must confess, made the act appear rather suspicious;—but, perhaps, you are more to be pitied than blamed," he concluded, throwing himself back in his chair. After a pause of a few minutes he asked: "And is it your firm intention to marry this Indian girl?—have you considered well upon joining your destiny irrevocably with the Irinkas?"

"Sir, it is almost needless to answer yes," replied Pierre—"and though I have made my decision, perhaps, somewhat rashly, it could not be more congenial to my wishes. But listen to what I am about to tell you—you have heard *our* adventures, hearken now to those of others."

Hereupon Pierre informed the old man that the Pale Lily, though the daughter of Manhitti, was only a half-blood,—her mother being white—and he detailed the circumstances that led to the discovery of her relationship to Lefevre. He related, as much as he knew, the history of the Eries—dwelling long upon their

peculiar position, intelligence &c., and the hour of midnight was long past before he concluded his recital.

The Colonel was astounded. "The hand of Providence is in this," he said; "I no longer oppose thy destiny."

CHAPTER XIX.

The morning after their debauch the Hurons rose from a drunken sleep, and staggered forward to the river, where they quenched their burning thirst. They appeared abashed and humbled—carefully avoiding to look each other in the face—betaking themselves to their respective cabins to sleep away yet further the effects of the liquor. The women returned from the woods and commenced their ordinary occupations; the weapons were restored to their different owners, and the Indians rose about noon resuming their usual grave deportment. Not a word was said, or any reference made to last night's proceedings, and a council being immediately called, a day was at length fixed upon for their departure for the east.

On the following morning Kanhawa and the strange chief stepped into a canoe, and pushed themselves off to the opposite shore, and after drawing their bark to a place of safety, commenced the ascent of the hill towards the fort.—They were admitted by the sentries and conducted to the ra[illegible] where the Colonel was showing the fortifications to his visiters. They [illegible] talking all very gaily and viewing the extended prospect that lay open before them to the west, when the Pale Lily suddenly uttered a slight scream—at the same time clinging tremblingly to the arm of her lover—and she pointed toward the advancing chiefs, when Pierre after resting his glance upon them for a moment, recognized in one of the two, the sullen features of Coswenago—who with an emphatic exclamation of surprise, started back as he met the calm gaze of his enemies. To the Colonel and Lefevre of course he was not known; but Manhitti, who had perceived him even before his daughter, passed by without a look—apparently unmoved, though a fierce vengeful feeling rose in his bosom, mingled with a presentment of coming evil at the unlooked for appearance of his hated foe. Not so calm in outward appearance was Coswenago—a malignant scowl came upon his face, and his keen gaze was bent alternately upon Pierre, the Chief and his shrinking daughter; and as he brushed haughtily against his rival, he muttered low in his ear—

"Remember what Coswenago said when he first met thee with that girl among the Islands of the Ottawa—an Indian seldom forgets—that red blood shall flow at at the bridal of Waubishk-naung."

"Bah!" Pierre replied contemptously. "Thee and thy impotent threats I de-

fy; and whether thou possessedst a good or bad memory is to me equally indifferent."

Coswenago smoothed his mortified features into their usual expression, and hastily taking the arm of Kanhawa, was hastening from the fort, when the Colonel calling to the latter, desired to know his business.

"We do not want to waste words at present," answered the Seneca Chief before his companion could say a word; "but our father cannot surely know what he is about when he brings wolves into his house. See!—a great many of them are here,"—pointing to the Eries on the opposite wall—"we are afraid they might bite us. Our father must drive them away, else we cannot fight the battles of the French;—they might take courage when we are abroad to devour our women and children."

"Let the Huron Chief speak for himself," replied the Colonel with dignity;—I do not understand what the Seneca means."

"At another time we will talk with thee," replied Coswenago, who again seizing the arm of Kanwaha, over whom he seemed to possess an unusual influence, they retired from the fort—and their canoe was soon after seen speeding across the bay toward their village.

"What the deuce means all this, Pierre?" enquired Lefevre—"that man has nearly frightened my fair cousin into a fit, and if I may judge from his looks he bodes no good towards thyself. Hast thou and he met before?"

"Aye—several times, and every interview concluded with a struggle for life. Owing to my clemency he still lives, but no more shall it be exercised in his behalf."

"Ah, Coswenago—the would-be husband of my fair cousin; I'll watch the fellow."

The Colonel thinking that something was amiss, enquired the name of the strange chief. Pierre informed him of the position in which the Eries stood with regard to Coswenago, upon which the Colonel shook his head—foreboding a storm.

Toward evening a canoe was seen from the cottage, approaching their side of the bay, and soon after an Indian appeared on the verandah, who demanded an interview with the Commandant. His request was immediately complied with, for all were anxious to know what kind of tone the Hurons would assume, and the Indian delivered his message to this effect:—

That the Hurons of Caterocqui and their brethren, the Senecas, having determined on joining the war to take up the hatchet against the English, had in consequence, taken the presents that their white brothers were so good as to offer them,—that so far the agreement was good. But since that time a cloud had come between them and their intentions, and Kanhawa prayed the white chief to remove the cloud that they might see what they were doing. A band of prowling Eries had whispered fair words in his ear, but the white chief must not believe them—

that they were not friendly to the French, and enemies to the Hurons and their kindred. A great many Senecas had died this summer by the hatchets of the Eries, their blood being yet wet upon the ground, and which would not be dried until it was avenged, and they prayed that the white chief would send them out of the fort, or else deliver into their hands the Pale Lily, for that she was the bride of Coswenago.—That unless those terms were complied with, the Hurons were much afraid it would be impossible for them to find their way to the Three Rivers.

The Colonel was somewhat astonished at the insolence of the demand and the confidence with which it was made. He sent back a haughty refusal; but if he had considered a little, he would have discovered that this would bring about exactly what the Senecas wanted—namely, a quarrel between the French and the inhabitants of the village—and he might have seen that the demand on the part of the Senecas had some show of reason in it, considering that the Indians generally look at but one side of the question, and that a gracious reply to the Hurons, and a bold denial to their kindred, would have frustrated the design of the wily Coswenago.

On the following day two canoes deeply laden were seen slowly crossing the bay, and six Indians soon after approached the cottage, carrying various articles which they deposited on the verandah. On being examined they proved to be the presents so lately distributed among the people of the village; they were all returned even to the smallest parcel, but the keg of rum, of course was not forthcoming, and the Indians very significantly gave a sufficient reason for not producing it—that it was all drunk up, but they deposited the value of it in a bundle of skins. Some of the traders, aware of the broken treaty, and meeting the Indians going back to their canoes, taunted them with their want of faith. Sharp and bitter words were spoken on both sides until they produced a fray, in which the Indians were beaten unmercifully, and were obliged to betake themselves to the river to save their lives.

All friendly intercourse between the garrison and the villagers was thus put to an end at once; however the fort was well stocked with provisoons, and the defensive force was strong and efficient enough to resent and punish any attack tha might be made upon them.

Manhitti was anxious to get back to the Ottawa before snow covered the face of the country; but as the missionary was absent as far as the head of the lake, and not expected back for two or three weeks, he was fain to wait his return that the object for which he had come so far might be accomplished. Time, however did not seem to hang heavily, and Lefevre appeared well contented with the society of Miss St. Hillaire—for doubtless many an old scene was brought on the tapis—and Pierre revelled in the smiles of his intended bride, while Manhitti and the Colonel appeared well pleased with each other's society.

The Indian summer passed away, and when November appeared winter set in with a suddenness that froze up the bay in one night, and as the cold steadily increased, the calm, dry atmosphere allowed the wide bosom of the St. Law-

rence to congeal into one extended cake of ice. From the fort, however, the blue waters of lake Ontario could be seen beyond—defying the frosts of winter. Toward the end of the month the intense cold began to abate, and the clouds discharged their burdens of fleecy vapour,—in a short time covering the plains, rivers and valleys with a white sheet of light and drifting snow. The branches of the pines and cedars bent beneath the weight of their downy coverings—and as far as the eye could reach, on every side a solitary gloomy grandeur presented itself—which must have possessed to the lovers of nature a certain charm and beauty. But the novelty soon wore off and the inhabitants of the cottage would often involuntarily sigh that budding spring was yet so far away, as well as were the balmy breezes of summer. A storm was approaching, however that they wot not of, which would render them indifferent to the inclemency of the season. They dwelt in fancied security—unaware that schemes and plots were forming to destroy their domestic tranquility.

One afternoon in the month of December the family was thrown into the greatest alarm by the mysterious disappearance of Miss St. Hillaire and little O-on-yay-stee. On the morning of the day mentioned all had adjourned to the fort except the two parties in question and a servant maid, who prefered remaining in the house; and when the Colonel, Manhitti and the rest left the fort on their return, it was just getting dark, while a heavy snow storm impeded their steps, and almost blinded with the drift they arrived at the cottage, which to their surprise was without a light. Entering the hall in some trepidation, they called aloud for a lamp, and went through the house. Everything was in its usual place—the doors were all closed—the windows were down—but Eloise and her two companions could not be found. The Commandant, pale and trembling, staggered to a chair as the most alarming apprehensions took possession of him, while Pierre and Lefevre rushed frantically through the premises. The Pale Lily sank to her knees in terrible dread—she expected every moment to see the hated form of Coswenago appear, and, despite the presence of her friends, hurry her off in his embrace. O, how she thanked the Great Spirit for being preserved from again undergoing the cruelties of a second capture, which would have been the case had she not accompanied her father to the fort; and her tears fell fast as she thought upon the hardships the pale-faced lady and her friend O-on-yay-stee would have to suffer in a toilsome march in the depth of a severe winter. Manhitti though evidently disturbed retained a cool composure; he critically examined the landing places and door steps, and he found at last the faint impression of mocassins on the floor of the kitchen—their wet soles had left on the clean, dry boards an almost indistinct mark, which was not perceptible to the whitemen until Manhitti pointed it out, and from the peculiar shape he at once proclaimed the trail to be that of red-men. The door of the kitchen opened toward the river, and the snow was searched in that direction, but the storm must have obliterated all traces of snow-shoes, for none could be detected. It was plain, therefore, that the three females had been carried off by Indians shortly before the return of the party from the fort—and who could they be but the offen-

ded Hurons and revengful Senecas. They must have closely watched their opportunity, for it was seldom that the cottage was left unguarded—the kitchen of which being generally occupied by traders or soldiers at almost all times of the day. They had also chosen their time well, for the falling snow covered their trail—rendering it impossible for the sharpest eye to detect.

Pierre when convinced that Miss St. Hillaire had been carried off, involuntarily thanked God that the Pale Lily had been spared a like fate; but his sympathy was at once arroused for the Colonel, who seemed stupified with grief—murmuring incoherently the name of his lost Eloise. Lefevre appeared frantic with rage, but roused to a sense of duty by Manhitti, he with that person and Pierre, started off to alarm the garrison. They soon returned accompanied by a sergeant with ten men; and as the alarm spread to the different houses, voyageurs, traders, trappers, &c., crowded into the cottage uttering deep execrations against the treachery of the Hurons. They replenished the fires—put on their snow shoes, and fully armed, they set off across the ice for the Indian village. Before they got half way across the bay, they were reinforced by the soldiers brought from the fort, headed by Pierre, Lefevre and Manhitti—the latter appearing as active and strong as the youngest there. The drifting snow piled itself in heaps across their path—impeding their progress—and an hour passed away before they arrived at the village, which they stealthily entered. Not a light was to be seen while an ominous silence reigned over the place; the tents were all struck—their bare poles alone remaining—and the log cabins were entirely deserted Not a soul could they perceive, and the party returned to the fort disappointed and dispirited. The Colonel saw by their countenances that they had obtained no tidings of his lost daughter, and he sank back to his seat in an agony of excitement. Pierre and Lefevre endeavored to comfort him with the hope of her speedy recovery—promising that they would never turn back from the chase they would commence on the morrow until they had rescued Eloise from her captors.

In the morning a piece of paper was found, lying on the parlor floor, by one of the men, who conveyed it to the Colonel, who, on examining it, found it to prove a message from the Hurons, stating that, bad blood having arisen between them and their white brethren, they prayed that he would wash it away by surrendering into their hands the Pale Lilly, Manhitti and Pierre, on which they would restore the white girl to her father—threatening in case of refusal that the consequences would be very bad indeed—that scalps would have to be taken. The document also stated that an answer left in a hut on a small island which lay about nine miles from the mouth of the Bay and to which they gave the name of snake, would be attended to. This paper the Colonel thought must have been thrown through the window during the night, as all the rooms were thoroughly examined the evening before. He read it out to Manhitti, who was not at all surprised at its purport, and nobly made the offer that if by surrendering his own person to the Senecas, he could rescue his child, he would do so, but over the fate of the Pale Lilly and others he had no control. The Colonel blushed that his own weak-

ness should so far have induced the Chief to think he could in any way accept his offer; and he somewhat proudly rejected it, though thanking him kindly for his good intention. They determined, by giving the Hurons a practical reply, to effectually punish their insolence. One of the traders at that moment coming in, reported that he had discovered snow-shoe tracks leading across the river in the direction of Wolf Island.

Accordingly, Manhitti mustered his warriors—thirty in number—the traders and trappers amounted to as many more—and twenty soldiers from the fort completed their force to eighty stout able-bodied men. The Colonel was too old and feeble himself to take the field at that inclement season; but he had his household furniture removed from the cottage into the fort; and most of the families of the adjacent houses did the same, as there they were secure from marauding parties of Indians.

The snow had ceased falling, and the breaking clouds showed the sun at intervals, endeavoring to warm the frosty atmosphere. The party fell upon the trail mentioned, but Manhitti demurred to the propriety of their whole force pursuing it, as he thought it was a route different from that which the main body of the Hurons had taken. So thought, after a moment's consideration, the majority of those experienced in the ways of the Indians, and who seeing that the Chief was a shrewd and keen reasoner, unanimously elected him as leader of the expedition. Manhitti, therefore, altered their course, and took a path through the woods along the lake shore—having, previously, despatched two of the Eries on the track leading in the opposite direction, with instructions to capture the individual they would overtake—for it was evident that but one person had been on the ice during the course of the night—most probably the one who had thrown the paper into the cottage—and who fearful of joining his comrades, had thus endeavored to mislead pursuers by making a wrong trail. After two hours following the uneven shore of the lake, they emerged from the woods opposite the small Island indicated by the Hurons as the place where an answer might be left to their message. Here Manhitti determined to put in practise a *ruse* that might discover the true route of the Hurons. He carefully hid his men in the line of forest that bordered the ice, and selecting ten of his own people, despatched them to the Island with instructions to search it thoroughly that they might know, on a second examination, whether anything had been there in the mean-time—and when returning, take a course as if proceeding back to the fort. Manhitti watched their departure until they diminished to small specks in the distance, and about an hour after he again perceived them taking their way down the river until a point of land hid them from view. In an hour more they were seen coming through the woods in the rear of the party, and when they arrived, panting from their expeditious movements, reported they had discovered a ruined hut as mentioned in the paper found on the floor of the cottage; that though they searched the Island in every part, no trace of the Hurons was perceived. Manhitti, after considering a moment, felt certain that some of them must have been outlying in the snow, and observed the approach to and departure from the Island; and who if they had divined no ulterior intent than merely delivering an answer to

their letter, would leave a trail that would lead to their main party. He watched till dusk, but nothing was seen moving on the smooth surface of the snow, and though somewhat disappointed he determined to keep his position until morning, when he would make a second excursion to the Island, which, if it had been visited during the night, they could not fail to discover the fact.

The men were well supplied with provisions, and having satisfied their ravenous appetites, cut down a large quantity of cedar branches, out of which they constructed small huts to protect them from the wind. They also piled them thickly inside on the top of the snow, and wrapping themselves closely in their blankets, lay down on their rough beds—sleeping soundly until morning.

At the first break of day the sleepers started from their cold resting places, and kindling several fires, warmed their half frozen limbs and cooked a breakfast.—The cold was not severe or else not a few of the whites would have found some difficulty in restoring the circulation of the blood to their numbed hands and feet. As it so happened, however, they soon recovered their strength and spirits, and when preparing to move forward on their march, the two Eries sent on the trail below, suddenly joined them—bringing with them a Huron boy whom they had overtaken on Wolf Island. No bribe or threat of the party could induce him to utter a word concerning the true route of his countrymen; but Manhitti conjectured that he had been instructed, after delivering the paper which had been intrusted to him, to make a trail across the St. Lawrence to the English frontier, in order to lead a party sent to rescue the captives, astray, or that they might fall into the power of some roving parties of English; and the well laid plan would have succeeded had not the sagacity of the Chief divined its intention. Thirty men now started off for the Island, having previously agreed upon giving a signal that would let their companions know whether the place had been visited during the night—upon which they were all to rendezvous there to make a march as circumstances pointed out. In about an hour and a half the report of a rifle was heard—the signal agreed upon—and those left behind started off to join their companions. On arriving at the place, they found them examining a broad trail leading from the hut almost due west to a large Island about six miles distant.—The lake lay open towards the south, and its waves were heard beating against the line of ice that stretched from the westerly point of Wolfisland to the easterly extremity of the one mentioned, to which the trail appeared to lead. The ice appeared to tremble from the bursting reports that rolled beneath like the sullen murmurs of distant thunder—sounding, in its varied cadences, like the voices of the drowned, lamenting their watery bed. Manhitti was undecided whether to follow the trail or not, for it led off in a different direction from what he fancied it should take, and he was suspicious that it was but another ruse to lead them in a wrong direction,—as he argued that the Senecas and Hurons would not hide in the scanty forest of an Island, but rather take up a more secure position on elevated ground, or proceed along the north shore of the river, (which had been named by the French, *Quinte*,) that would lead them on a more direct route to the hills of Georgian Bay, where most of their kindred were located.

The boy was again questioned, but he still preserved a sullen silence, and some

of the trappers were proceeding to take pretty severe measures with him, when Manhitti requested them to desist, saying that he could easily find out whether they went right or wrong. He formed the party in single file, and giving the word, the whole of them marched forward upon the path—Manhitti leading the way. He had the boy stationed immediately behind him, and when they had advanced a short distance, he turned quickly round—fixing his keen gaze upon his face, which he found lit up with a sneering, triumphant expression, for the boy's vanity could not be restrained—the expression dwelt upon his features, when thinking he was unobserved, of having so successfully resisted the arts of his captor to give that information, which rather than have divulged he would have lost his life. But meeting the penetrating eye of Manhitti, he immediately knew he had betrayed himself, and his mortified features in vain endeavored to regain their usual stolidity and sullenness. The Chief ordered him to the rear, and diverging from the path struck off in a diagonel direction for the main shore, where pursuing its devious windings, in about two hours he discovered tracks in the deep snow, leading sometimes through the woods, sometimes along the open surface of the Bay. The Hurons had, doubtless, arrived thus far when the snow storm ceased—consequently they could not be more than twenty-four hours' in their advance Six miles farther on the trail forked—one branch leading directly north, the other continuing the original course. Here was a difficulty that required the wisest counsel to overcome. The trail was so well managed that either branch presented the same appearance—that of having been pressed but by three or four individuals—so it was impossible to determine which route the main body of their enemies had taken. Manhitti, however, thinking that the Senecas had diverged to the north only for the purpose of creating a diversion in favor of their allies, or that in case the Hurons might have to sustain a fight, to attact the French, suddenly, in the rear, preferred pursuing the path on his left. In about two hours more they found a large quantity of freshly cut branches strewn across their course, and the snow was beaten down for some extent on every side.—Here, then, the Hurons must have camped the preceding night. The men now pushed on with renewed vigor—no difficulties crossing their path, which continued in nearly a straight line—crossing the inlets of the bay, and appearing again on the rising ground beyond.

It was evident that their enemies feared not such a quick pursuit, for here they took no pains to disguise or conceal their march; and Kanhawa no doubt anticipated that the Colonel would rather peaceably negociate, than risk the life of his daughter by endeavoring forcibly to rescue her. When, about four o'clock in the afternoon, they arrived opposite the western extremity of the Island on their left, which for fifteen miles forms the southern shore of the Quinte. It was now connected to a point of the main land by a bridge of ice—over which the blue waters of Ontario, as they sparkled in the sunshine, could be seen in the distance stretching away to the horizon. On this ice three objects were discerned by the Eries crossing to the mainland—the clear sky beyond rendering them distinct to the sight. Manhitti thought they were those who had visited the hut on the Island below to receive an answer to their message, and now finding that they could not

throw their foes on a false scent, were hastening to apprise their countrymen of their danger. The Chief watched them until they reached the bluff promontory, round which they disappeared. The French now pushed on with increased speed —hoping to overtake the Hurons before night fell, or before they were apprised of the pursuit; but darkness again closed round, while their enemies were still before them.

The clouds began to gather thickly in the sky, and a snow storm threatened to obliterate the trail; but the weather growing piercingly cold, small flakes of snow whirled away among the trees was the only result. The Eries dug deep holes in the snow, which they nearly filled with the softest branches they could find, and creeping in between them, found themselves tolerably sheltered from the nipping frost. The whites were not so easily contented, for now that their exertions had ceased, they felt the cold intensely, and though risking a discovery of their position, kindled several small fires back from the line of march. Between these they made beds similar to those of the Eries, and after refreshing themselves with plentiful draughts of brandy, lay down to pass the night in the best manner they could.

Soon as the following day began to break, and even before it was yet light most of the party were in motion—who replenished the fires until the chilly air was some what dispelled. Lefevre had felt the cold the most—for being unaccustomed to pass the winter nights in this manner, he was in danger of being frozen to death, had not the Indians supplied him with an extra blanket. Even though protected by that additional covering he found some difficulty in the morning of bringing back the blood to its wonted circulation in his hands and feet; and when at last the veins began to throb beneath the influence of rubbing and the applications of brandy, the pain was so intense that he could hardly forbear giving utterance to it. In about half an hour, however, he regained his wonted vigor—He could not help admiring, and partly envying, the hardihood of the Indians, who seemed proof against the inclemency of the weather. After refreshing themselves with a hearty breakfast, which all took care to do justice to in expectation of a long fast, the party renewed their march. About noon they found that the trail turned off to the left—crossing the bay to the opposite shore, which rose in bluff precipitous heights.

It was now necessary to use the utmost caution, for the Hurons having been apprised during the night of their danger, and fearful of being overtaken when unprepared, had determined to stand at bay in the most tenable position the adjacent country afforded—and they could not have selected a better. For if concealed among the opposite hills, they had a full view of their enemies across the extended plain of ice, and could vary their movements according to those of their pursuers. The Quinte here was about a mile and a half wide; low cedars fringed its shores, while the heights, which rose about two hundred feet from the level of the Bay—in some places more—were crowned with lofty pines; and the declivities gave nourishment to numberless shrubs and plants, which in summer blossomed under the protection of the maples and groves of the sweet smelling

cedar. But now the faded livery of the branching summach shewed itself above the white deep snow, that lay in heavy masses between the trees—covered here and there from view by rows of thickly growing evergreens.

The trail led directly toward these heights, and when from which a quarter of a mile, Manhitti halted—critically examining the surrounding country. About half a mile further to the west, the Bay took a wide abrupt sweep to the north—indenting its shores on its graceful curve with numerous inlets that stretched for some distance in every direction through the low land of its northern boundary. Here also, several tributary rivers that derived their source from extensive swamps or lakes that lay far inland, seemed to have selected the magnificent basin of this part of the Quinte, to add their tribute to support its tranquil course.—

To gain the table land above they must needs ascend the heights before them, and the principle danger lay in endeavoring to obtain their cover. The Hurons might be concealed behind the cedars that fringed the ice bound shore, from whence they could securely fire upon their advancing ranks. Suspicious of such an ambush. Manhitti moved his party further to the west, and as they went closing gradually with the hills; and the sharp sight of the Eries discovered the gliding forms of their enemies as they darted from tree to tree to keep pace with them.

CHAPTER XX.

We must now devote a small chapter in explanation of the voilent proceedings of Kanhawa. Coswenago prided himself as a great chief, and as far as courage, determination, revenge and intrigue were the necessary qualities, he was so indeed; but he was vain, unprincipled and treacherous even to his friends. He was mortified to the soul at the defeat he so lately experienced at the hands of the Eries, and at the loss of the Pale Lily whom he determined if possible to regain, even at the sacrifice of every other consideration—for love and hate were strangely mingled in his feelings for Waubishk-naung—and the opposition he experienced only confirmed him in his purpose the more. He had made a visit to the Huron country, near the lake of that name, but found most of that people away with the French army. He demanded their assistance to exterminate their old enemies, the Eries; and was told he might obtain it at the Caterocqui village where some of their kindred were sojourning. He immediately bent his steps thither, and was received in the manner already mentioned, and found in Kanhawa an old acquaintance, upon whom he prevailed to join him in an expedition against the Eries during the course of the winter. This resolution, however, was postponed, when they received the Commandant's message, for their cupidity could not withstand the tender of the presents; but when Coswenago so suddenly encountered his old enemies in the fort under the protection of the French, for

whom he was going to fight; when he saw the Pale Lily again with his pale-faced rival—that rival who was twice his conqueror; and when he saw Manhitti glance contemptously upon him, he was resolved that nothing should stand in the way of his original intention. He had marked the admiration Kanhawa evinced for Miss St. Hillaire, and he worked upon the feelings of that susceptible chief to frame an excuse for breaking their engagement with the Colonel to go to the Three Rivers, and to concert a plan that would afford possession to the one, and revenge to the other. Accordingly, Kanhawa made the demand that the Eries should be dismissed from the fort and the Pale Lily given to Coswenago, which, as expected, was met with a prompt refusal. The presents were, therefore, returned, to signify that no obligation existed on either side, though Coswenago with less principle, would have kept them, but Kanhawa refused, for he said that the French and his people had always been friends; they had purchased his furs —always allowing the highest market prices. And in justice to that chief be it said, that unacquainted with the true character of the Eries, he was in reality afraid they would take advantage of the absence of the warriors to destroy the women and children—so much did his friend malign them. It was not even then his intention to strike a blow at the French; and the abduction of Miss St. Hillaire was brought about in this way:

When the Hurons who had returned the presents came back so severely beaten, Coswenago inflamed their anger, and by specious arguments created a feeling of deep animosity among the different warriors against the garrison. He enquired the prices they usually received for their beaver, which when named, he pretended the greatest astonishment—sympathizing for their credulity—and told them that they had been most shamefully treated—that the markets in Hochelega warranted a much higher remuneration in proportion to what they had received. Thus suspicion and distrust was sown among the tribe, and when Kanhawa appeared ripe for revolt, he broached to him the plan he intended to adopt to obtain the Pale Lily and ultimately to destroy her race. He was perfectly well aware that she, her father and lover resided in the cottage, and he obtained the promise of the Huron Chief to assist in their capture. For several nights he prowled round the house, but from the number of its occupants he could not succeed in his object without alarming the people in the fort. Coswenago then proposed to his friend that he should carry off Miss St. Hillaire, for whom he might obtain ransom or negociation for the compliance of his original demand. This suiting Kanhawa's inclinations he consented, though demurring at first for this reason, that should the white chief comply, he would lose his captive, and though Coswenago possessed the Pale Lily, the Hurons would obtain nothing by the result but the ill will of the French. Coswenago seeing that friendship was not sufficient to induce Kanhawa entirely to compromise himself, over-ruled his principle objection by promising that in case the Commandant should consent, to make up the amount of the ransom out of his own purse;—whilst on the other hand the agreement would still hold good in the event of a refusal, when he would possess both his captive and the money.

This proposal delighted the Hurons, and it was agreed upon between the two chiefs that the attempt should be made on the first favorable opportunity, when they would join their forces together and retreat to the upper lakes for the winter season.

Accordingly, on the afternoon of the day Miss. St. Hillaire was missed, they took advantage of the snow storm, and hid themselves under the floor of the verandah, from whence they saw the departure of Manhitti, the Colonel, Pierre and the Pale Lily for the fort. Coswenago ground his teeth with rage and vexation at the peculiar fortune that seemed continually to protect the Erie maiden from his wiles. He waited for some time, hoping she would return, but as she appeared not, he would have postponed his purpose to another time had not Kanhawa insisted that they should proceed, as a more favorable opportunity would never again occur for capturing Miss St. Hillaire—by whose fate no doubt that of the Pale Lily would be guided. They knew by a conversation they partially overheard, that no men were in the cottage, and but the three females, who were expecting the return of the party at the fort a little before dusk, and to capture the Pale Lily when the cottage was full of people, the Huron argued was impossible without drawing upon them an immediate pursuit. Still Coswenago promptorily refused to stir until a new idea seemed to strike him, when he signified that he was ready. Accordingly they rushed from their hiding place into the house, and finding the three women in the kitchen, there bound and gagged them in a moment; and, without noise, they carried off their prisoners.

Everything had been pre-arranged for their departure from the village—consequently the Hurons were almost instantly in motion—marching westward. Kanhawa did not fear pursuit for he calculated that their, number of warriors, including the Senecas—amounting to more than two hundred—could successfully withstand any force the Commandant might send against them. He placed however too much reliance on an unprincipled friend.

Coswenago disappointed, and seeing the Hurons were now likely to reap all the advantage of his own scheming, which he intended should accrue entirely to his own benefit, collected his warriors, and telling Kanhawa that he would strike another trail that he might hang in the rear of the French in case they might pursue him, departed in a different direction. Unsuspicious of his friend, the Huron chief thought it was an exceeding wise plan, and acceeded at once to the separation; but Coswenago had no intention of fulfilling what he promised. He argued that the Commandant, when finding that his daughter had been carried off, would immediately despatch a strong party to her rescue—necessarily leaving the fort almost undefended—which he thought he could easily capture by a night surprise—obtain possession of the Pale Lily, and sell the place to the English.

It was a bold scheme—planned with foresight and prudence. He hid himself and his party in the depths of the forest, and sent off scouts to reconoitre the proceedings of the French. They returned the next day, reporting the departure of a strong force of whites and Eries in pursuit of the Hurons. Coswenago therefore, when night fell, moved his warriors down to the deserted village, and des-

patched several scouts with instructions to ascertain the number of those left in the fort, and a little before day-break they came back, reporting favorably for the enterprise. In fact these Indians had penetrated into the interior of the building, by dropping unperceived into the ditch, from whence they clambered into an apartment through a small embrasure. Owing to their ignorance of the extent of the fortifications, however, they made a mistake with regard to the number of its defenders—reporting to their Chief rather more favourably than he expected.

On the following night when it was perfectly dark, Coswenago crossed the Bay and ascended the hill in the rear of the Fort, the ditch of which he reached undiscovered, but as he was moving round to the entrance of the drawbridge, the crouching forms of his warriors were seen by the sentries, who challenged them. Receiving no reply they fired, whereupon shouting their war cry the Senecas boldly rushed for the bridge, which, to their great disappointment, was raised.—They threw themselves immediately into the ditch, and commenced clambering up the charns of the gate, while a dropping fire was opened upon them by the soldiers, as they rushed from their beds one by one to the walls. Their fire was returned by the Indians outside the ditch, and several of the defenders fell back mortally wounded. Three of the assailants suddenly appeared on the ramparts, from whence they were only driven by the bayonet. The Colonel, alarmed by the firing, hastened to the walls, and finding that the fort was attacked by Indians, ordered a small piece of ordinance to be loaded with grape, which was discharged in their midst. Its contents tore through their ranks, killing five and wounding as many more; and the Senecas not expecting such formidable misiles, were completely discouraged, and fled with precipitation. Coswenago foaming with rage was obliged to follow, but he checked his warriors at the base of the hill—pointing significantly at the same time to the cottages scattered over its declivity. His intention was at once understood, and the Indians rushed into the deserted houses, taking possession of everything they considered valuable, and kindling a few torches, they applied them to the dry floors and partitions, which immediately igniting, the flames soon burst through the roofs—dispelling the darkness and lighting up the scene for some extent around. The snow reflected back the red glare, as the flames shot up and danced through the gloomy atmosphere, while clouds of rolling smoke were wafted over the incensed gazers as they stood watching the conflagration from the ramparts of the fort. The frail buildings soon sunk to the ground, the flames flickered low, and naught after a while remained but a few blackened logs and half extinguished coals. In the mean time the Indians had taken themselves off to the village, where they remained during the rest of the night. Furious at the failure of his bold treachery, Coswenago, in the morning moved off to the English frontier, where the most of his people were sojourning.

CHAPTER XXI.

We left Manhitti before the Hurons on the frozen surface of the Bay of Quinte; and his party made a rush to get in advance of their enemies in order to gain the cover of the trees, where they could fight on more equal terms. The Hurons now threw off the mask—making the valley ring with their cries as they dashed from bush to bush. Those on the ice were pushing forward within nearly rifle shot of the shore, to which they were rapidly closing as they kept moving westerly; and the Hurons strained every nerve to head them, but the French had the advantage of a more even surface to try their speed, and easily retained their distance. A small curve in the land stretching out into the Bay for about two hundred yards, favored them; and as they dashed into its cover at its farthermost point, the Hurons were exactly abreast on their left. They poured in a volley upon those who yet remained exposed on the ice, and four of the French fell dead—as many more severely wounded crawled to the shore. This was a sad disabling of their force before they had time themselves to strike a blow. The wounded had their hurts immediately tended to by some of their companions, and the rest dashing forward, closed rapidly up to the base of the hill, where the entire force of the Hurons was congregated under cover. The pride of both parties were up for the combat; the latter had already shed blood, and were rendered more confident of victory by being the first to taste it; and the French were burning to avenge the death of their comrades.

Kanhawa was a good warrior though a bad politician, or he never would have lifted his hatchet against his allies, but his violent passions got the better of his judgment, and avarice and love plunged him and his tribe into the present struggle. This thought flashed across his mind for an instant as he viewed the formidable force opposed to him. He cast a look over the wide expanse of the Bay in the hope of seeing Coswenago leading a band to his assistance according to his promise. He determined to fight out the quarrel, however, as a brave warrior should; and as his number was superior to that of the French, he hoped, together with the advantage of his position, to obtain a victory. He moved from tree to tree encouraging his men—bidding them to make their eyes sharp and their rifles sure.

A dropping fire was now opened as the two parties closed within one hundred yards of each other, which was kept up with spirit on both sides; but no visible effect being produced, Manhitti ordered an advance, and they moved fifty yards farther up the hill—firing as they proceeded. The bullets tore past on every side, grazing the trees, and piercing the deep snow in every direction. The Hurons not seeming to relish such close quarters gradually retreated—making a

stand half way from the summit of the hill. Those near its brow fired over the heads of their companions below them, while at the same time they had a better view of their enemies. Manhitti found that many of his warriors were getting wounded by this movement, and he retreated back to the furthermost part of the promontory in order to draw the Hurons from their secure position; but they were too wary or too suspicious of an ambush, and contented themselves by resting in their hiding places, while they sent forth an echoing yell of triumph as their foes drew back.

"Ye screeching imps," muttered one of the trappers; "we'll try to change your notes presently."

"It's always the way with these redskins," said another; "whenever they get the upper hand a little the're ready to kill themselves with joy."

The deep snow almost impeded quick movements, but at the instigation of Pierre, Manhitti sent him off with fifteen of the Eries to creep along under the cover of the cedars to commence the ascent of the hill further up on his right, and endeavor to surprise the Hurons by falling on their rear.

In the mean time Kanhawa not wishing to push matters to extremity, and anxious to end the struggle either by treaty or otherwise, arranged his men in complete order; and in the event of the fight being renewed, despatched a party of warriors on the same errand and for the same purpose that Manhitti had sent Pierre. The tumult of the fight had ceased—silence reigned over the scene where so lately the noise of the conflict had resounded, and Manhitti was preparing again to move forward, when one of the trappers handling his rifle peered keenly before him. The attention of the rest was attracted by his movements, when two of their enemies were seen advancing waving a branch of green cedar. The trapper raised his weapon to fire, when one, more experienced in the ways of Indian usage, threw up the presented piece with his arm, and it discharged its contents in the air. The man turned round and angrily demanded the reason of the interference.

"Never fire on unarmed men, Jean," replied the person he addressed; "do you not see they carry no arms! it signifies that they want to have a talk with us."

"I would rather talk to them with cold lead. Pardi!—it's too bad. Here are four of us stark and stiff—nearly a dozen badly wounded—and I believe, as yet, our rifles have not drawn blood, and you tell me not to fire. Sacre!—you must have grown chickenly lately."

"Everything in season Jean," answered the other cooly; "there is a time for all things you know. But I do not think we have been quite harmless to-day; I saw red spots on the snow on my side of the fight, and more than one Huron carried away."

"Ah, that's some consolation. I wonder what scheming's on foot now; they want to spy upon our position I believe."

This remark was called forth by the near approach of the two Hurons, but

Manhitti motioned for them to stop when they came to within thirty yards of where he was standing; and accompanied by Lefevre and two Eries, he advanced to meet them. Kanhawa saluted the commanding form of Manhitti, who readily returned the courtesy, and they stood gazing on each other full a minute before speaking.

"What do the Hurons want," asked the latter, "that their chief should voluntarily expose himself to the angry rifles of the French? It must be something very important. We will hear what it is."

"Then listen; my words will be few, and Kanhawa will speak what he thinks. The Hurons knew not that Manhitti commanded the French party; they were very much surprised to see him. We thought our trail secure from the eyes of the whites, but had we known an Erie chief would look for it, we would not have taken so much trouble to hide it. The Hurons think that it is very wrong and foolish to fight their French brothers; very foolish, indeed, to kill each other.—The English would laugh to see them fall by the rifles of their friends—we want no more fighting. It is time now to know what the French have come after."

"I think my young friend can tell you," answered Manhitti sternly, turning to Lefevre,—taking no notice of the indirect flattery to himself contained in the speech of Kanhawa.

Lefevre knowing that he was appealed to, requested an interpretation of what had been spoken, which was accordingly done.

"Bring back the girl," he said passionately, "whom you have so treacherously taken captive; bring here the daughter of the white chief, that we may again gladden his heart; bring hither the Erie maiden, O-on-yay-stee, and then, perhaps, we may not punish you for your broken faith!"

A smile of scorn lighted up the features of Kanhawa. "This pale-face is but a boy!" he said, turning to Manhirti; "he talks like a child. Let him listen, however, to what Kanhawa has to say in this matter, We have heard that you have come after some girls that were taken away from Caterocqui. How know the French that we have got them?—can they prove we have taken them away?" But seeing a smile of sarcastic contempt on the lips of Manhitti, he continued in a different tone: "Supposing, then, it is true concerning what the French say of us; supposing that we knew where the daughter of the white chief is, and should place her in his arms, how much would he give the Hurons for being so kind? If the old man would like to see his daughter he must get her—to get her he must purchase her."

"This is very plain talking," replied Manhitti; "we know what the Huron chief means. But I will ask him a question which he will know how to answer" and Manhitti fixed his gaze full of meaning upon him.

"We wait," answerd the other composedly, seeing that his questioner paused.

"Where is the Seneca chief?—I have not seen his face here yet,"

Kanhawa started, for he was at that moment thinking how he might best prolong this interview, in order to gain time for Coswenago to appear, and he rather confusedly replied, as the penetrating eye of Manhitti seemed to divine his intention:

"Kanhawa always speaks the truth, and he could not take it upon himself to say where the Seneca is at this moment."

"He is not here, then, but the Hurons expect him. Enough—we have talked too long," and Manhitti waved his hand as he turned to depart; but Kanhawa detained him. "We have not had an answer," he said; "how much would the French give for those whom they have come such a long way to find?"

"What price does Kanhawa put upon his captives?"

"He does not say he has any," answered the wily Huron; "but means, that, could he find the girls, about whom the Eries are so anxious to risk their lives, what would the people at the fort give for the discovery? Let Manhitti speak!" he added fiercely, as he witnessed the contemptous glance that person cast upon him.

The Chief turned to Lefevre, saying:—"What would your countrymen give for the White Rose?—(the name which the Indians had given Miss St. Hillaire) —The Hurons want to sell her."

Lefevre not noticing the scornful meaning of Manhitti, was about naming a price, for his fear for the safety of his betrothed overcame every other consideration, when the quick discharge of rifles near by, made Kanhawa start back a few paces in evident surprise. The two Chiefs listened, each animated with hope and fear—Kanhawa that Coswenago had arrived—Manhitti that Pierre had gained the summit of the hills, whilst he feared he had delayed the renewal of hostilities too long. The firing continued to be sustained with spirit, and a piercing yell rose above the tumult.

Manhitti leaning against a tree said, carelessly:— "Kanhawa had better go; the French rifles are very angry, and we cannot say that his life is safe when he stops among his enemies."

A fierce frown shaded the brow of the Huron as he looked close in the face of the latter. "Are the French off there?" he briefly asked, pointing westward.

The Eries are, and your young men must have met them half way. Kanhawa is a good warrior, but he had better make haste to go."

Kanhawa held up his finger threateningly as he turned on his heel, and his form was soon lost to view among the trees. The French party now pressed rapidly forward to renew the fight.

It was time, indeed, for the Huron Chief to get back to his people, for Pierre with his few warriors had driven those sent to surprise them on their flank, back to their main body; and who were much surprised when they met the Eries advancing under the same cover they had selected—apparently bound on the same errand as themselves. Pierre took up his position about one hundred and fifty

yards from his opponents, where he kept up a smart fire. It was at this moment that Manhitti renewed his attack; and the battle became general—the parties fighting with equal spirit—but the Hurons galled by the cross-fire of the Eries under Pierre, sent a part of their force off on their left to dislodge them; but Pierre perceiving them endeavoring to gain the shelter of a clump of bushes, which would command his position, commenced the ascent of the remaining part of the hill. Their opponents also made a rush up the acliviy, but it was hard work for both parties, as the hill was steep, and in some places hanging nearly perpendicular. However, owing to the numerous shrubs that sprouted every where out of the snow, they were enabled to secure a footing, and both Hurons and Eries arrived on the level land above nearly at the same time. Their rifles were loaded on both sides, and they were simultaneously discharged at the distance of nearly an hundred paces. Three of the Hurons fell, whilst their adversaries were unhurt except by a few trifling wounds. The snow-shoes of both parties were nearly all broken or lost during their hasty ascent; and disregarding them altogether, the Eries plunged through the deep snow toward their enemies, who kept warily retreating in order to get under better cover; and they made a stand among a few pines and cedars that grew thickly over the edge of a tremendous cliff, which rose perpendicularly from near the base of the hill, about one hundred feet. It looked as if a gigantic spade had been inserted into the side of the mountain and thrown out its measurement of rock—for the cliff formed an abrupt termination to a deep gully, not more than fifty yards across. The trees hung over it on either side—showering down snow and icicles, as the wind whistled through them, into the chasm. The light of day scarcely penetrated the extremity of this gully, owing to the thick growth of low cedars which barred up its entrance, and numerous vines that twined themselves across from side to side, supporting a mass of decayed leaves and sticks. In summer time, when the large elms that nodded near the brow of the hill, were clothed in their fresh livery, the place was nearly dark; and its deep recesses formed a fit hiding place for wolves or panthers. Large heavy masses of stone, that appeared to have been precipitated from the cliff above, lay strewn along the bottom to the water's edge. A small stream of water trickled down the face of the rock and fell dashed into spray below. This stream was the outlet of a small lake, about three miles in circumference, that lay imbeded on the very top of the hills—and almost overlooking the Bay of Quinte—its nearest shore not more than a stone's throw from the edge of the gully. Between the two, a flat piece of land extended that was almost destitute of trees, but in summer covered with long grass, and through which a small stream wound itself until it fell into the chasm. This lake was the resort of deer at all seasons of the year; and even to this day they creep down to its shores to slake their thirst in its cooling shades—though well nigh driven from its vicinity by numerous hunters and the abodes of civilization; but even yet it still retains much of its primitive wildness, though houses are scattered near it; and the same trees that grew there nearly an hundred years ago, nod their tops there still. In imitation of the bay, the shore of the lake, in some parts, rose into bluff ridges crowned with the loftiest trees.

The capabilities of the place for water power have not been neglected, and enterprising men,—settled there since England's last war with the United States —have turned the stream from its natural channel, and conducted in wooden troughs, through which it keeps ever running, down the side of the hill—setting in motion various kinds of machinery—built on the very ground where the battle we have been describing was fought nearly a century since.

The Hurons hid themselves among the furs at the edge of the gully, and delivered a steady fire as the Eries rushed forward to close with them—three of whom fell no more to rise; but undaunted they continued steadily to advance, and dashed tomahawk in hand among their enemies. Unacquainted with the nature of the ground, one of the Eries after felling an opponent, stepped farther on, and stumbled headlong over the cliff, and he lay crushed and mangled on the stones below. His companions heard his heavy fall, and peering before them they perceived the chasm, into which they now endeavored to drive the Hurons. They succeeded in driving them to the very edge, where they maintained the fight for a few moments firmly; but sinking under the weight and vigor of the Eries, they divided and attempted to fly. About half of their number escaped, but the rest were thrown over the cliff, and they found a grave below. Pierre during the struggle had come nearly sharing a like fate; he had closed with a powerful Huron to avoid a blow from his tomahawk; they both tottered on the brink of the abyss; he saw the fearful death and felt conscious of inclining toward it, when he was drawn back by a strong arm, and he saw his opponent fall cleft to the brain by the ready weapon of one of his friends.

Manhitti had, in the mean time, driven the Hurons up the ascent; they were unable to withstand his close fire. They rallied on a ridge of higher land near the lake, where seeing the whole force of the French party rushing, with unabated vigor, to storm their position, broke their rank and fled with the greatest precipitation. One deafening cheer of triumph rose from the pursuers as they dashed through the snow and over the rocks after their flying enemies. Kanhawa in vain endeavored to rally his panic-struck warriors; he made a stand for a moment in a dense thicket—checking the furious pursuit. He fought bravely, but his men stealing away in twos and threes at a time, and finding himself in danger of being surrounded, he darted off wild fury to the camp, which was situated behind one of the hills at the further end of the lake.

There Eloise had been left under the care of the women of the tribe, who were listening eagerly to the sounds of the conflict. Eloise, too, heard the distant firing; she was sure her friends were coming to her rescue, and as the shouts of triumph rolled through the forest, a faint hope that they were the successful party animated her; but when she saw her captors flying in every direction, she involuntarily clapped her hands exultingly. It was an impolitic movement at that time, for one of the squaws happening to observe her, slapped her across the mouth with a moccassin, bidding her withdraw to her hut. Eloise burst into tears at the insult, and was preparing to obey, when Kanhawa dashed into the camp.—He called hastily for a pair of snow-shoes, which, on being brought to him, he

fastened quickly to his feet; and seizing his fair captive in his arms dragged her into the thicket, through which he forced her along with him at a rapid pace.—The poor girl unused to the rough vicisitudes of a forest life, which she had to experience during her late captivity, soon became exhausted by her forced march; and Kanhawa seeing her incapability of proceeding farther, paused while he drew his tomahawk from his belt. Eloise sank shuddering to her knees, and covered her face with her hands, expecting instant death; but after looking at her for a moment, a pitying kind of smile flashed across the face of the Huron.—He put back his weapon, took up his captive in his strong arms, and marched forward with long strides—apparently undetermined what to do with the girl.—He seemed to think at last that he could place both himself and her beyond the reach of pursuit, for he altered his course slightly as he quickened his steps.

Lefevre with the eagerness of an apprehensive lover had spied the retreating form of Kanhawa, and suspecting that he intended harm to his betrothed, summoned Pierre and several of the Eries and French to his aid, and started of on the trail of the Chief, whom he traced to the camp; but there the snow was beaten down by many feet, and all track of him was lost. He searched every tent and hut, but no Eloise was to be found. O-on-yay-stee, who was discovered bound to a post, could give no information of her. He questioned the squaws as to where she and the chief was, but they hung their heads in sullen silence, answering not a word. One of the Frenchmen threatened them with his knife; but Pierre interposed, and commenced a search among the thick bushes that fringed the out-skirts of the camp, where they at length found a trail leading eastward. The Eries raised a cry of triumph, and pointed it out to Lefevre, who, on examining the place, found a double track—showing apparently the long stride of a man and the short quick steps, that slightly indented the snow, of a woman trying to keep pace with the rapid march of her companion. This, then, evidently was the course to pursue; and the party, numbering six, started on the path, which led through a thickly wooded country comparatively free from underbrush.

The weather during the fight had underwent a sudden change, unobserved by the combatants. Instead of a clear nipping frost and the bright sky of the morning, it was now warmer, while clouds had gathered in heavy masses aloft. The wind rose from a breeze to a storm—scattering snow and icicles from the trees, which came down upon the heads of the pursuers like heavy rain. The gale soon rose to a hurricane, and its roar was almost deafening as it shrieked through the forest; and the crash of falling trees was heard on every side. But unmindful of the danger, Lefevre, almost frantic with excitement, pushed on with unabated vigor, whilst he kept picturing to himself the suffering Eloise must experience in such a pitiless storm, and whilst in the power of a ruthless savage.—Pierre more cool but not the less eager, cast now and then an hurried glance towards the sky—observing with apprehension unmistakable appearances of a furious snow fall. And he was right, for large flakes began to whirl round them, and soon the air was darkened by the frozen vapour. The trail already began

to be partly obliterated, and they would have been left unaided, except by their own experience, what course to follow, had not many a little token cheered them on their way.

Eloise had time to recall her scattered thoughts while born along by the vigorous strength of Kanhawa! She noticed the muttered exclamations of delight that escaped him as he felt the snow beating in his face; and looking back she perceived that it would soon efface the trail, when she thought of a strategem which might help to guide those whom she felt sure would come to her rescue. Untying and detaching a sash from her waist, she, unnoticed by the chief, tore it to small slips, which she held forth occasionally in her hand, and let the obstructing branches catch them one by one as they were forced aside: thus was left a trail sufficient for an Indian eye to detect.

The Huron felt himself getting exhausted, burdened as he was; he faltered for a few minutes on his march, and ultimately stopped—placing his captive on the snow. He looked back through a long vista of trees—in vain endeavoring to detect amid the noise of the warring elements the sounds of pursuit. Thinking, perhaps, that his trail had remained undiscovered, or had been lost in the drifting snow, he again took up Eloise in his arms, and slightly deviating from his former course, renewed his march, though less swiftly than before. Becoming wearied he again paused, and leaned against a tree. What had become of the remains of his tribe he knew not; he had left the battle ground far behind, and now thought himself alone with his captive in the wilderness. He seemed to know the country well, yet appearing undecided in what direction to go. He cast a glance around, and amid the gathering gloom of the forest, a hazy light appeared on his right — it was the broad and open surface of Ontario. Turning in that direction, as if on the instant recollecting a secure hiding place for the night, he hurried forward—dragging his captive by the arm. But a shout of triumph echoed on the roar of the blast, and the Huron perceived the advancing form of Lefevre, accompanied by his party a little way behind. He replied by a yell of defiance and despair, for he saw at once that all hope of an escape was gone—a revengeful lover was close upon him. A bitter exclamation escaped his lips as the artful promises of Coswenago flashed upon his mind, and too late he saw that he had been betrayed. Clutching the maiden more tightly in his grasp, he darted into a close thicket of cedars that lay directly before him, and from whence he emerged into a small open space, dotted here and there with juniper bushes—their tops just appearing above the drifting snow. This open space was the table land of a rocky point that formed the extremity of the south eastern shore of the Bay of Quinte—washed on one side by its waters, and on the other by those of Ontario. In summer, the bay and lake, driven by eastern gales, uniting their strength, beat in huge waves against its rocky front, which rose from the water nearly two hundred feet. A few maples and elms twined their roots among the fissures of the cliff, and round them the storm whirled, unopposed in its wild fury.

Pierre and Lefevre also dashed into the thicket mentioned, and following the

windings of the Chief, they emerged into the open space, but a sight met their eager gaze! All started back in horror, for there, not twenty yards before them, stood the towering form of Kanhawa holding by one arm, suspended over the cliff, the struggling girl, and a loud taunting laugh mingled with the blast—that sent the blood curdling through the veins of its hearers. They would have shot him but his death would have involved that of Miss. St Hillaire.

"The wolves have tracked the fox to his last retreat. What wouldst thou, Chief of an accursed race?"

"My bride!" involuntarily answered Lefevre, who stood a little in advance of his party, and to whom Kanhawa directed his glance.

"Thy bride!" he spoke contemptuously—"not yet. How much wouldst thou give for her *now*?"

"I will get thy village restored to thee," answered the excited young man; "I will speak to our white father, and he will give thee enough to make it worth thy while to live. Land shall be given to thee and thy people."

"Land!" and a sarcastic smile played on the lips of Kanhawa. "The Hurons have more land than their white father: all this country belongs to them;—it would take a great many days to travel round it." And he swept his arm majestically above his head. "Thy father cannot give what is not his own. But does my white brother beg of an Indian? Will he give me back *Owaola*, who fell beneath thy hand this day? Will he give me back my warriors, upon whom the wild cats are now feeding? Does my white brother promise even yet? Hist the Great Spirit is riding on the storm, (as a tree bent before the shrieking wind, and fell headlong over the hill, crashing upon the ice below,) and he says my white brother lies."

"Hold, Huron,, hold!" exclaimed Pierre, hastily, as Eloise looking down and seeing the fearful depth over which she was suspended, uttered scream upon scream that pierced the soul of her lover, who advanced several paces nearer, but Kanhawa menacingly motioned him back. His face was white as the snow on which he trod, but he spoke now calmly, nevertheless.

"Kanhawa, I have heard that those of thy race love revenge better than goods. It is true that I slew Owaola, thy son, this day—take my life, but let the girl live."

"Ah, thou lovest this fair young pale face, then! She is beautiful, is she not?" and the Chief placed her firmly on the snow beside him—clasping her round the waist with one arm, while he extended the other. "She is very handsome, and a whiteman says he loves her; Kanhawa, too, loves her—he never knew how much till now. Very strange, it seemeth, that *we* should love the same object, but how differently, who can tell. He has played a game and lost it, but he thinks the winners will weep and not laugh. And so thou wouldst die for the sake of a woman!—thou art very foolish; but thou didst speak the truth when thou saidst that an Indian loves revenge. What better could he have than this? Thy *bride!*—thou shalt have her. I go to the Great Spirit. Hark!—he calls

And the storm beat with two-fold fury round his head—making his strong frame reel on the slippery foothold of his dangerous position; and the snow was lifted from the ground in the arms of the tempest, and whirled away to some more sheltered nook, where it lay piled in heavy drifts,—while the crash of the fall of the mossy vetrans of the wilderness echoed far and near.

With a movement so quick that it was not detected until it was too late, Kanhawa buried his knife in the bosom of Eloise, who gave but one quick convulsive sob, as she sank forward in the snow—staining it crimson with her blood.—But far above the roaring of the storm was heard the demoniacal laugh of the Chief as he sprang from the cliff, and once again it was heard distinct amid the elemental war ere his body found a resting place on the ice beneath.

A general rush was made to the spot, and Lefevre and Pierre raised the prostrate girl in their arms, when it was found that the knife had passed through the thick part of her arm and pierced her bosom, though not deeply enough, it was hoped, to endanger life. Lefevre, untying his sash, bound up the wound, and taking her in his arms, bore her through the cedar thicket, on the other side of which they were tollerably sheltered from the keen east wind. The Eries cleared the snow off a small piece of ground, on which they strewed thickly branches of evergreens, and kindled a fire in the centre. They cut enough fuel to last through the night, and selecting the most sheltered place, made a couch for Miss St. Hillaire.

It was now almost dark, and there appeared every prospect of being obliged to pass the long night in that solitary spot. Two Eries, however, volunteered to find their way back to the Huron camp, which, no doubt by this time, the French were in possession of, and acquaint Manhitti with their situation. They lighted several torches, and set out on their somewhat perilous march; and Lefevre was left with Pierre and three of their countrymen to protect the wounded girl. The cold grew hourly more severe, the storm continued unabated in its voilence, the snow still fell heavily—sometimes lifted in large quantities from the open surface of the promontory and sent in whirling drifts into the forest.—But to add to the horrors of the night, the fierce howling of ravenous wolves mingled with the shrieks of the tempest—sounding sometimes near and sometimes afar off. A chorus of yells immediately beneath them at last announced they were holding [illegible] the body of the ill fated Huron. And here it may be as well to mention that to this day, the eastern extremity of the southern shore of the Quinte, [illegible] fishers on the coast as the "Indian's Leap."

The trappers cut down a few of the largest cedars to make a barricade against the snow, that in spite of the closeness of the thicket, found its way through and fell with cutting sharpness upon the faces of the party. Miss St. Hilliare still continued insensible, and Lefevre supporting her in his arm, wrapped her closely in [illegible] blanket, and forced a small quantity of rum into her mouth. It partially [illegible] her, for she opened her eyes, half turned round, gave a feeble moan and sank back again to her former position.

"Eloise," said Lefevre,—"Eloise,"—and his voice was now tender as a girl's,

—"thou art safe; thou art now with those who will protect thee. Charles, Pierre and friends are here." She placed her hand to her forehead, but replied not.

"Mon Dieu, she is dying!" he exclaimed, wringing his hands. "What shall we do, Pierre?"

Keep quiet—she is only faint from loss of blood. I think her life is in no danger except from exposure to the cold of this terrible night."

Give her some more of this," said one of the trappers roughly but kindly, pulling out his flask of rum. Lefevre took it and applying it to her mouth forced her to swallow a small quantity.

About an hour after midnight, flashes of light illumined the forest before them. As they danced nearer, several torches held aloft showed an advancing party of Eries and French. Pierre gave a joyful shout, and the new comers gathered round the prostrate form of Miss St. Hillaire—sympathy expressed in their rough features as they gazed upon her marble countenance. They brought with them a litter lined with furs and blankets; these they warmed at the fire and covered her in their protecting folds. They had experienced such difficulties in finding their way coming, that they thought it best, as the night was so far advanced, to wait where they were until morning, when they would have the advantage of daylight to retrace their steps, and with more comfort to Eloise.

CHAPTER XXII.

Colonel St. Hillaire, after the rash attack of the Senecas, felt fearful of another attempt being made by them upon the fort during some dark night—assisted too, perhaps, by a strong force of English—for he thought the Indians must have been bribed by them to try the strength of his position. Such was not the case, though—the English at that time scarcely casting a thought upon the weak fortifications at Caterocqui. They were subsequently taken, however, by General Townsend, who made an assault with a force of not less than two thousand men, when the French surrendered without resistance.

The winter threatened to prove both long and rigorous and unassisted by his former friends, the villagers, the Colonel saw not how he was to provide provisions for the different families left to his care. The Senecas had burnt most of the cottages, in which were stored a large quantity of provisions; and with the accession of the Erie party, the usual stock intended to supply the garrison only, would not hold out two months. However, game was usually plenty in the vicinity—deer were frequently seen on the ice, and a bear, now and then, strayed from the woods to the plains; and, thought the Colonel, the Eries would, being good hunters, supply themselves with food; the trappers might possibly do

the game, and thus, after all, the winter would pass without much inconvenience being felt with regard to provisions. Satisfied with such a calculation, he contented himself with taking every precaution when night fell, to secure his position against another surprise.

Day after day passed away, and the pursuing party returning not, many an anxious thought fretted him as to the fate of his only daughter—many a fervent wish that she was saved; and many a feverish night he passed—picturing to himself in his dreams every calamity that was likely to befall her.

Thus a fortnight passed away, when on one afternoon, the long expected party appeared on the ice opposite the fort. They looked weary and dispirited, for a march of more than forty miles in the depth of winter, through deep snow, which sometimes lay in huge drifts across their path, and burdened with camping appurtenances, was sufficient to unerve the strongest, though the Indians appeared proof against fatigue in sunshine and in storm. A cry of "here they come," summoned the Colonel to the walls, who watched them anxiously as they approached in order to discover the form of his daughter. He perceived at last a litter in their midst borne by four men, and an exclamation of "My God!—she is dead!" burst from his lips.

"I think not, Sir," said one of the soldiers who was standing near; "you could not expect her to walk. See!—Monsieur Lefevre is waving his cap."

"True; Let us hope for the best, Baptiste." Soon the party reached the fort, and near to the entrance of which the Colonel rushed out to meet them. "All's well, Monsieur," said one of the trappers, noticing the excited look of the old man. "Miss St. Hillaire is not much hurt."

He approached the litter, and met the calm smile of his daughter, who reached out her hand, and to his exclamations of delight she replied with a ready caress. He turned round and shook the Chief, Lefevre and Pierre heartily by the hand. "Welcome back," he said, "welcome back once more. Come in and tell us what has happened."

The men cast curious looks upon the blackened heaps that strewed the declivity where their houses once stood, and questioned eagerly those acquaintances that stood near, while they threw away their accoutrements. Eloise was carried to her own appartment, and carefully tended to by many nurses, who renewed the bandages on her arm—applying such simple remedies as they knew were useful. In a week she was able to sit up, and in one more to walk about.

In the mean time Lefevre had given the Colonel a faithful narrative of what had occurred in the pursuit—relating the particulars of the battle and Kanhawa's death at some length. The Colonel in his turn informed them of the attack upon the fort, the failure of which, and the consequent burning of the cottages. One of the Huron prisoners being brought forward and questioned by Manhitti, explained the design of his brethren and the compact that Kanhawa had made with Coswenago—the intention of whose perfidy to the former Manhitti divined

at once. "So it is, and so it ever will be he muttered. "Coswenago must die or the Eries will never know peace."

"I must say, Chief, that thy enemy is a determined one," replied the Colonel who over heard the remark; "thy visit here has been somewhat unfortunate for us." Manhitti drew back with proud dignity as he answered on the instant that he was ready to go.

"Not so," cried the Colonel, starting up. "Blame not my speech; I have too much regard for thee and thine to part in this manner. I owe many thanks to thee for the recovery of my daughter. Stay here with thy people until the winter is over, and when the missionary comes back, please God, we'll marry the Pale Lily to our friend here."

The frank manner of the old Frenchman appeased the wounded feelings of the Erie, who retired with a smile of acknowledgment. "Ah, Pierre," said Lefevre reproachly, "is there any charm in thus being exposed to the risk of getting scalped at one time, at another to get frozen, or at another to undertake, a long and wearisome march." "No great charm I must confess; but this is the worst season of the year, and I think our travelling is over, except for amusement, until Spring. But where is that pride that should adorn one belonging to the race of Erie? Where is that revenge thou shouldst feel against their enemies—that should render thee indifferent to storms, rains, snows, or sunshine? Ah, Lefevre I am afraid thou wilt disgrace thy connections."

"I think I behaved pretty well, though, considering. But Eloise—it is hard for her to be exposed to these casualities."

"True for you, my boy," said the old man, clapping him on the shoulder.—Canada is but a barbarous country after all for one to live in. What sayest thou Pierre?"

"Nay, Colonel, I differ from thee entirely. True, thou art situated in this isolated fort, which is exposed to every danger in times like these; but take the civilized and settled portions of Canada, near Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal, for instance, and a finer country I would not wish to dwell in. In the towns I have mentioned, especially the former, thou wilt find a noblesse and a society equal to that of any to be found in old France. To those who prefer a wild life, they have only to wander a hundred or two miles up the Ottawa to realize it in all its solitude. Eh, Lefevre, is it not so?"

"In that respect I think thou art right; but if the English should conquer the country—what then?"

"God forbid!" piously ejaculated the Colonel. If such a thing is likely to happen we must fight for it, my lads. I am sorry they placed me up here; but I see no danger of such a result—our arms have been victorious as yet."

"Fight we will, Colonel, but then thou knowest we are in disgrace at Montreal."

"Ah, that's a bad business, indeed, and must be settled. I'll write to Vau-

dreuville—no, to General Montcalm rather, for he is the military Governor of the Province. He will want all the aid he can muster; and such a fine body of men as the Eries is not to be over-looked. Would they join the army, Pierre?"

"I think not; however, it would be worth while to ask the Chief, though they are not given to fight other battles than their own."

"Be that as it may, we must try to get ye restored to thy rank, for ye have been very foolish in resigning it."

"Not so, Colonel—make no effort in my behalf. According to a tacit understanding between myself and the Chief, I dwell with the Eries, be it for good or evil; where they go I go, also. But for Lefevre, he has no tie to bind him to the tribe, except, indeed his newly discovered relationship to the Pale Lily—he may wish for thy kind interference. It would be better for him, in every respect, to go back to Montreal, provided he could do so with safety and honor."

"Not I, Pierre, at least as yet; we shall see what will turn up in the mean time."

"This is what I call obstinancy," muttered the old man, hastily walking back and forward with his hands behind him."

In a few weeks Eloise recovered her wonted health and spirits; and accompanied by the Pale Lily and O-on-yay-stee she would take short walks round the ramparts. The Eries were almost daily occupied in hunting—supplying the garrison and themselves with game in abundance. Lefevre several times joined them, and under their tuition soon learned to become an expert hunter, though it was a long time before he became perfectly accustomed to the use of the snow shoes. The intricate channels of the "Thousand Islands" was their favorite resort; there they found deer tracks crossing each other in every direction, which being followed into the thickly wooded Isles, the deer were shot in their covers.

In this kind of employment and amusement was the most part of the winter passed. The Missionary returned in the month of March accompanied by several friendly Indians. He was a tall, spare, stern looking man, dark complexioned and bronzed by exposure to all sorts of weather. He had an eye that was bright, piercing and inquisitive. He appeared to possess an influence over all whom he came in contact with. He was the bearer of a message from the surviving Hurons of Caterocqui, who solicited forgetfulness of past offences that they might return once more to their village. This request was backed by several well known chiefs, who stated that their nation, being for the most part engaged with the French in the war, their offending brothers, for that reason, ought to be again admitted to the friendship of their white father at Caterocqui. This the Colonel after some consideration thought proper to grant. Consequently notice being sent to the tribe, they returned two weeks after with their women and children—taking possession once more of their deserted dwellings—few, indeed, compared to their former number. They were rather shy at first in their communications with the whites, but their reserve soon wore off when the traders eagerly bartered for their skins. The Missionary insisted somewhat positively

that no fracas would have taken place had he been at the post, and the Colonel as obstinately affirmed that nothing could have prevented it. Fires once more blazed along the coast and rifles resounded in the vicinity. The tribe had lost half of their number in that fatal battle on the shore of the Quinte; but additional warriors from distant parts of the country weekly joined them, and soon swelled their ranks to their former force. The Eries could not be prevailed upon to hold intercourse with them, however, and the Hurons themselves were equally sullen and backward.

Winter dragged its slow length along, while news now and then reached the residents of Caterocqui of the events of the war. The Missionary was duly apprised that his services were wanted to marry a *coureur du bois*, (for Pierre stated his wish to appear in that character) to an Indian girl, and he readily agreed to perform the ceremony. He had frequently been called upon by his countrymen to marry them to Indian women who were converted to Christianity—the principles of which the Pale Lily readily understood and embraced;—but as for O-on-yay-stee, no argument of the priest could induce her to adopt his views; she resisted him with an obstinacy that set his endeavors at conversion entirely at fault. She proved herself a true Erie, for that race rejected the advances of the Missionary with a mild courtesy that left him nothing to hope for.

A day was fixed upon for the marriage to take place, and on the morning of the appointed time the Pale Lily appeared dressed in her forest costume. Eloise acted as bridesmaid, while Lefevre performed the office of groomsman. The priest appeared in his long black robes, and he went through the ceremony with all the imposing etiquette belonging to his church. Manhitti stood with folded arms and gazed gravely upon the scene. His daughter trembled at the solemn injunctions laid upon her. Pierre pressed a ring upon her finger and claimed her as his wife.

"Hail, Chief of the Eries!" cried Lefevre rubbing his hands; "all hail, Madame Pierre, wife of a *coureur du bois*! Ah, my friend, my cousin is a very pretty woman—too handsome for the wife of a ranger of the forest."

The day was set apart for one of general festivity, and an extra allowance of rum was served out to the men; the Eries engaged themselves in their national war dance; the whites got up a shooting match on the extended plain of the frozen river. After the dancing was over this proved to be the greatest attraction, and all repaired to the spot. The Eries tried their skill with the rifle, but, though expert marksmen, the whites showed their superiority in several instances. Lefevre could not compete with the veterans of the forest that were here assembled, and he threw down his weapon in a passion, exclaiming that he would never make a good *coureur du bois*. Pierre sustained his character as a skilful marksman—coming as close to the bull's eye of the target, as did the steadiest hand among his countrymen. Manhitti stood first on the list, for his nerves of iron were unimpaired by his age, and his eye was yet keen as an eagle's. Other sports occupied the rest of the day until darkness compelled them to adjourn to the fort.

Winter passed away without any particulars occurring worth mentioning.—Manhitti had been induced to stay for the sake of his daughter whom he cared not to expose to the vicissitudes of a winter's march over a bleak and desolate country. In the beginning of the winter he had sent off two of his men to the Ottawa to apprise the rest of the tribe of the reason of the delay. He found the society of the Colonel much to his taste, and regretted the necessity of parting, perhaps never to meet again. Eloise persuaded him to leave the Belle Lily; he left the choice to herself, but though much attached to her new friend, she preferred again to visit her home—the only one she ever knew; to see again the familiar faces of her early companions; to look once more upon the friendly Ottawa; to wander at will in her birch canoe. Pierre, himself was inclined to go, but Lefevre attached as he was to Miss St. Hillaire, seemed to view with no little dislike a separation. He had given his promise to his friend, however—a promise which he determined to keep—to see him domesticated again with the Eries; and though Pierre released him of it of his own accord, he was resolute in his purpose. He had a presentment that something would happen to prevent a long sojourn in the forest.

Spring came—there is a delightful sound in the word—it conveys something pleasant and new to the ear. Spring appeared, and how welcome it is after passing through a long and tedious winter, which ever presenting the same solitary picture of snow-covered hills, bleak extended plains, or ice bound rivers, is gladly forgotten to view with pleasure the budding trees, the shooting grass, or the creeping vine. Spring came, and with it the song of the thrush, the chirp of the robin and the chipmunk, the twitter of the black-bird and the hoarse cawing of the rook. Spring came, and the snipe appeared near the streams—the quail strutted over the plains—the plover winged themselves over the valleys, and the red top'd woodpecker glided up the trees—piercing the bark with its long bill in noisy clamour. Spring came, and the pigeons darkened the sky, and burdened the forest with their numbers; the ducks floated tranquilly in the rivers, the geese lifted their white bosoms to the breeze, and the cranes rose occasionally from their swampy retreats—floating lazily over the waving rushes. Spring came, and the country answered once more to the signs of life. The hardy trapper went abroad for his game, the hunter shouldered his rifle, the fisher threw out his line, and voyageurs commenced their journeys for the upper lakes.—Snow and ice still lingered along the shore of the lake and river, but as the sun came out warm and bright day after day, coaxing on balmy breezes, it quickly vanished. Spring came, and all hearts seemed lighter and faces brighter; the laugh was gayer and the voice was merrier. Spring came, and the blue waves of Ontario danced to the glance of the sun and the caress of the breeze. The rivulets trickled from the mountains; the rivers burst from their bonds—their fountains broke loose—their sources poured forth their abundance—they appeared to have acquired fresh strength during their long sleep of the winter to add velocity to the flight of its rolling water, or to lift its swift caress to the grassy margin of its boundary. Spring came, and numerous flowers covered the ground

with their blooming buds; they grew in the forest among the tallest trees; they contrasted their blush with the greenest fresh vine; they matched themselves in the lowest fern, and sprinkled the crisp moss with their beauty. Spring came, and the Huron girls raised their songs to honor its advent, as they hastened from tent to tent, while the Indians covered the bay with their canoes.

The inhabitants of the fort commenced erecting log cabins for their families. Eloise, the Pale Lily and O-on-yay-stee took daily walks along the shore of the St. Lawrence. As the Spring promised a continuance of fine weather, a day was at last fixed for the departure of the Eries. Their canoes, four in number, were repaired, their weapons put in order, and naught remained to delay them. On the morning of the day of their departure, Lefevre, Pierre, Eloise, the Pale Lily and O-on-ya-stee wandered forth and took their station upon the summit of one of the highest hills. The sun shone bright in a slightly clouded sky, whilst a faint breeze slightly shook the young leaves on the trees. Eloise looked upon the young girls as they stood in their fanciful costumes, eagerly pointing out such objects as attracted their attention.

"When shall we meet again, Pale Lily?" she asked; "thou goest to thy home in the wilderness—perhaps we may never see each other more."

"Ah, who can tell," she answered; "where my father goes, I go; where his people are, there must I be, also, and where Keenwau-ishkoda is, I cannot be far away."

"But he may choose to go back to the towns; he may leave the wild woods for the settlements; he may return again to Hochelega or Quebec, and we *may*, perhaps meet again never to part."

"Would that we might, lady; but our people could never dwell in a city—the forest is their home forever."

"But thou dost not understand me, Pale Lily. Another has a claim to thee now beside thy father; thy people may sport on the Ottawa, but should thy husband say—'Waubishk-naung, come with me to the towns.'"

"Then Waubishk-naung would go, but Keenwau-ishkoda loves my father;—he would not leave him alone in his old age. We shall see thee again, though, lady—even if we have to travel far to meet thee."

"Miss St. Hillaire," said Pierre, who had been standing a little way off conversing with his friend, stepping up—"Monsieur Lefevre goes with me to remain until the Colonel can arrange matters for him in Montreal—to which place he will eventually return, for I will use my best endeavors to induce him. Now that he has met with thee, I fear that the forest cannot offer sufficient charms for him to embrace it. Ah, here he comes himself."

Lefevre came back, bounding over the hill. "Pierre," he cried, "Manhitti waits—he is ready. Come, cousin,—dont cry—say good by and then away."

"Thou art very impatient, some how or other, my friend," replied Pierre laughing, "but I comprehend—we'll not disturb ye."

Eloise presented a bible to the Pale Lily and said: "Learn to read that thou mayest understand this book; keep it in remembrance of me."

The Pale Lily threw her arms round her neck and kissed her with tearful eyes. "Farewell," she murmured—"I must go."

O-on-yay-stee was as deeply affected as the rest. "Lady," she said, "if I have refused to adopt thy creed, believe not that I rejected it from any disdain or pride. The religion of our people has been with us for a long time; we worship the same spirit that our fathers did. Thou hast been very kind to me and I will not forget thee."

Pierre's turn came next; his eyes were dimmed with regret. Hastily shaking hands with Eloise, he took the girls by the arm and hastened down the hill, leaving Lefevre alone with her whom he loved. Manhitti was standing on the shore conversing with the Colonel. The canoes, except one, were riding on the blue waves off the point, manned by the observant Eries. Pierre joined them and the five formed a group on the strand—conversing slowly with each other. They wished for the appearance of Lefevre that they might end the scene. In half an hour he was observed hastening to them.

"Thou wert in a great hurry to get off a while ago," said Pierre, and here thou hast kept us waiting for no less a person than thyself."

"All right, Pierre," he replied, stepping into the Chief's canoe. "This is a beautiful day, is it not?" and he turned his gaze to the lake to conceal an emotion he wished not discovered. The two girls followed him, and Pierre, the last to step in, shook the Colonel heartily by the hand. Manhitti then with a stroke of his paddle twirled his canoe round as if it was placed on a pivot—another sent it dancing a head, and rounding the point of land on his right, he took his course up the bay. It was his intention to cross the country by following the streams and lakes that were connected with each other by small portages; and though a longer route than if taking a direct march through the wilderness, he preferred an easier journey by water.

We shall not describe what passed between Lefevre and Miss St. Hillaire, but merely surmise that vows of love were exchanged.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CONCLUSION.

We cannot enter into any minute particulars of the further movements of the Eries, for history affords us no information until the year 1759. Suffice it to say that after leaving Caterocqui, they reached their home in safety, where they pursued their usual peaceful occupations for a period of two and half years.—The Islands re-echoed their music and laughter in the long twi-light of the sum-

mer evenings, and none were so happy among all the tribes of America as the unknown and unthought of Eries. Pierre, as formerly, resided in the same cabin with Manhitti; and his charming wife rendered it a scene of truly domestic comfort. Lefevre, volatile as he was, grew tired of what he called the monotony of his existence; he sighed, perhaps, for the society of her who had won the first blush of his boyish affections, and after six months sojourn with his friend he made preparations for departure. He had in the mean-time received letters from the Colonel stating that application had been made to the Marquis of Montcalm for the restoration of his rank, and the Marquis had in consequence communicated with the Governor of Montreal, demanding the grounds upon which Lefevre had been arrested; but Vaudreuville sent back such an explanation of the affair that he declined any interference in favor of the applicant. The Colonel and Lefevre were a good deal mortified at the result, and the former was in daily expectation of receiving orders respecting the latter, which he would have hesitated to put in execution, but no further notice was taken of either him or Pierre, and it was thought that the Governor General had dropped a hint to the authorities in Montreal to let the affair rest.

Lefevre bid his friend, cousin and Manhitti good by with extreme regret, kissed his female acquaintances all round with great gallantry, and looked around for little O-on-yay-stee who was his especial favorite. She did not appear, and at his request the Pale Lily went to search for her. She came back in a few minutes looking grave and sad, saying that her friend was indisposed. Lefevre looked surprised and thoughtful, and he turned away in silence to his canoe, which was manned by two Eries who were to see him safely across the country to Caterocqui. The paddles were dipped in the water, and the boat glided from the shore.

"I shall visit you again in the Spring, Pierre," he cried, waving his hat; "in the mean time, all health and happiness to thee and thine."

He went—he was gone:—and could a listener have been placed in a little arbor distant but a short way from the village in the woods, he would have heard quick sobs bursting from a despairing heart. None was near, however, and none surmised, excepting one,—that one the Pale Lily—that little O-on-yay-stee had placed her unsophisticated affections upon one who could never return them.—Yet so it was—the whiteman had come to the home of the Indians, but he could not leave without inflicting a pang.

Days passed, months rolled round—winter came and went. The French arms were triumphant in America, but a master mind grasped the helm of the affairs of the English nation, and the spirit of Pitt ruled the armies of Britain. Quebec was blockaded by General Wolf. It was deemed impregnable by its defenders, who were numerous and commanded by a captain second to none in point of military reputation. Montreal was defended by ten thousand men, and yet emissaries were sent into the Indian country to bring down the tribes to swell still further the numerous militia of the Province. Interpreters came again to Caterocqui and the Colonel despatched one of them to the Eries. He came, accompa-

ied by Lefevre and demanded an audience of Manhitti. Pierre's military enthusaism was roused once more by the spirited arguments of his friend, and deeming the Colony in danger, which in reality it was, though few of his countrymen thought so, he persuaded Manhitti to march for the seat of the war. The Chief called the nation together and laid the matter before them, and they were not backward to the call of the French. The spirit of enterprise and military adventure seemed to flash upon them simultaneously:—the war song was raised, the dance commenced, and the hatchet was wielded by the most sinewy arms with frantic excitement. Lefevre dressed himself in Indian costume and took the command of one division, while Manhitti and Pierre took the other. The day came for their departure, but an unlooked for embarassment delayed them—the Pale Lily and O-on-yay-stee insisted upon accompanying the expedition. They threw themselves upon their knees before Pierre and Manhitti with sobs and entreaties not to leave them behind. The Chief gave a stern and decided refusal, for a permition would have been contrary to all their rules of war. Then the girls rose to their feet, and hitherto so obedient, calmly expressed a resolution of following their steps. Manhitti turned from them with evident displeasure, while Pierre soothingly coaxed his fair wife to her lodge. He came back in a few minutes, and the party commenced their long march of more than four hundred miles.—They intended to cross the country direct to Quebec and enter the city from the Plains of Abraham. Two days passed and they were in the heart of the wilds of Canada, when who should join them to their great wonder and astonishment, but the Pale Lily and O-on-pay-stee. These girls resolute to their threat had kept the party in sight for two long days and nights, and when far enough from home to make it a matter of difficulty to send them back, they rushed with a cry of joy among their countrymen. The Eries looked upon them with evident admiration, and Pierre stupefied at the boldness of the proceeding could not say a word. It was a dilema that puzzled the Chief. He would have had them sent back even then, but Lefevre added his entreaties to theirs—stating that they would find safe protection in Quebec. The result was that the party renewed their march and the fair adventurers accompanied them. They disdained to be carried, and walked bravely on their toilsome path. Their Indian blood sustained them for several days, but as had been partly forseen or suspected by the Chiefs, their resolute wills had to yield to the prostration of their physical energies, and one day, without a murmur, they sank within each other's arms exhausted and almost dying upon the path. None knew until then how much they had endured and suffered; none knew until then the idomitable spirit of their affection. Lefevre took the prostrate O-on-yay-stee in his arms. Could he help admiring such a graceful form, and the devotedness of her affection, which he suspected? No! and a shade of melancholy and regret darkened his features; the helpless beauty of the dark-eyed girl was triumphant. Pierre bitterly reproached himself for his want of perception. He got a litter made for the Pale Lily and O-on-yay-stee.—Several Eries shouldered the poles as if they were things of no weight, and they journeyed on with the same speed as before. They crossed the sources of innumerable streams and rivers on their route until the broad bosom of the St. Man-

rice delayed them for a considerable time. But they were provided with several canoes, and they passed respectively the rivers Batiscan and St. Noire. They brushed past the small lake of St. Joseph, and on the following day the plains of Abraham appeared unto view.

But events important had transpired during the time occupied in their march through the wilderness. General Wolf finding that he could make no impression with his cannon upon the frowning walls of the capital, determined to occupy the heights of Abraham, ard give battle to the French on the plains. History has too well recorded the daring exploit for us to enter into any details here. It was early in the morning when the Eries halted on a little eminence that overlooked the plain. A slight thin mist rolled along the ground, but it did not altogether hide from their view the conclusion of a desperate battle—the French were retreating to the city. Lefevre and Pierre saw the proud banners of their country sink before the rush of the foe. The thunder of the cannon shook the ground, while their flashes pierced the rolling curtains of smoke and mist like lightning when it sports in the clouds. A triumphant shout swelled upon the breeze —it reached them in thundering echoes far distant as they were, and the cry of "they run, they run," spoken in the Anglo Saxon tongue, told that victory had decided in favor of that race. The banners of the French pointed out their position, and Pierre saw with despair at his heart the flight of his countrymen. Lefevre pale from excitement sprang to the van of his party—his sword glittered in his hand.

"Come, my friend," he shouted to his comrade, "let us revenge the defeat of our country or die in the attempt!"

The words hardly had escaped him, when the Eries seemed to have been struck by a thunderbolt—twenty of them fell dead and rolled upon the plain.—Discordant yells burst upon them from every side—rivalling the shouts of the triumphant English. The Eries, as before mentioned, were posted on a little eminence that over-looked the field of battle about half-a-mile distant; a line of forest stretched behind them about one hundred yards off, and from thence issued a howling band of Iroquois. The Eries saw that their hour was come, but they stood firm and collected nevertheless. Manhitti beckoned Pierre's attention to the Pale Lily, who had fallen on her knees clasped in the arms of O-onyay-stee in the centre of the party, and merely a glance full of meaning passed between them. The Eries delivered a steady fire upon their advancing foes, which told with fatal effect, but the Iroquois were in number three hundred strong. The reason of this attack was apparent, for Coswenago led the van; such a fair opportunity for wreaking his vengeance on his hated enemies, his most ardent wishes had never hoped for. He had mustered his warriors on the borders of the St. Lawrence, and hastened to the scene of the war like a carrion bird that scents its prey afar off. It was his intention to have entered Quebec and offered his services and those of his warriors to the French as they generally offered the best pay. He arrived in time to see the two armies drawn up on the plain, and being hid in the forest, there calmly witnessed the furious struggle of the contend-

ing parties, and when he saw that victory declared in favor of the English, he was on the point of rushing out to deal death to the vanquished, when the unlooked for appearance of the Eries stayed his purpose. He waited for a few minutes to assure himself they were actually there. It was no delusion—the Pale Lily, she for whom he had sacrificed so much, was there—once more she would be in his power, and who would be left to revenge or rescue her? None, death should this time sweep away all trace of her race and friends. He gave the signal for an assault, and his warriors obedient to the mandate poured forth a murderous fire.

The Eries threw themselves into a circle, and the Hurons rushed round it like wolves round a sheepfold. Coswenago bounded forward and dashed upon Manhitti. The two Chiefs were equally matched in size and strength, though the Huron was the younger of the two. He wielded a ponderous war-club; it was swung aloft like a feather and it descended like a beam. Manhitti fell and his grey hairs were bathed in blood. His conqueror stooped over him, a knife was in his hand, another moment and it would have been burried in the heart of the last Chief of the Eries, had not Lefevre, who stood but a few yards off, rushed forward and aimed a blow with his sword at the head of Coswenago, who parried it but in time to save his life, when he grappled with his assailant. Lefevre exerted all his strength, for it was for life he struggled, but he felt himself pressed as if in the grasp of a giant, and he sank beneath the superior vigor of his foe. The Huron picked up his knife which was lying beside him, a second time it was raised aloft, but O-on-yay-stee who had perceived the danger that threatened Lefevre, rushed forward with a loud cry of despair and threw herself upon his body. The descending knife pierced her to the heart, and the innocent spirit of O-on-yay-stee fled to the land of spirits. A blow from the butt end of a musket laid Coswenago senseless on the ground, and Lefevre covered with the blood of her who had saved his life at the sacrifice of her own, rose to his feet sick and exhausted.

"Not hurt, Sir, I hope," said a voice in English close to his ear.

Lefevre stared round him in surprise, and he now saw that the field was occupied by a company of Scotch Highlanders, well armed, and apparently commanded by the person who had spoken to him. The Iroquois were sculking among the trees like wolves not half satisfied with the blood they had tasted. The Eries lay dead or dying on the plain excepting seven who stood unhurt round the dead body of Manhitti. They were with difficulty restrained by the English from rushing on the Hurons to die with their hands stained red in their blood.—The noise and tumult of this sanguinary conflict had been heard and seen by the rear guard of the English army, who thinking that some of their own men had been attacked by French Indians, gave information to the Officer in command, and who, thereupon, had sent off the present compliment of men to the rescue.—They had arrived only in time to save the lives of a few survivors of the desperate fight. The Iroquois had paid dear for their cruel victory; eighty or ninety of them lay strewed around dead or dying. Pierre severely wounded lay among

a heap of his foes. The Pale Lily was on her knees by his side staunching the flowing blood.

Lefevre turned to the officer who had addressed him, and with a slight inclination of his head, he said in reply :—" Not much hurt, Sir, I believe. Your arrival has been too late for most of us."

" You are French, I perceive," answered the officer speaking in that language " I am sorry for it, but you must all consider yourselves as prisoners.

" You will allow us to take care of our wounded ?" Lefevre said interrogatively. The officer hesitated a moment, and then replied—" Yes, bring them along —our surgeon may have time to look at them."

Lefevre went to his friend whom he found still living, though insensible ; he bound up his wounds when, the bleeding form of O-on-yay-stee caught his eye ; he hastened to her, but no sign of life was there now in that once animated countenance, and he turned away with a sigh. He beckoned to the Eries, and they came slowly forward ; he merely pointed out the bodies of Manhitti, Pierre and O-on-yay-stee, and they crossed their rifles, forming two litters, on which they placed the dead and the living. Lefevre passed his arm round the waist of the Pale Lily, and they entered the English camp in mournful procession.

Quebec surrendered a few days after the battle. General Wolf died on the field, General Montcalm within the walls of the city. The capture of Montreal on the 8th of September, 1760, concluded the conquest of Canada by the British.

The country bordering the St. Lawrence east of the Ottawa had been divided off into Seignories. After the peace of Paris in 1763, Colonel St. Hillaire purchased one of these beautiful domains. The fair Eloise was duly married to Charles Lefevre. But what became of his friend and the Pale Lily ? naturally enquires the reader. Pierre recovered of his wounds, owing principally to the care and attention of his young wife, and after seeing that the funeral rites were properly performed over the last hereditary Chief of the Eries, he went back to France. But hearing of Lefevre's marriage, he came again to Canada and settled near his friend. His decendants there flourished up to the time of the Canadian Rebellion in 1837, but a curse seems to have hung over the Eries even unto the third and fourth generation, for the last living being who can boast of a drop of that princely blood in his veins, is now a wanderer over the face of the country. We may hereafter allude to this subject yet farther, but here we must close the last chapter of *The Last of the Eries.*

NOTE.—Several typographical and one or two grammatical errors have occurred in setting up the manuscript of this work, owing to the hurry of the compositor in getting it ready for the press.